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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW

OR

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FOR

JANUARY, 1849 . . . . APRIL, 1849.

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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

JANUARY, 1849.

No. CLXXIX.

ART. I.—*Correspondance inédite, de Mabillon et de Montfaucon, avec L'Italie.* Par M. VALERY. Paris: 1846.

MIDDLETON and Gibbon rendered a real, however undesigned, a service to Christianity by attempting to prove that the rapid extension of the Primitive Church was merely the natural result of natural causes. For what better proof could be given of the divine origin of any religion than by showing that it had at once overspread the civilised world, by the expansive power of an inherent aptitude to the nature and to the wants of mankind? By entering on a still wider range of inquiry, those great but disingenuous writers might have added much to the evidence of the fact they alleged, although at a still greater prejudice to the conclusion at which they aimed.

It is not predicted in the Old Testament that the progress of the Gospel should, to any great extent, be the result of any agency preternatural and opposed to ordinary experience; nor is any such fact alleged in any of the apostolical writings as having actually occurred. There is, indeed, no good reason to suppose that such miraculous though transient disturbances of the laws of the material or the moral world, would have long or powerfully controlled either the belief or the affections of mankind. The heavenly husbandman selected the kindliest soil and the most propitious season for sowing the grain of mustard seed; and so, as time rolled on, the adaptation of our faith to the character and the exigencies of our race was continually made manifest, though under new and ever varying forms.

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Thus the Church was at first Congregational, that by the agitation of the lowest strata of society the superincumbent mass of corruption, idolatry, and mental servitude might be broken up — then Synodal or Presbyterian, that the tendency of separate societies to heresy and schism might be counteracted — then Episcopal, that, in ages of extreme difficulty and peril, the whole body might act in concert and with decision — then Papal, that it might oppose a visible unity to the armies of the Crescent and the barbarians of the North — then Monastic, that learning, art, and piety might be preserved in impregnable retreats amidst the deluge of ignorance and of feudal oppression — then Scholastic, that the human mind might be educated for a return to a sounder knowledge, and to primitive doctrine — then Protestant, that the soul might be emancipated from error, superstition, and spiritual despotism — then *partially* Reformed, in the very bosom of the papacy, lest that emancipation should hurry the whole of Christendom into precipitate change and lawless anarchy — and then at length Philosophical, to prove that as there are no depths of sin or misery to which the healing of the Gospel cannot reach, so there are no heights of speculation to which the wisdom of the Gospel cannot ascend.

Believing thus in the Perpetuity as well as on the Catholicity of the Church, and judging that she is still the same in spirit throughout all ages, although, in her external developments, flexible to the varying necessities of all, we have ventured on some former occasions, and are again about, to assert, for 'the 'pure and reformed branches' of it in England and in Scotland, an alliance with the heroes of the faith in remote times, and in less enlightened countries; esteeming that to be the best Protestantism, which, while it frankly condemns the errors of other Christian societies, yet claims fellowship with the piety, the wisdom, and the love, which, in the midst of those errors, have attested the divine original of them all.

If, according to the advice which on some of those occasions we have presumed to offer to those who are studious of such subjects, there be among us any scholar meditating a Protestant history of the Monastic Orders, he will find materials for a curious chapter in this correspondence of the French Benedictines of the reign of Louis the XIV. In that fraternity light and darkness succeeded each other by a law the reverse of that which obtained in Europe at large. From the promulgation of their rule in the sixth century, their monasteries were comparatively illuminated amidst the general gloom of the dark ages. But when the sun arose on the outer world, its beams scarcely penetrated their cloisters; nor did they hail the return-

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ing dawn of literature and science until the day was glowing all around them in meridian splendour. Then, however, passing at one vault from the haze of twilight to the radiance of noon, they won the wreath of superior learning, even in the times of Tillemont and Du Cange — though resigning the palm of genius to Bourdaloue, Bossuet, and Pascal. Thus the three great epochs of their annals are denoted by the growth, the obscuration, and the revival of their intellectual eminence. M. Valery's volumes illustrate the third and last stage of this progress, which cannot, however, be understood without a rapid glance at each of the two preceding stages.

'But why,' it may be asked, 'direct the eye at all to the 'mouldering records of monastic superstition, self-indulgence, 'and hypocrisy?' Why indeed? From contemplating the mere debasement of any of the great families of man, no images can be gathered to delight the fancy, nor any examples to move or to invigorate the heart. And doubtless he who seeks for such knowledge, may find in the chronicles of the convent a fearful disclosure of the depths of sin and folly into which multitudes of our brethren have plunged, under the pretence of more than human sanctity. But the same legends will supply some better lessons, to him who reads books that he may learn to love, and to benefit his fellow men. They will teach him that, as in Judæa, the temple, so, in Christendom, the monastery, was the ark, freighted during the deluge, with the destinies of the Church and of the world, — that there our own spiritual and intellectual ancestry found shelter amidst the tempest, — that there were matured those powers of mind which gradually infused harmony and order into the warring elements of the European Commonwealth, — and that there many of the noblest ornaments of our common Christianity were trained, to instruct, to govern, and to bless the nations of the West.

Guided by the maxim 'that whatever any one saint records 'of any other saint must be true,' we glide easily over the enchanted land along which Domnus Johannes Mabillon conducts the readers of the earlier parts of his wonderous compilations; receiving submissively the assurance that St. Benedict sang eucharistic hymns in his mother's womb — raised a dead child to life — caused his pupil Maurus to tread the water dryshod — untied by a word the knotted cords with which an Arian Goth (Zalla by name) had bound an honest rustic — cast out of one monk a demon, who had assumed the disguise of a farrier — rendered visible to another a concealed dragon, who was secretly tempting him to desertion — and by laying a consecrated wafer on the bosom of a third, enabled him to repose in a grave which

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till then had continually cast him out;—for all these facts the great annalist relates of his patriarch St. Benedict, on the authority of the pontiff (first of that name) St. Gregory. If, however, the record had contained no better things than these, the memorial of Benedict would long since have perished with him.

His authentic biography is comprised in a very few words. He was born towards the end of the fifth century, at Nursia, in the duchy of Spoleto. His mother died in giving him birth. He was sent to Rome for his education by his father, a member of the Anician family, which Claudian has celebrated; but was driven from the city by the invasions of Odoacer and Theodoric to the Mons Subiacus, where, while yet a beardless youth, he took up his abode as a hermit. Like Jerome, he was haunted in his solitude by the too vivid remembrance of a Roman lady; and subdued his voluptuous imagination by rolling his naked body among the thorns. The fame of such premature sanctity recommended him to the monks of the neighbouring monastery as their abbot; but scarcely had he assumed the office when, disgusted by the rigours of his discipline, the electors attempted to get rid of him by poison. Returning to his hermitage, he soon found himself in the centre of several rude huts, erected in his vicinity by other fugitives from the world, who acknowledged him as the superior of this monastic village. But their misconduct compelled him again to seek a new retirement; which he found at Monte Casino, on the frontiers of the Abbruzzi. There, attended by some of his pupils and former associates, he passed the remainder of his life—composing his rule, and establishing the Order which, at the distance of thirteen centuries, still retains his name and acknowledges his authority. He died in the year 543, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

To the intercourse of Benedict with the refractory monks of Subiaco, may perhaps be traced the basis of his system. It probably revealed to him the fact that Indolence, Self-will, and Selfishness are the three archdæmons of the cloister; and suggested the inference that Industry, Obedience, and Community of goods are the antagonist powers which ought to govern there. But the comprehensiveness of thought with which he so exhausted the science of monastic polity, that all subsequent rules have been nothing more than modifications of his own,—the prescience with which he reconciled conventual franchises with abbatial dominion,—the skill with which he at once concentrated and diffused power among the different members of his order, according as the objects in view were general or local,—and the deep insight into the human heart by which he rendered myriads of men and women, during more than thirty successive

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generations, the spontaneous instruments of his purposes, — these all unite to prove that profound genius, extensive knowledge, and earnest meditation, had raised him to the very first rank of uninspired legislators. His disciples, indeed, find in his legislative wisdom a conclusive proof that he wrote and acted under a divine impulse. Even to those who reject this solution it is still a phænomenon affording ample exercise for a liberal curiosity.

That the Benedictine statutes remain to this day a living code, written in the hearts of multitudes in every province of the Christian world, is chiefly perhaps to be ascribed to the inflexible rigour with which they annihilated the cares and responsibilities of freedom. To the baser sort no yoke is so galling as that of self-control; no deliverance so welcome as that of being handsomely rid of free agency. With such men mental slavery readily becomes a habit, a fashion, and a pride. To the abject many, the abdication of self-government is a willing sacrifice. It is reserved for the nobler few to rise to the arduous virtues of using wisely the gifts which God bestows, and walking courageously, though responsibly, in the light which God vouchsafes.

And by the abject many, though often under the guidance of the nobler few, were peopled the cells of Monte Casino and her affiliated convents. Their gates were thrown open to men of every rank, in whom the abbot or prior of the house could discover the marks of a genuine vocation. To exclude any such candidate, though a pauper or a slave, would have been condemned by Benedict, in the words and spirit of Augustine, as *grave delictum.* In those sacred enclosures, therefore, many poor and illiterate brethren found a refuge. But they were distinguished from the rest as *conversi,* — that is, as persons destined neither for the priesthood nor the tonsure, but bound to labour for the society as husbandmen, shepherds, artizans, or domestic servants.

In the whirl and uproar of the handicrafts of our own day, it is difficult to imagine the noiseless spectacle which in those ages so often caught the eye, as it gazed on the secluded abbey and the adjacent grange. In black tunics, the mementos of death, and in leathern girdles, the emblems of chastity, might then be seen carters silently yoking their bullocks to the team, and driving them in silence to the field,—or shepherds interchanging some inevitable whispers while they watched their flocks, — or vine-dressers pruning the fruit of which they might neither taste nor speak, — or wheelwrights, carpenters, and masons plying their trades like the inmates of some deaf and dumb asylum, —

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and all pausing from their labours as the convent bell, sounding the hours of primes or nones or vespers, summoned them to join in spirit, even when they could not repair in person, to those sacred offices. Around the monastic workshop might be observed the belt of cultivated land continually encroaching on the adjacent forest; and the passer by might trace to the toils of these mute workmen the opening of roads, the draining of marshes, the herds grazing, and the harvests waving in security, under the shelter of ecclesiastical privileges which even the Vandal and the Ostrogoth regarded with respect. Our own annual agricultural meetings, with their implements and their prizes, their short horns and their long speeches, must carry back their economic genealogy, to those husbandmen who, with dismal aspect, brawny arms, and compressed lips, first taught the conquerors of Rome the science in which Columella and Virgil had instructed the ancient Romans.

A similar pedigree must be assigned to our academies of painting, sculpture, architecture, and music. The fine arts are merely imitative in their infancy; though as they become mature, they also become symbolical. And this maturity is first attained by the architect, because he ministers to a want more urgent than the rest,—because, in the order of time, the edifice must precede the works designed for its embellishment,—and because finding in nature no models, except for the details of his performance, he must, from the first, be inventive in the composition of it. Thus the children of Benedict, when contemplating their lofty avenues sacred to meditation—and the mellowed lights streaming through the foliage—and the flowers clustering in the conventual garden—and the pendulous stalactites of the neighbouring grottoes,—conceived of a Christian Temple in which objects resembling these, though hewn out of imperishable stone, and carved into enduring forms, might be combined and grouped together into one glorious whole. With a ritual addressed to the eye rather than to the ear—a sacred pantomime, of which the sacrifice of the mass was the action, the priests the actors, and the high altar the stage,—nothing more was requisite to the solemn exhibition but the cathedral as its appropriate theatre. It arose, therefore, not the servile representation of any one natural object, but the majestic combination of the forms of many; and full of mystic significance, in the cruciform plan, the lofty arch, the oriel windows, the lateral chapels, and the central elevation. Not a groining, a mullion, or a tracery, was there, in which the initiated eye did not read some masonic enigma, some ghostly counsel, or some inarticulate summons to confession, to penitence or to prayer.

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Every niche without, and every shrine within these sanctuaries, was adorned with images of their tutelary saints; and especially of Her who is supreme among the demigods of this celestial hierarchy. But, instead of rising to the impersonation of holiness, beauty, or power in these human forms, the monkish sculptors were content to copy the indifferent models of humanity within their reach; and the statues, busts, and reliefs which, in subsequent times, fell beneath the blows of Protestant Iconoclasts had little if any value but that which belonged to their peculiar locality and their accidental associations. In painting also, whether encaustic, in fresco, or on wood, the performances of the early Benedictine artists were equally humble. In order to give out their visible poetry, the chisel and the pencil must be guided by minds conversant with the cares and the enjoyments of life; for it is by such minds only that the living soul which animates mute nature can ever be perceived; or can be expressed in the delineation of realities, whether animated or inanimate. In ecclesiastical and conventual architecture, and in that art alone, the monks exhausted their creative imagination; covering Europe with monuments of their science in statics and dynamics, and with monuments of that plastic genius, which from an infinity of elaborate, incongruous, and often worthless, details, knew how to evoke one sublime and harmonious whole. In those august shrines, if any where on earth, the spirit of criticism is silenced by the belief that the adorations of men are mingling in blessed accord with the hallelujahs of heaven.

To animate that belief, the Benedictine musicians produced those chants which, when long afterwards combined by Palestrina into the Mass of Pope Marcellus, were hailed with rapture by the Roman Conclave and the Fathers of Trent, as the golden links which bind together in an indissoluble union the supplications of the Militant Church and the thanksgivings of the Church Triumphant.

'Lusts of the imagination!' exclaimed, and may yet exclaim, the indignant pulpits of Scotland and Geneva — 'lusts as hostile 'to the purity of the Christian Faith as the grosser lusts of 'the flesh or the emptiest vanities of life.' Hard words these for our restorers of church architecture in mediæval splendour! Let the Camden Society, the Lord of Wilton, and the benchers of the Temple look to it; while we, all innocent of any such sumptuous designs — her Majesty's Church Building Commissioners themselves not more so — refer to these Benedictine prodigies only as illustrating a memorable passage in Benedictine history.

But art was regarded by the fathers of that order rather as

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the delight than as the serious occupation of their brotherhood. With a self-reliance as just as that of the great philosopher, if not as sublime, they took to themselves all knowledge as their proper province. Their rule assigned an eminent rank among monastic virtues to the guardianship and multiplication of valuable manuscripts. It taught the copyist of a holy book to think of himself as at once a pupil and a teacher, — as a missionary while seated at his desk — using each finger as a tongue — inflicting on the Spirit of Evil a deadly wound at each successive line — and as baffling, with the pen, the dread enemy, who smiles at the impotent hostility of every other weapon grasped by the hand of mortal man. In each Benedictine monastery a chamber was set apart for the discharge of this sacred office. In this *Scriptorium*, some of the monks plied their pens assiduously, and in profound silence, to produce faultless transcripts of the best originals. To others was committed the care of revising the text of such works as were then held in the highest esteem. Charlemagne himself assigned to the Benedictine Alcuin the high office of preparing, from the various sources within his reach, a perfect Codex of the Holy Scriptures. For what remains to us of Pliny, Sallust, and Macrobius, and for the orations against Verres, we are indebted to their literary zeal. A tribute of writing materials at the commencement of each novitiate, and another of books at its close, with an annual import of manuscripts from the inferior houses, were continually augmenting the libraries of their greater convents. How extensive and how valuable such collections became, may be inferred from the directions given by the Benedictine Cassiodorus for the guidance of his brethren in their studies. He had collected, and he enjoins them to read, the Greek and Latin fathers, the Church historians, the geographers and grammarians whose works were then extant and in repute, with various medical books, for the assistance of those monks to whom the care of the infirmary was confided. Whoever will consult the 'Historia Rei Literariæ Ordinis Sancti 'Benedicti,' by their historiographer Magnoaldus Zeigelbauer, may rapidly accumulate the most conclusive proofs, that by their Order were either laid or preserved the foundations of all the eminent schools of learning of Modern Europe.

The greatness of the Benedictines did not, however, consist either in their agricultural skill, their prodigies of architecture, or their priceless libraries; but in their parentage of countless men and women, illustrious for active piety — for wisdom in the government of mankind — for profound learning — and for that contemplative spirit, which discovers within the soul itself

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things beyond the limits of the perceptible creation. Such, indeed, is the number of these worthies, that, if every page at our disposal were a volume, and every such volume as ponderous as our old acquaintance, Scapula, space would fail us to render justice to the achievements of the half of them. We cannot, however, pass by this goodly fellowship without a transient glance at one normal type, at the least, of each of these various forms of Benedictine heroism. For that purpose we need scarcely wander from the annals of our own land.

In the Benedictine abbey of Nutsall, near Winchester, Poetry, History, Rhetoric, and the Holy Scriptures were taught, in the beginning of the eighth century, by a monk whom his fellow countrymen called Winfred, but whom the Church honours under the name of Boniface. He was born at Crediton, in Devonshire, of noble and wealthy parents, who had reluctantly yielded to his wish to embrace the monastic state. Hardly, however, had he reached middle life, when his associates at Nutsall discovered that he was dissatisfied with the pursuits by which their own thoughts were engrossed. As, in his evening meditations, he paced the long conventual avenue of lime trees, or as, in the night-watches, he knelt before the crucifix suspended in his cell, he was still conscious of a voice, audible though inarticulate, which repeated to him the Divine injunction, 'to go and preach the 'Gospel to all nations.' Then, in mental vision, was seen stretching out before him the land of his German ancestry; where, beneath the veil of the customs described by Tacitus, was concealed an idolatry of which the historian had neither depicted, nor probably conjectured the abominations. To encounter Satan in this stronghold, became successively the day dream, the passion, and the fixed resolve of Boniface; until, at length, abandoning, for this holy war, the studious repose for which he had already abandoned the world, he appeared, in his thirty-sixth year, a solitary and unbefriended missionary, traversing the marshy sands and the primæval forests of Friesland. But Charles Martel was already there,—the leader in a far different contest; nor, while the Christian Mayor of the Palace was striking down the Pagans with his battle-axe, could the pathetic entreaties of the Benedictine Monk induce them to bow down to the banner of the Cross. He therefore returned to Nutsall, not with diminished zeal, but with increased knowledge. He had now learnt that his success must depend on the conduct of the secular and spiritual rulers of mankind, and on his own connexion with them.

The chapter of his monastery chose him as their abbot: but, at his own request, the Bishop of Winchester annulled the

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election. Then, quitting for ever his native England, Boniface pursued his way to Rome, to solicit the aid of Pope Gregory the Second, in his efforts for the conversion of the German people.

Armed with a papal commission, a papal blessing, and a good store of relics, Boniface again appeared in Friesland, where Charles Martel was now the undisputed master. Victory had rendered him devout, and he gladly countenanced the labours of the monk, to bring his new subjects within the fold of the Christian Church. So ardent, indeed, was his zeal for this great work, that the destined author of it was soon compelled to migrate into Saxony, as the only means of escaping the unwelcome command of the conqueror to fix his residence in Friesland, and there to assume the coadjutorship and succession to the Bishop of Utrecht.

The missionary labours of Boniface, interrupted only by three short visits to Rome, were prolonged over a period of more than thirty-six years; and were extended over all the territories between the Elbe, the Rhine, and the Ocean. At Rome he sought and found all the support which papal authority, zeal, and wisdom could afford him. Gregory the Second consecrated him a bishop, though without a diocese. Gregory the Third raised him to be the Archbishop and Primate of all Germany; with power to establish bishoprics there at his discretion. The same pontiff afterwards nominated him Legate of the Holy See, in Germany and France. To these distinctions Pope Zachary added the Archbishopric of Mentz, then first constituted the metropolis of the German churches. Last of all was bestowed on him the singular privilege of appointing his own successor in his primacy.

There have been churchmen to whom such a memento of the vanity of even the highest ecclesiastical dignities would have afforded but an equivocal satisfaction. To Boniface the remembrance of the shortness of life was not only familiar, but welcome. The treatise of Ambrose on the advantages of death was his constant companion. It had taught him to regard his successive promotions but as the means of preparing his mind for the joyful resignation of them all. His seventy-fourth year was now completed. For the spiritual care of his converts he had established seven new bishoprics, and had built and endowed many monasteries for the advancement of piety and learning among them. At last abdicating his own mitre in favour of Lullus, a monk of Malmesbury, he solemnly devoted his remaining days to that office of a missionary, which he justly esteemed as far nobler than any symbolised by the crosier, the purple, or the tiara. Girding round him his black Benedictine

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habit, and depositing his Ambrose 'De Bono Mortis' in the folds of it, he once more travelled to Friesland; and pitching his tent on the banks of a small rivulet, awaited there the arrival of a body of neophytes, whom he had summoned to receive at his hands the rite of confirmation.

Ere long a multitude appeared in the distance; advancing towards the tent, not however with the lowly demeanour of Christian converts drawing near to their bishop, but carrying deadly weapons, and announcing by their cries and gestures that they were Pagans, sworn to avenge their injured deities against the arch-enemy of their worship. The servants of Boniface drew their swords in his defence; but calmly, and even cheerfully awaiting the approach of his enemies, and forbidding all resistance, he fell beneath their blows — a martyr to the faith which he had so long lived, and so bravely died, to propagate. His copy of Ambrose, 'De Bono Mortis,' covered with his blood, was exhibited, during many succeeding centuries, at Fulda as a relic. It was contemplated there by many who regarded as superstitious and heretical some of the tenets of Boniface. But no Christian, whatever might be his own peculiar creed, ever looked upon that blood-stained memorial of him without the profoundest veneration.

For, since the Apostolic Age, no greater benefactor of our race has arisen among men than the Monk of Nutsall, — unless it be that other Monk of Wittemberg who, at the distance of seven centuries, appeared to reform and reconstruct the churches founded by the holy Benedictine. To Boniface the north and west of Germany, and Holland, still look back as their spiritual progenitor; nor did any uninspired man ever add to the permanent dominion of our faith provinces of such extent and value.

If, in accomplishing that great work, Boniface relied more on human authority than is consistent with the practice, or, rather, with the theory, of our Protestant churches, his still extant letters will show that he rebuked, with indignant energy, the vices of the great on whom he was dependent. In placing the crown of Childeric on the head of Pepin, he may have been guilty of some worldly compliance with the usurper. Yet it is not to be forgotten that the pope himself had favoured the cause of the Mayor of the Palace, by his Delphic response, 'Melius esse 'illum vocari regem apud quem summa potestas consisteret.'

The guides of our own missionary enterprises will, probably, accuse Boniface of undue promptitude in admitting within the pale any one who chose to submit himself to the mere outward form of baptism. His facility is indisputable; but what Protestant will venture to condemn the measures which brought

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within the precincts of the Christian Church the native lands of Luther, of Grotius, and of Melancthon?

On a single occasion we find him wearing a garb at least resembling that of an inquisitor. Within his spiritual jurisdiction came a Frenchman, working miracles, and selling as relics the cuttings of his own hair and the parings of his own nails. This worthy had an associate in one Vincent, a Scotchman, a sort of premature Knox—a teacher, it is said, of heresies—but certainly a stout opponent of all the laws and canons of the Church. Moved by Boniface, the secular arm lodged them both in close prison; and, all things considered, one must doubt their claim to any better lodgings.

Peace be, however, to the faults of Boniface! whatever they may have been. Among the heroes of active piety, the world has few greater to revere; as the disciples of Benedict have assuredly none greater to boast.

They boast, however, in Lanfranc, another primate, to whose far-seeing wisdom in the government of mankind may not obscurely be traced much of the vital spirit of those venerable institutions which are still the glory of the Anglo-Saxon race, in our own islands and in the North American continent. In his romance of 'Harold,' Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton solving, with equal erudition and creative fancy, the great problem of his art (the problem how to produce the greatest amount of dramatic effect at the least expense of historical truth), has produced a living portrait of Lanfranc, the subtle Italian, who, armed with homilies for the devout, jests for the facetious, austerities for the superstitious, learning for the inquisitive, and obsequiousness for the great, renders the weakness and the strength of each in turn tributary to his own ambition; and ascends the throne of Canterbury, not merely by the aid of the meek old Abbot Herduin, but on the shoulders of the imperious William and the imperial Hildebrand. Our great master of historico-romantic portraiture would have destroyed the picturesque unity of his beautiful sketch if, by advancing further, he had taught us (and who could have taught us so powerfully?) how vast is the debt of gratitude which England owes to her great primates Lanfranc, Anselm, Langton, and Beckett,—or rather to that benign Providence which raised them up in that barbarous age. Whatever may have been their personal motives, and whatever their demerits, they, and they alone, wrestled successfully with the despotism of the Conqueror and his descendants to the fourth generation; maintaining among us, even in those evil days, the balanced power, the control of public opinion, and the influence of moral, over physical, force which from their times passed as a

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birthright to the parliaments of Henry the Third and his successors; and which at this day remains the inheritance of England, and of all the free communities with which she has covered, and is still peopling, the globe. The thunders and reproaches of Rome are sufficiently encountered, by such reverberated thunders and reproaches as they provoke. To those who deplore alike the necessity and the rancour of the conflict, it may yet be permitted to render a due and therefore a reverent homage to the ancient prelates of the Roman Church. Unchecked by the keen wisdom, the ecclesiastical policy, and the Roman sympathies of the Benedictine Lanfranc, the fierce Conqueror would have acquired and transmitted to his posterity on the English throne, a power absolute and arbitrary, beneath the withering influence of which every germ of the future liberties and greatness of England must have prematurely perished.

When, in the mind of William Rufus, the fear of death had prevailed over the thirst for the revenues of Canterbury, he placed the mitre of Lanfranc on the head of the Benedictine Anselm; anticipating, probably, a less effective assertion of the rights of the Church by the retired and gentle student, than had been made by his insinuating and worldly-wise predecessor. In the great controversy of investitures, however, Anselm showed that nothing is so inflexible as meekness, sustained and animated by the firm conviction of right. Yet at the very moment of success, he turned aside from these agitations, to revolve the mysterious enigmas which it was at once the purpose and the delight of his existence to unravel. Those boundless realms of thought over which, in the solitude of his library, he enjoyed a princely but unenvied dominion, were in his eyes of incomparably higher value, than either his primacy of the Church of England, or his triumph in maintaining the prerogatives of the Church of Rome. In our days, indeed, his speculations are forgotten; and the very subjects of them have fallen into disesteem. Yet, except perhaps the writings of Erigena, those of Anselm on the 'Will of God,' on 'Truth,' on 'Free-will,' and on the 'Divine Prescience,' are not only the earliest in point of time, but, in the order of invention, are the earliest models, of those scholastic works, which exhibit, in such intimate and curious union, the prostration and the aspirings of the mind of man—prostrating itself to the most absurd of human dogmas—aspiring to penetrate the loftiest and the most obscure of the Divine attributes.

Truth may have concealed herself from most of these inquirers; but their researches formed no unimportant part of the education which was gradually preparing the intellect of Europe

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for admission into her sanctuary. Among the followers of Anselm are to be reckoned not merely the Doctors—Venerable, Invincible, Irrefragable, Angelical, and Seraphic,—but a far greater than they, even Des Cartes himself—who, as may be learnt from Brucker, borrowed from the Benedictine philosopher his proof of the Being of a God. Anselm taught that the abstract idea of Deity was the fontal principle of all knowledge—that as God himself is the primæval source of all existence in the outer world, so the Idea of God precedes, and conducts us to, all other ideas in the world within us—and that, until we have risen to that remotest spring of all our thoughts, we cannot conceive rightly of the correspondence of our own perceptions with the realities amidst which we exist.

If these speculations are not very intelligible, they are at least curious. They show that the metaphysicians who lived when Westminster Hall was rising from its foundations, and those who lived when the first stone of our Edinburgh University was laid, beat themselves very much in the same manner against the bars of their mental prison-house.

Philosophy may thrive in other places than conventual cells. But there is a literature which scarcely flourishes elsewhere. The peculiar and spontaneous product of the monastery is mystic devotion. If the Benedictines had been cursed with barrenness in yielding this fruit, they would have resembled a Dutch garden in which it was impossible to cultivate the tulip. But no such reproach clings to the sons and daughters of Benedict. It must, however, be admitted that our own land has been singularly destitute of fertility in this the most delicate of all the plants cultivated in monastic seclusion. We produced schoolmen to satiety. Erigena, Hales, Duns Scotus, and Occam were our own. But we must pass over to Spain and Germany to find a type of Benedictine greatness, in that impalpable, though gorgeous world, which in later times was inhabited by Molinos and by Fénélon.

In those more fortunate regions, many are the half-inspired rhapsodists whom we encounter—chiefly ladies,—and, what is worthy of notice, ladies who from their childhood had scarcely ever strayed beyond the convent garden. Nevertheless, the indestructible peculiarity of our national character (whether it be shyness or dryness,—high aims or low aims,—the fear of irreverence for what is holy, or the fear of being laughed at for what is absurd),—that character which forbade the public utterance in these islands of the impassioned communings of the soul with its Maker and with itself, forbids us to make any report to our fellow countrymen of the sublime 'Canticles' of St. Ger-

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trude or of St. Theresa. Lest, however, our hasty sketch of Benedictine intellectual greatness should be defective, without some specimen of their super-terrestrial poetry, we venture to remind our readers of one passage of which M. de Malan (one of Mabillon's biographers) has reminded us ourselves, in which the author of the 'De Imitatione Christi' (himself a Benedictine, if Mabillon may be trusted) has sung to his Æolian harp a more than earthly strain. It is, indeed, an excellent example of a style of which we have no model in our own language, — except perhaps in occasional passages of Archbishop Leighton.

'My son, let not the sayings of men move thee, however 'beautiful or ingenious they may be: for the kingdom of God 'consisteth not in words but in power.

'Weigh well my words, for they kindle the heart, illuminate 'the mind, quicken compunction, and supply abundant springs 'of consolation.

'Read not the Word of God in order that thou mayest appear 'more learned or more wise.

'When thou shalt have read and known many things, then 'return to the one beginning and principle of all things.

'I am he that teacheth man knowledge, and to little children 'I impart an understanding more clear than man can teach.

'He to whom I speak shall quickly be wise, and in spirit 'shall profit largely.

'Woe be to them that search out many curious things, and 'take little thought how they may serve me.

'I am he who, in one instant, raise up the humble in mind to 'understand eternal truth better than if he had studied many 'years in the schools.

'I teach without noise of words, without confusion of opi-'nions, without ambition of honour, without the shock of 'arguments.

'To some men I speak common things, to others things rare; 'to some I appear sweetly by signs; to some, with much light, I 'discover mysteries.

'The voice of books is, indeed, one; but it is a voice which 'instructs not all alike. I am he who teaches the truth concealed 'within the voice. I the searcher of the heart, the discoverer of 'the thoughts, promoting holy actions, distributing to each one 'as I will.'

If, as the Benedictines maintained, this sacred chant was really sung by a poet of their own fraternity about the beginning of the fourteenth century, it may be looked upon as a kind of threnody, designed to intimate the approaching obscuration of

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their order. For already might be observed, in a state of morbid activity among them, those principles of decay which were pointed out so indignantly by Benedict himself to Dante, when, under the guidance of Beatrice, the poet had ascended to his presence in the seventh heaven: —

> '* * My rule
> Is left a profitless stain upon the leaves;
> The walls, for abbeys reared, turned into dens;
> The cowls, to sacks choked up with musty meal.
> Foul usury doth not more lift itself
> Against God's pleasure, than that fruit which makes
> The hearts of monks so wanton.'
>
> *Carey's Dante*, canto xxii., 'Il Paradiso.'

In the lapse of more than seven centuries, the state of society had undergone vast changes; but the institutes of Benedict had not been changed to meet them. The new exigencies of life demanded reformations in the religious state which Francis, Dominic, and Loyola, successively established. They combined a more mature policy with a younger enthusiasm. Exhibiting ascetic self-mortifications, till then unknown among any of the monastic communities of the West, they, also, formed relations equally new with the laity in all their offices — domestic, political, military, and commercial. Having, at the same time, obtained possession of nearly all the pulpits of the Latin Church, the imagination, the interests, and the consciences of mankind fell so much under the control of these new fraternities, that their influence was felt throughout all the ramifications of society.

While the spiritual dominion of the earlier monasticism was continually narrowed by this formidable competition, the Benedictines were no less constantly becoming more and more entangled in the cares and enjoyments of the world. They established an ill-omened alliance with the Templars, with the Knights of Calatrava and Alcantara, and with five other orders of chivalry — an unhallowed companionship, which, by familiarising the monks with the military, and dissolute manners of these new brethren, gradually contaminated their own.

Wealth and temporal prosperity were no less prolific of evil in the order of St. Benedict than in other societies in which their enervating influence has been felt. But on the monks riches inflicted a peculiar disaster. For, riches tempted the chief sovereigns of Europe to usurp the patronage of the religious houses; and to transfer the government of them from abbots elected by the chapters, to abbots appointed by the king.

The grant of these conventual benefices in *commendam*, was one of those abuses in the Church, which yielded to no reform

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until the Church herself and her abuses were swept away together, by the torrent of the French revolution. It was, however, a practice in favour of which the most venerable antiquity might be alleged. From the earliest times churches had been placed under a kind of tutelage, between the death of the incumbent and the appointment of his successor. But it not rarely happened that when the period of this spiritual guardianship was over, the tutor had become too much enamoured of his ward, and possessed too much influence with the great, to acquiesce in a separation from her. In such cases the commendatory, aided by some ill-fed stipendiary curate, assumed all the privileges and immunities of a sinecurist.

Yet it was not necessary to rely on any vulgar names in defence or in extenuation of this usage. The great Athanasius himself held a bishopric in commendam, in addition to his see of Alexandria. Neither were they vulgar names by whom it was condemned. Hildebrand, Innocent III., and the Fathers of Trent, rivalled each other in denunciations of the abuse; and were cordially seconded by Philippe Auguste, by St. Louis, and even by Francis I. Papal, synodal, and royal decrees, proved, however, too feeble to check an abuse so tempting to royal and sacerdotal cupidity. The French kings converted the splendid monastery of Fontverault into an appanage for a long succession of royal or noble ladies. The abbey of St. Germains des Prés also was given in commendam by Louis the Debonnaire, to a bishop of Poictiers; by Eudes to his brother Robert, a layman; and at length, by Louis XIII., to a widow of the Duke of Lorraine—which is much as though the mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge, had been given to the widow of the Elector Palatine.

During the progress of this decay, there was no lack of reformers, or of reforms of the Benedictine Order. But the corrupting proved too strong for the renovating power; and their decline proceeded without any real check until, in the year 1614, Dom Nicholas Benard became a member of the congregation of St. Maur.

Benard was one of those reformers to whom it is given to innovate, at once in the spirit of the institution which they desire to improve, and in the spirit of the age in which the improvement is to be made. His object was to bring back his order to the dutifulness, the industry, and the self-renunciation enjoined by Benedict. His remedial process consisted in conducting them, by exhortation and by his own example, to the culture of those studies which were held in highest esteem in France in the reigns of the 13th and of the 14th Louis. In those times no seeds of science or literature could be sown in that favoured

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land without yielding an abundant increase. The reason of this redundant fertility at that particular era, no historian can explain and no psychologist can conjecture. But, like the other promoters of learning in his age, Benard soon found himself followed and surrounded by a band of scholars, who joined with him in the successful culture of all historical, antiquarian, and critical knowledge. With their aid, he restored one of the chief households of the great Benedictine race to even more than their pristine glory.

During the 17th century one hundred and five writers in the congregation of St. Maur (then established at St. Germain des Près) divided among them this harvest of literary renown. A complete collection of their works would form a large and very valuable library; as may indeed be inferred from a bare enumeration of the books of the earlier and later fathers, which they republished. Among them are the best editions which the world has seen of the writings of St. Gregory the Great, of Lanfranc, Basil, Bernard, Anselm, Augustine, Cassiodorus, Ambrose, Hilary, Jerome, Athanasius, Gregory of Tours, Irenæus, Chrysostom, Cyril of Alexandria, Tertullian, Justin, and Origen; to which must be added their edition of Josephus.

But it would be as easy to form an image of the Grecian Camp from the catalogue of the ships, as to conceive aright of the Benedictines of St. Maur from an enumeration of their publications and the names of them. To exhibit some slight sketch of that great seminary as it existed in its days of splendour, it is necessary to confine our attention to the Achilles of their host — to him whom all the rest revered as their great example, and acknowledged by acclamation as their head.

The life of Mabillon has been written by Ruinart, his affectionate pupil; by Dom Filipe le Cerf, the historiographer of the congregation; and more recently by M. Chavin de Malan. To the last of those biographers we are largely indebted for much valuable information. But a companion at once more instructive and provoking, or a guide less worthy of confidence, never offered himself at the outset of any literary journey. It is the pleasure of M. de Malan to qualify the speculative propensities of our own age, by the blindest credulity of the middle ages. He is at the same moment a rhetorician and an antiquarian (as a dervish dances while he prays), and is never satisfied with investigating truth, unless he can also embellish and adorn it. Happily, however, we are not dependent on his guidance. All that is most interesting respecting Mabillon may be gathered from his own letters and his works. For to write was the very law of his existence; and from youth to old age his pen un-

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ceasingly plied those happy tasks, of which the interest never fails and the tranquillity can never be disturbed.

Jean Mabillon was born at the village of St. Pierre Mont, in Champagne, on the 23d of November, 1632. His mother did not long survive his birth; but Ruinart congratulates himself on having seen Etienne, the father of Jean, at the age of 105, in the full enjoyment of all his mental and bodily powers. Jean himself was sent by his paternal uncle, the curé of a parish near Rheims, to a college in that city, which, on his return homewards from the Council of Trent, the celebrated Cardinal of Lorraine had founded there for the education of clergymen. The habits of the place well became its origin. Except while addressing their teachers, the pupils passed in profound silence every hour of the day save that of noon; when they amused themselves in a garden, where, as we read, it was their custom, many hundred times a day, to salute a conspicuous image of the Virgin, with assurances of their veneration and their love.

Whatever may have been the effects of this discipline on the characters of his fellow students, it moulded the meek and quiet nature of Mabillon into the exact form which the authors of it regarded as the most perfect. He surrendered up his will to theirs; and yielding his whole soul to the divine offices of his college chapel, became so familiar with them, that when, after an absence of more than fifty years, Ruinart knelt beside him there, he heard the then aged man repeat, from memory, with unerring exactness, every prayer, every ceremonial, and every sacred melody in which he had been accustomed to offer up the devotions of his youth.

In the year 1653, and (to use the chronology of the cloister and of Oxford) on the feast of the Decollation of St. John the Baptist, Mabillon was received as a Postulant at the Benedictine monastery then attached to the cathedral church of St. Remy. In that sublime edifice his imagination had long before been entranced by the anticipated delights of a life of devotional retirement. It had been his single indulgence, while at college, to wander thither that he might listen to the choral strains as they rose, and floated, and died away through the recesses of those long-drawn aisles; and there had he often proposed to himself the question, whether this world had any thing to offer so peaceful and so pure as an habitual ministration at those hallowed altars, and an unbroken ascent of the heart heavenwards, on the wings of those unearthly psalmodies?

To this inquiry his judgment, or his feelings, still returned the same answer; and, at the end of his novitiate, he gladly pronounced those irrevocable vows which were to exclude him for

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ever from all delights less elevated than those of a devotional life. He had not, however, long to await the proof that the exclusive use of this etherial dietary is unfriendly to the health both of these gross bodies of ours, and of the sluggish minds by which they are informed. The flesh revolted; and, to subdue the rebellion, ascetic rigours were required. Then (alas for the bathos!) that base and unfortunate viscus, the stomach, racked his head with insufferable pains. Compelled at length to fly for relief to a Benedictine convent at Nogent, he there soothed his aching brows by traversing, and mourning over, the ruins which the impious ravages of the Huguenots had brought upon the monastic buildings. Then passing, for relief, to another monastery at Corbie, he recovered his health; through the intercession of St. Adelhard, the patron saint of the place, as he piously believed; though a less perfect faith might have been tempted to ascribe the cure to the active employments in the open air in which the abbot of Corbie compelled him to engage.

With restored health, Mabillon was next transferred, by the commands of his superior, to the royal abbey of St. Denys; there to act as curator of the treasures which the profaneness of a later age has scattered to the winds. This was no light trust. Amidst countless monuments of the illustrious dead, and of the greatness of the French monarchy, the collection contained one of the arms in which the aged Simeon had raised the infant Jesus in the Temple; and the very hand which the sceptical Thomas had stretched out to touch the wounded side of his risen Lord!

It was just one year before the birth of Mabillon, that the congregation of St. Maur had taken possession of the monastery of St. Germain des Près at Paris. At the time of his arrival at St. Denys, Dom Luc d'Achery, a Benedictine monk, was engaged at St. Germain's, in one of those gigantic undertakings to which Benard had invited his fraternity. It was a compilation from the libraries of France of the more rare and valuable letters, poems, charters, and chronicles relating to ecclesiastical affairs, which had been deposited in them either in later or remoter ages. These gleanings (for they were published under the name of Spicilegium), extend over thirteen quarto volumes. Such, however, were the bodily infirmities of the compiler, that, during forty-five years, he had never been able to quit the infirmary. There he soothed his occasional intermissions of pain and study, by weaving chaplets of flowers for the embellishment of the altars of the church of St. Germain's.

For the relief of this venerable scholar, Mabillon, then in his thirty-fifth year, was withdrawn from his charge of St. Denys

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to St. Germain's; where he passed the whole of his remaining life in the execution of that series of works which have placed his name at the head of the competitors for the palm of erudition in what was once the most erudite nation of the world, at the period of her greatest eminence in learning. The commencement of his fame was laid in a demeanour still more admirable for self-denial, humility, and loving kindness. To mitigate the sufferings of D'Achery and to advance his honour, had become the devoted purpose of his affectionate assistant. Taking his seat at the feet of the old man, Mabillon humoured his weakness, stole away his lassitude, and became at once his servant, his secretary, his friend, and his confessor. From the resources of his far deeper knowledge, guided by his much larger capacity, he enabled D'Achery to complete his Spicilegium,—generously leaving him in possession of the undivided honour of that contribution to the literary wealth of France.

Nor was this the greatest of his self-sacrifices in thus gratifying the feelings of the aged antiquarian. Benard and the other brethren of the congregation had, from their first settlement at St. Germain, meditated a complete history of their Order. During forty successive years they had accumulated for the purpose a body of materials of such variety and magnitude as to extinguish the hopes and baffle the exertions of all ordinary men. Having found at length in Mabillon one fitted to 'grapple with 'whole libraries,' they committed to him the Titanic labour of hewing out of those rude masses, an enduring monument to the glory of Benedict and of his spiritual progeny. He undertook the task, in the spirit of obedience and of love. In the printed circular letters with which he solicited the aid of the learned, he joined the name of D'Achery to his own; and kept alive the same friendly fiction, by uniting their names in the title-page of every volume of the Acta Sanctorum Ordinis Sancti Benedicti, which appeared in D'Achery's lifetime.

The literary annals of France, though abounding in prodigies, record nothing more marvellous than the composition of that book by a single man, in the midst of other labours of almost equal magnitude. From the title alone it might be inferred that it was a mere collection of religious biographies; and, if such had been the fact, they who are the deepest read in Roman Catholic hagiology would probably prefer the perusal of the writers of ordinary romance; since, with less irreverence for sacred things, they are usually more entertaining, and not less authentic. For in recording the lives of those whom it is the pleasure of the Church to honour, her zealous children regard every incident redounding to their glory, as resting on so firm and broad a

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basis of antecedent probability, as to supersede the necessity for any positive evidence; — nay, as to render impious the questioning of such testimonies as may be cited, even when most suspicious and equivocal. This argument from probability is especially insisted on, when any occurrences are alleged as miraculous — that is, as improbable — for, if probable, they cease to be miracles. Of these probable improbabilities, few writers are better persuaded or more profuse than Mabillon.

But apart from the extravagancies of his monkish legends, and in despite of them all, Mabillon's book will live in perpetual honour and remembrance as the great and inexhaustible reservoir of knowledge respecting the ecclesiastical, religious, and monastic history of the middle ages; and, therefore, though incidentally, respecting the secular condition and intellectual character of mankind during that period. In those nine folios lie, in orderly method and chronological arrangement, vast accumulations of authentic facts, of curious documents, and of learned disquisitions; like some rich geological deposit, from which the Genius of history may hereafter raise up and irradiate the materials of a philosophical survey of the institutions, habits, and opinions which have been transmitted from those remote generations to our own. Thence also may be readily disinterred picturesque narratives without end; and inexhaustible disclosures both of the strength and of the weakness of the human heart.

Nor will this knowledge be found in the state of rude and unorganised matter. Mabillon was not a mere compiler; but was also a learned theologian, and a critic and scholar of the first order. When emancipated from the shackles of human authority, he knew how to take a wide survey of the affairs of men, and could sketch their progress from age to age with a free and powerful hand. To each volume which he lived to complete, he attached a prefatory review of the epoch to which it referred; and those Prolegomena, if republished in a detached form, would constitute such a review of the ecclesiastical history of that perplexing period, as no other writer has yet given to the world. It would, indeed, be a review based throughout upon assumptions which the Protestant Churches with one voice contradict. But if, for the immediate purpose, those assumptions were conceded, the reader of such a work would find himself in possession of all the great controversies which agitated the Christian world during several centuries; and of the best solutions of which they are apparently susceptible. Nor is it an insignificant addition to their other merits, that the Latin in which these ponderous Tomes are written, if often such

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as Cicero would have rejected, is yet better adapted than the purest Ciceronian style, for the easy and unambiguous communication of thought in modern times — the phraseology and the grammar, those of the Court of Augustus; the idioms and structure of the sentences, not seldom those of the Court of Louis Quatorze.

In the reign of that most orthodox Prince, to have given assent to any fact on which the Church had not set the seal of her infallibility, was hazardous; much more so to dissent from any fact which her authority had sanctioned. Yet even this heavy charge was preferred against Mabillon by some of his Benedictine brethren, before a general chapter of the Order. Among the saints of whom the fraternity boasted, there were some whose relation to the Order he had disputed; some whose claims to having lived and died in the odour of sanctity he had rejected; some whose very existence he had denied. So at least we understand the accusation. His antagonists maintained that it was culpable, thus to sacrifice the edification of the faithful to a fastidious regard for historical evidence; and injurious, so to abandon a part of the glories of their society, which, by mere silence, might have been maintained inviolate. Among those who invoked the censure of their superiors on the reckless audacity of Mabillon's critical inquiries, the foremost was Dom Phillippe Bastide; and to him Mabillon addressed a defence, in every line of which his meekness and his love of truth beautifully balance and sustain each other.

'I have ever been persuaded,' he says, 'that in claiming for their order honours not justly due to it, monastic men offend against the modesty of the Gospel as grievously as any person who arrogates to himself individually a merit to which he is not really entitled. To pretend that this is allowable because the praise is desired, not for the monk himself, but for his order, seems to me no better than a specious pretext for the disguise of vanity. Though disposed to many faults, I must declare that I have ever had an insuperable aversion to this; and that therefore I have been scrupulous in inquiring who are the saints really belonging to my own order. It is certain that some have been erroneously attributed to it, either from the almost universal desire of extolling, without bounds, the brotherhood of which we are members, or on account of some obscurity in the relations which have been already published. The most upright of our writers have made this acknowledgment; nor have the Fathers Yebez and Menard hesitated to reduce the number of our saints by omitting those whom they thought inadmissible. I thought myself also entitled to make a reasonable use of this freedom; though with all the caution which could be reconciled with reverence for truth. I commit the defence of my work to the Divine Providence. It was not of my own will that I engaged on it. My brethren did

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me the honour to assign the task to me; and if they think it right, I shall cheerfully resign the completion of it to any one whose zeal may be at once more ardent and more enlightened than my own.'

In the Benedictine conclave the cause of historical fidelity triumphed, though not without a long and painful discussion. In proof of the touching candour which Mabillon exhibited as a controversialist, we are told that he spontaneously published one of the many dissertations against his book, to manifest his esteem and affection for the author of it. But before subscribing to this eulogium, one would wish to examine the arrow which he thus winged for a flight against his own bosom. Recluse as he was, he was a Frenchman still; and may have quietly enjoyed a little pleasantry even at the expense of a friend — for he was a man of a social spirit, and not altogether unskilled in those arts by which society is amused and animated.

The sick chamber of D'Achery was, however, the only *Salon* in which he could exert these talents. There, for the gratification of his aged friend, and, doubtless, for his own, he was accustomed on certain evenings to entertain a circle of scholars devoted, like themselves, to antiquarian researches. The hotels of Paris in his day were thronged with more brilliant assemblies, — even as, in our own times, *Réunions* of greater aristocratic dignity have adorned that Faubourg of St. Germain in which these gatherings of the learned took place. But neither the Bourbon Lilies nor the Imperial Eagles ever protected a society more distinguished by the extent and depth of the knowledge they were able to interchange. In that ill-furnished dormitory of the decrepid monk, might be seen Du Cange, reposing for a moment from his scrutiny into all the languages and histories of mankind; and Baluze, rich in inexhaustible stores of feudal and ecclesiastical learning; and D'Herbelot, unrivalled in oriental literature; and Fleury, in whom the Church of Rome reveres the most perfect of her annalists; and Adrian de Valois, whose superlative skill in decyphering the remains of the first dynasties of France was so amusingly combined with almost equal skill in finding fault with his own generation, as to provoke an occasional smile even in the most thoughtful of those grave countenances; and, more eminent than all these, Fénélon, then basking in the noon of royal favour, and Bossuet, in the meridian of his genius, who both, if not habitual guests at the monastery, lived in an affectionate confidence with Mabillon, which they were unable to maintain with each other.

Nor were these the only relations which he had formed with the world beyond his convent walls. The Jesuits, the Bollandists of Antwerp, and the chroniclers of the Carthusian and Cis-

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tercian fraternities, solicited his aid in their various literary pursuits. Leibnitz applied to him for intelligence regarding the House of Brunswick; and even Madame de la Valliere sued for his interest to procure for one of her kindred advancement in that world from which she had herself retired to penitential solitude. Like other luminaries in the same literary firmament, he was now followed by his attendant satellites; nor was his orbit seldom disturbed by the too close vicinity of the bodies amidst which he was constrained to pass.

The theological, or rather the conventual, world was at that time agitated by a controversy, in which the great eulogist of the Benedictine Saints could not have declined to interfere without some loss of honour and some abandonment of the cause of which he had become the illustrious advocate. It related to the authorship of the treatise 'De Imitatione Christi,'—of all uninspired writings incomparably the most popular, if the popularity of books may be inferred from the continuance and extent of their circulation. That it was written, either in the fourteenth, or at the commencement of the fifteenth, century, was a well-ascertained fact; and that the author was a monk might be confidently inferred from internal evidence. But was he Thomas à Kempis, one of the regular canons of Mont St. Agnes, near Zwol? or was he the Benedictine Jean Gersen? This was the point at issue; and with what learning, zeal, and perseverance it was debated, is well known to all the curious in such matters; and may be learned by others from the notice prefixed by Thuilliers to his edition of the posthumous works of Mabillon. It is only so far as his pen was diverted from its Cyclopean toils by this protracted warfare, that we are concerned with it at present.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, a Flemish printer then living at Paris (Joducus Badius Ascentius was his Latinised name), published two editions of the De Imitatione, in which Thomas, of the village of Kemp, in the diocese of Cologne, was, for the first time, announced as the author. Francis de Tol, or Tob, a German, in two other editions, followed this example; and was himself followed by Sommatius, a Jesuit,—in reliance, as he said, on certain manuscripts of the work in the handwriting of Thomas à Kempis, then to be seen at Antwerp and Louvain.

But in the year 1616, Constantine Cajitano, a Benedictine monk, published at Rome another edition, in the title-page of which Gersen was declared to be the author; partly on the authority of a manuscript at the Jesuits' College at Arona, and partly in deference to the judgment of Cardinal Bellarmine.

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Round Cajitano rallied all the champions of the Gersenian cause. The partisans of Thomas à Kempis found an equally zealous leader in the person of Rosweid, a Jesuit. Bellarmine, himself a member of the same company, was, as the Kempists maintained, induced by Rosweid to abandon the Gersenian standard. The Benedictines, on the contrary, assert that the Cardinal gave in his adhesion to their adversaries only by pronouncing the words, 'As you will,' in order to silence the importunities with which the anxious Kempists were disturbing his dying bed.

Whatever the fact may be regarding Bellarmine's latest opinion, the next chieftain who appears on this battle-field is Francis Waldegrave; who, with true English pertinacity and party spirit, traversed the continent, to bring up to Cajitano a vast reinforcement of manuscripts, pictures, and other proofs collected from all the German, Swiss, and Italian abbeys. Missiles from either side darkened the air; when, between the combatants, appeared the majestic form of Richelieu himself, who, having employed the royal press at the Louvre to print off a new edition of the De Imitatione, enjoyed the honour of being solicited by the disputants on either side for his authoritative suffrage; and had the pleasure of disappointing both, by maintaining to the last a dignified neutrality.

On the death of Rosweid, the commander of the Kempists, his Bâton passed to Fronteau, a regular canon, who signalised his accession to the command by a work called 'Thomas Vindi-'catus.' This, for the first time, drew into the field the congregation of St. Maur, who, by their champion, Dom Quatremaire, threw down the gauntlet in the form of a pamphlet entitled 'Gersen Assertus.' It was taken up by the Jesuit, George Heser, the author of what he called 'Dioptra Kempen-'sis.' That blow was parried by Quatremaire, in a publication to which he gave the title of 'Gersen iterum Assertus.' And then the literary combatants were both surprised and alarmed to learn that the Prevôt of Paris considered their feud as dangerous to the peace of that most excitable of cities; and that they could no longer be permitted to shed ink with impunity in the cause of either claimant!

Thus the controversy was transferred to the safe arbitrement of Harlay, the archbishop of that see; who, having no other qualification for the task than the dignity he derived from his mitre, convened at his palace a solemn council of the learned, which, under his own presidency, was to investigate the pretensions of Thomas and of Gersen. Of this conclave Mabillon was a member; and, after much deliberation, they pronounced a sen-

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tence which affirmed the title of Gersen to the honour of having written this ever-memorable treatise.

An ultimate appeal to public opinion lies against all adjudications, let who will be the author of them; and in due season the Father Testelette made that appeal against the decision of the archiepiscopal palace, in the form of a book entitled 'Vindiciæ 'Kempenses,' which drew from Mabillon his 'Animadversiones' on the argument of Testelette. A truce of ten years followed; after which another council was held, under the presidency of Du Cange; and although they pronounced no formal sentence, yet the general inclination and tendency of their opinions appears to have been hostile to the claims of Gersen, — which have ever since been regarded by the best judges with suspicion, if not with disfavour.

Agitated by this vehement dispute, and mourning the silence of her infallible head, the Roman Catholic Church were at length rejoiced to repose in the oracular dictum of St. Francis de Sales, who declared that the authorship was to be ascribed neither to Thomas à Kempis nor to Gersen, but to Him by whose inspiration the Scriptures themselves had been written!

It is probably on account of the darkness of the regions through which they pass, that the pens of antiquarians, philologists, and theologians are so much used as belligerent weapons. Though the most peaceful of mankind, Mabillon, while waging war with the Kempists on one flank, was engaged in a contest not less arduous with the Bollandists on the other. Papebroch, one of the most learned of that learned body, had published a book on the art of verifying the charters and other ancient public acts deposited in the various archives of Europe. In 1681 Mabillon answered him in a treatise 'De Re Diplomatica.' After laying down rules for distinguishing the false instruments from the true, — rules derived from the form of the character, the colour of the ink, the nature of the penmanship, the style and orthography of the instrument, the dates, seals, and subscriptions, — he proceeded to show, *by more than* 200 *examples*, how his laws might be applied as a test; and how, by the application of that test, the manuscripts on which Papebroch chiefly relied might be shown to be valueless. Whatever may be thought of the interest of this dispute (which, however, involves questions of the very highest practical importance), no one probably will read with indifference the answer of Papebroch to his formidable antagonist: —

'I assure you,' he says, 'that the only satisfaction which I 'retain in having written at all on this subject is, that it has 'induced you to write so consummate a work. I confess that I

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'felt some pain when I first read it, at finding myself refuted 'in a manner so conclusive. But the utility and the beauty of 'your treatise have at length got the better of my weakness; 'and in the joy of contemplating the truth exhibited in a light 'so transparent, I called on my fellow student here to partake 'of my own admiration. You need have no difficulty, there-'fore, in stating publicly, whenever it may fall in your way, 'that I entirely adopt and concur in your opinions.'

While Papebroch, thus gracefully lowering his lance, retired from the lists, they were entered by Father Germon, another Jesuit; who, armed with two duodecimo volumes, undertook to subvert the new Benedictine science. His main assault was aimed at the assumption pervading Mabillon's book, that the authenticity and the authority of an ancient charter were the same. He suggested that forgery was a very wide-spread art, and had probably flourished with peculiar vigour in remote and ignorant ages. Mabillon was content to reply that throughout his extensive researches, he had never found a proof of any such imposture. His disciples assailed the sceptical Germon by far more elaborate hostilities. In one form or another the dispute has descended to our own times. At the commencement of it, in the seventeenth century, in France, it yielded (as what French dispute will not yield?) some choice entertainment. The Jesuit, Hardouin, anticipating our contemporary, Strauss, resolved all these ancient instruments, and with them a large part of the remains of antiquity, into so many monkish and mythical inventions. Thus, he declared that the odes of Horace were written in some Benedictine monastery; and that Lalage herself was nothing more than a monkish poetical symbol of the Christian faith. Whither such theories tended Hardouin clearly enough perceived; but he sheltered himself by offering up his thanks to God that he had been denied all human faith, in order (as he said) that the total want of it might improve and strengthen his divine faith. Boileau's remark on the occasion was still better: 'I have no great fancy for monks,' he said, 'yet I should be glad to have known Brother Horace and Dom 'Virgil.'

Father Anacreon might have been recognised by the great satirist in the person of the reverend Armand Jean le Bouthillier de Rancé, who, having been appointed, at the age of ten, to a canonry at Notre Dame, became, in less than three years afterwards, the author of a new edition of the Anacreontic Odes, — a work of undoubted merit in its way; though it must not be concealed that the young canon was happy in the possession of a learned tutor, as well as of powerful patrons; for Richelieu

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was his godfather and kinsman, Bossuet his friend, Marie de Medicis his protector, Francis de Harlay (afterwards archbishop of Paris) the associate of his youthful revels, and De Retz his instructor in intrigue and politics. Eminent alike in the field and at the Sorbonne, De Rancé would occasionally throw aside his hunting frock for his cassock, — saying to Harlay, 'Je vais ce matin prêcher comme un ange, ce soir chasser comme 'un diable.' The pupil of the coadjutor was, of course, however, an eyesore and an offence to Mazarin; and being banished by him to Verret, this venerable archdeacon and doctor in divinity (such were then his dignities) converted his chateau there into so luxurious a retreat, that the cardinal himself might have looked with envy on the exile.

The spirit of this extraordinary churchman was, however, destined to undergo a change, immediate, final, and complete. De la Roque relates that having hurried to an interview with a lady of whom he was enamoured, he found her stretched in her shroud — a disfigured corpse. Marsollier's story is, that his life was saved by the rebound of a musket-ball from a pouch attached to his shooting belt. It is agreed on all sides that, under the deep emotion excited by some such startling occurrence, he retired from the world, and became first the founder, and then the Abbé, of the monastery of La Trappe, of the Cistertian Order, where he remained till his death. During the forty intervening years, he was engaged in solving the problem — what are the Maxima of self-inflicted mortifications which, in the transit through this world to the next, it is possible to combine with the Minima of innocent self-gratifications?

While occupied in this rueful inquiry, it happened that De Rancé lighted on a treatise which Mabillon had recently published under the title of 'Traité des Etudes monastiques.' To M. de la Trappe, it appeared that the book was designed as an indirect attack on himself and his community; and he made his appeal to the world he had abandoned, in a publication, entitled 'Réponse au Traité des Etudes monastiques.' In reluctant obedience to the commands of his spiritual superiors, Mabillon published 'Reflexions sur la Réponse de M. l'Abbé de la 'Trappe,' which drew from De Rancé another volume, entitled 'Eclaircissements sur la Réponse,' &c., and there the controversy ended.

When one of two disputants plants his foot on the terra firma of intelligible utility, and the other is upborne by the shifting, dark and shapeless clouds of mysticism, it is impossible for any witness of the conflict to trace distinctly either the progress of it or the result. It may, however, be in general reported of

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this debate that, according to the Benedictine arguments, he best employs the leisure of a religious state, who most successfully devotes it to the diffusion among mankind of divine and human knowledge: while, according to the Trappist, such labours are at best but the fulfilment of the written, positive, and categorical commands of Scripture or of the Church, — an obedience of incomparably less excellency than that which is due from those communities, or from those individuals, who are called to the state of sinless perfection; for to them it is given, not merely or chiefly to conform to absolute rules of duty, but to listen to those inarticulate suggestions which, from the sanctuary of the Divine presence, descend into the sanctuary of the human heart, and to dwell amidst those elevations of soul to which such heaven-born impulses are designed to conduct them:

They who thus contended could never come within the reach of each other's weapons. But Mabillon and De Rancé could never get beyond the reach of each other's love. After the close of the debate they met at La Trappe; and separated — not without much unreserved and affectionate intercourse, — each in possession of his own opinion, and of his antagonist's esteem. The sentences of Innocent XII. and Clement XI., awarded the victory to the author of 'Les Etudes monastiques;' and without the gift of infallibility, the same result might with safety have been predicted, from the different tempers in which the controversialists had encountered each other. Mabillon descended to the contest in the panoply of a humble, truth loving spirit. De Rancé (if we may rely on those who knew him well) was not emancipated, even in his retreat, from that enervating thirst for human sympathy which had distinguished him in the world. His disputations and his self-tormentings, are both supposed to have been deeply tinged by his constitutional vanity; and it was believed that he would have been far less assiduous in digging his grave and macerating his flesh, if the pilgrimage to La Trappe had not become a rage at Paris; and if the *salons* there had not been so curious for descriptions of that living sepulchre, that the very votaries of pleasure were sometimes irretrievably drawn, by a kind of suicidal fascination, within those gates impervious to all sublunary delights, and scarcely visited by the light of day.

From the depths of his humility Mabillon gathered courage. In his days the altars of the Church were every where hallowed by the relics of saints and martyrs; of which the catacombs at Rome afforded an inexhaustible supply. To watch over this precious deposit, and to discriminate the spurious article from the true, was the peculiar office of a congregation selected for

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that purpose from the sacred college. But though the skill and the integrity of cardinals were remote from all suspicion, who could answer for the good faith of their subordinate agents, and what was the security that the *Dulia* appropriate to the bones of the blessed, might not be actually rendered to the skeletons of the ungodly?

When teaching the art of discriminating between the osseous remains of different mammalia, Cuvier never displayed a more edifying seriousness, than was exhibited by Mabillon in laying down the laws which determine whether any given bone belonged of yore to a sinner or a saint. The miracle-working criterion, though apparently the best of all, being rejected silently, and not without very good reasons, Eusebius Romanus (such was his incognito on this occasion) addressed to Theophilus Gallus a letter 'De Cultu ignotorum Sanctorum,' in which he discussed the sufficiency of three other tests. First, he inquired, are we sure of the sanctity of a bone extracted from a sepulchre on which an anagram of the name of Christ is sculptured in the midst of palms and laurels? The answer is discouraging; because it is a well ascertained fact, that the body of one Flavia Jovina was found in this precise predicament, and yet she was a simple neophyte. Then, secondly, are we safe if a vase stained with blood be also found in the tomb? Nothing more secure—if only we could be quite certain that the stain was sanguineous, and was not produced by the perfumes which the ancients were accustomed to heap up in such vessels. But thirdly, what if the word 'Martyr' be engraven on the stone? In that case, all doubt would be at an end, were it not for a sophistical doctrine of *equivalents* which the relic dealers have propagated. Thus, for example, at the abbey of St. Martin, at Pontoise, the devout had long been honouring the corpse of one Ursinus, in the quiet belief that the words of his sepulchral inscription were *equivalent* to a declaration of martyrdom, whereas, on inquiry, it turned out that they were really as follows: 'Here lies Ursinus, who died 'on the 1st of June, after living with his wife Leontia 20 years 'and 6 months, and in the world 49 years, 4 months, and 3 'days.' Thus his only recorded martyrdom was the endurance of Leontia's conjugal society for twenty years and upwards.

Abandoning then all these guides, whither are we to look for assurance as to the title of a relic to the veneration of the faithful? To this grave inquiry, the learned Benedictine gravely answers as follows: Be sure that the alleged saint has been authentically proved to have been a saint. Be sure that his sanctity was established, not merely by baptism, but by some illustrious deeds, attested either by tradition or by certain proofs.

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Above all, be sure that the apostolic see has ordained that homage be rendered to his remains. Admirable canons, doubtless. Yet, to an unenlightened Protestant, it would seem that they afford no solution of the problem—Did this jawbone before which we are kneeling, sustain, while yet in life and action, the teeth of a martyr, or the teeth of one of those by whom martyrs were slain, or the teeth of any one else?

To assert that any such question was debateable at all before the tribunal of human reason, was, however, an overt act of liberalism; which Mabillon was of course required to expiate. Long and anxious were the debates in the congregation of the Index, whether the book should not be condemned, and the temerity of the author rebuked; nor would that censure have been averted, but for the interference of the Pope in person; who made himself sponsor for the willingness of Eusebius to explain in a new edition whatever might be thought objectionable in the first. The pledge was redeemed accordingly; and then the letter 'De Cultu sanctorum Ignotorum' was not only acquitted of reproach by that sacred College, but even honoured with their emphatic approbation.

Mabillon gave a yet more decisive proof that he was not blinded to truth by any extravagant scepticism. In his days, as in our own, there was living a M. Thiers, a man of singular talents, and of no less remarkable courage; who had accused the Benedictine fathers of Vendôme of an egregious imposture, in exhibiting at their convent one of those tears which fell from the eyes of Jesus when he wept at the grave of Lazarus. An angel (such was the legend) had treasured it up, and given it to Mary, the sister of the deceased. It passed some centuries afterwards to the treasury of relics at Constantinople; and was bestowed by *some* Greek emperor upon *some* German mercenaries in reward for *some* services to his crown. They placed it in the abbey of Frisingen, whence it was conveyed by the emperor Henry III., who transferred it to his mother-in-law, Agnes of Anjou, the foundress of the monastery of Vendôme, where she deposited it. Mabillon threw the shield of his boundless learning round this tradition; maintaining that the genuineness of the relic might at least be reasonably presumed from the admitted facts of the case; that it had a prescriptive claim to the honours it received; and that his brethren ought to be left in peaceable enjoyment of the advantages they derived from the exhibition in their church at Vendôme of the Holy Tear of Bethany.

Passing from fables too puerile for the nursery, to inquiries which have hitherto perplexed the senate, Mabillon undertook to explain the right principles of Prison Discipline, in a work

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entitled 'Réflexions sur les Prisons des Ordres Réligieux.' He insisted, that, by a judicious alternation and mixture of solitude, labour, silence, and devotion, it was practicable to render the gaol a school for the improvement of its unhappy inmates, in social arts and in moral character. After discussing to what extent solitary confinement would be consistent with the mental and bodily health of the sufferers, and how far the rigour of punishment ought to be mitigated by exercise and active employments, he concludes as follows: —

'To return to the prison of St. Jean Climaque. A similar 'place might be established for the reception of penitents. 'There should be in such a place several cells like those of the 'Chartreux, with a workshop, in which the prisoners might be 'employed at some useful work. To each cell also might be 'attached a little garden, to be thrown open to the prisoner at 'certain hours, for the benefit of labour, and exercise in the 'open air. They should attend public worship, at first in a 'separate lodge or compartment, and afterwards in the choir 'with the congregation at large, so soon as they should have 'passed the earlier stages of penal discipline, and given proofs 'of penitence. Their diet should be coarse and poor, and their 'fasts frequent. They should receive frequent exhortation, and 'the master of the gaol, either in person or by deputy, should 'from time to time see them in private, at once to console and 'to strengthen them. Strangers should not be permitted to 'enter the place, from which all external society should be 'strictly excluded. Once establish this, and so far from such 'a retirement appearing horrible and insupportable, I am convinced that the greater number of the prisoners would scarcely 'regret their confinement, even if it were for life. I am aware 'that all this will be considered as a vision of some new Atlantis; but let the world say or think what it may, it would 'be easy to render prisons more tolerable and more useful, if 'men were but disposed to make the attempt.'

So wrote a Benedictine monk in the age and kingdom of Louis XIV. The honour which one of his biographers, M. de Malan, challenges for him, of being the very earliest of those who have addressed themselves to this difficult subject in the spirit of philanthropy and wisdom, is strictly his due. To the enlightened reformer of prisons may be cheerfully forgiven his sacred osteology, and even his defence of the Holy Tear of Vendôme. Though in bondage to the prejudices of his own age, he was able to break through the bonds which have shackled so many powerful minds, in later and more enlightened times.

In the midst of these and similar employments, Mabillon had

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reached his sixty-second year, but the great project of his life was still unfinished and unattempted. In the belief that the end of his days was drawing near, he desired to consecrate them to a devout preparation for death. But being roused to the task by the instances of Renaudôt and Baluze, and his affectionate pupil Ruinart, he engaged, with all the ardour of youth, in collecting materials for his long-meditated history of the Benedictine Order. In studying and methodising the vast collections at his disposal, the aged scholar displayed, though without a shade of scepticism, an acuteness which the subtlest sceptic might have envied, and, without a tinge of philosophy, a luminousness of mind worthy of the most illustrious philosopher.

At that period the more ardent sons of the Church regarded her as no less infallible when she asserted historical facts, than when she proclaimed dogmatic truths. On the other hand, the Centuriators of Magdeburgh, Du Pin, Richard Simon, and even the great Arnauld, had presumed to interrogate ecclesiastical traditions, and to controvert the authority of popes and synods, fathers and saints, whenever it touched on topics beyond the articles of the Christian faith. This audacious freedom was rebuked by the contemptuous and withering eloquence of Bossuet; and Mabillon presented himself as the great living model of an historian, employing the most profound and varied knowledge, under the severe restraints of this intellectual docility. By day and by night he laboured, during the last fourteen years of his life, on the annals of his Order; without so much as a solitary departure from the implicit submission which he yielded to the Church, as to all matters of fact attested either by her own authoritative voice, or by the decision of her accredited doctors. The result was, that, instead of a history of what had actually occurred, he produced a chronicle, from which it may be learnt what are the occurrences, the belief of which the Church has sanctioned, or has silently left to the investigation of her obedient annalists.

It is, however, a book which irresistible evidence establishes, and which without such evidence could not be believed, to be the work of a single man between his sixty-second and seventy-sixth years. It comprises a biography of the Benedictine saints in a form more compendious than that of his Acta Sanctorum. It contains an account of every other illustrious member of the Order. It includes a careful review of every book written by any eminent Benedictine author. All the grants and charters under which the property and privileges of their monasteries were held, are recapitulated and abridged in it. Finally, it

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embraces a description of all their sepulchral and other ancient monuments.

Five folio volumes of this vast compilation were finished, and the last was about to appear, when the life and labours of Mabillon were brought to a painful and a sudden, though not an immature termination. Ruinart meditated, though in vain, the completion of the work. He lifted (perhaps unwisely) the veil which would otherwise have concealed the last fearful agonies of its great author. He has, however, shown, with the most artless and genuine pathos, how the tortures of the body were soothed and dignified by the faith, the hope, and the serenity of soul of the sufferer. With no domestic ties and no worldly ambition to bind him to earth, and with no anxious forebodings to overcast the prospect before him, he entertained the last enemy as a messenger of good tidings, and a herald of approaching joy and freedom; and then breathed out his spirit in an unhesitating affiance on Him, whom, beneath the shade of many superstitions and the burthen of many errors, he had loved and trusted, and obeyed from childhood to the grave.

Mabillon was a perfect model of monastic perfection; and however much inferior the produce of the conservatory may be to those hardier plants which germinate amidst the frosts and the scorchings of the unsheltered day, yet they have a value and a delicacy peculiarly their own. He had quitted the world without a sigh, and probably never breathed a sigh to return to it. If compelled to revisit and to tread the highways of mankind, he would have resembled the lifelong prisoner of an aviary, driven out to the bleak uplands for shelter. Meekly bowing his head to 'Holy Obedience,' he yielded himself without reluctance, to be moulded into whatever form the 'Genius of the 'place' might prescribe. Nor was this a painful sacrifice. The graces of the cloister, — docility, devotion, and self-discipline, — were his by an antenatal predestination. Mabillon lived and died in an uninterrupted subjection to positive laws and forms of man's devising. Even in his interior life, rule and habit exercised an inflexible dominion over him. He worshipped indeed with fervent piety; but with such a mechanical exactness of ceremonial, time, and place, as might seem, to a careless self-observer, fatal to the life of spiritual exercises. To his daily routine of divine offices were added other forms of private worship, scarcely less immutable; of which some were appropriate to his entrance on any literary work, — some to the arrival of the first proof sheet from the press, — and some to the commencement of the studies of each succeeding day.

To this constitutional and acquired acquiescence in the will

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of his superiors and the rules of his convent, was added the most profound lowliness of spirit. 'Permit me, Sire,' said Le Tellier, the archbishop of Rheims, to Louis XIV., 'to present to your 'Majesty Dom Mabillon, the most learned man in your Majesty's 'dominions.' 'Sire,' rejoined Bossuet, who stood by, 'the 'archbishop might also have said the most humble man in 'France.' It is supposed that the plumage of the eagle of Meaux was not a little ruffled by the superlative adjective which derogated from his own claims to the first place among men of learning. But the applauses both of the archbishop and of the bishop, in whatever temper given, were perfectly just. The proofs of Mabillon's learning are, at this moment, among the noblest monuments of the age of Louis XIV. The proofs which his eulogists adduce of his humility have not been very judiciously selected.

A humble man is one who, thinking of himself neither more highly nor more lowly than he ought to think, passes a true judgment on his own character. But the great Benedictine neither entertained nor suggested a truth, when among titled men, and learned men, and superficial pretenders to knowledge; he bore himself as if he had been undeserving of their notice, and unworthy to communicate with them on equal terms. There is no genuine self-abasement apart from a lofty conception of our own destiny, powers, and responsibilities; and one of the most excellent of human virtues is but poorly expressed by an abject carriage. Torpid passions, a languid temperament, and a feeble nature, may easily produce that false imitation of humility; which, however, in its genuine state, will ever impart elevation to the soul and dignity to the demeanour. This part of Mabillon's portrait has been ill drawn; because the artists drew rather from a false image in their own minds, than from the great original.

In the conventual merit of bodily self-discipline, so far as it could be reconciled with his studious habits, Mabillon was emulous of the Trappists. His food, sleep, clothing, warmth, social intercourse, and other personal gratifications, were measured by the indispensable exigencies of nature; and his admirers describe his austere mortifications of the flesh with the fond delight of a Hindoo recounting his sacred legends of the spontaneous endurance of more than human sufferings. 'Holy 'Obedience' dictated to her favourite child abasements and self-denials, which it is difficult to reconcile with decorum or with sincerity. If she had been wise, she would have summoned him to the nobler office of asserting that intellectual rank, and those claims to the reverence of mankind, which, like all the other

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good gifts of Providence, are designed for noble uses by the wise and gracious Author of them all.

Although the virtues of the convent, even in the person of Mabillon, excite but a reluctant admiration, and a still colder sympathy, yet his simple tastes, his devout spirit, and his affectionate nature, would, under a more genial discipline, have rendered his character as lovely, as his diligence, his critical sagacity, and the extent of his knowledge, were wonderful. For, soaring, in these respects, immeasurably above vulgar ascetics, he obeyed to the letter the command of his great patriarch Benedict, and devoted every moment of his life to some useful and energetic occupation.

In these pursuits Mabillon was not merely an indefatigable student, but a laborious traveller. In his time the treasures of which he was insatiably covetous, were not accumulated in the Royal Library of Paris, but dispersed in the conventual, episcopal, and other public archives of France, Belgium, Germany, and Italy. The journeys necessary for examining them had all the terrors of an exploration of the Nile, to one whom (all Frenchman as he was) not even the enchanted gardens and terraces of Versailles had, during a period of twenty years, been able to seduce, for a single morning, from his seclusion at St. Germain des Près. But what antiquarian worthy of the name would be arrested by the Loire, the Meuse, the Rhine, or the Alps, when beyond these distant barriers a whole harem of virgin manuscripts wooed his embrace, glowing, like so many houries, with immortal youth, and rich in charms which increased with each revolving century? Sometimes alone, but more commonly attended by a Benedictine brother, he accomplished several *Capitulary* or *Diplomatic* tours through Flanders, Burgundy, Switzerland, the south of Germany, and the whole of the Italian peninsula. The earlier of those expeditions were made on foot, at the cost of his Order; the later with the equipages becoming an agent of the Grand Monarque, employed by Colbert to collect or to transcribe manuscripts for his royal master. The results of these expeditions were various learned itineraries (such as his 'Iter Burgundicum' and his 'Museum Italicum'), and a prodigious accession to the wealth of the royal library. His services were rewarded by Louis with a seat in the Academy of Belles Lettres and Inscriptions. But the whole republic of letters united to confer on the learned traveller honours far exceeding any at the disposal of the greatest of the kings of the earth.

His journeys, especially his Italian journey, resembled royal progresses rather than the unostentatious movements of a humble

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monk. Monasteries contended for the honour of entertaining him as their guest. Fêtes celebrated his arrival in the greater cities of Italy. His society and correspondence were courted by the learned, the great, and the fair. The Pope, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the Cardinals, and Queen Christina, vied in rendering courtesies to their illustrious visitor. At the Catacombs, at Loretto, at Clairvaux, and, above all, at Monte Casino, the devout assembled to witness and to partake of his devotions. All libraries flew open at his approach; nor did the revolutionary *ҫavans* of France traverse the same regions, or examine the same repositories, with an authority comparable to that of the poor Benedictine, as he moved from one Italian state to another, — powerless except in the lustre of his reputation, the singleness of heart with which he pursued his object, and the love with which he was regarded by all his associates.

In M. Valery's three volumes will be found an ample and curious diary of Mabillon's Italian expedition. He commenced it on the 1st of April, 1685, having selected as his companion Dom Michel Germain, another member of the congregation of St. Maur. Germain had himself written some essays on monastic history; but his chief title to literary honours was derived from his having ministered to the production of the 'Acta Sanctorum 'Ordinis Sancti Benedicti,' and of the treatise 'De Re Diplo-'maticâ.'

The travellers had engaged to maintain a correspondence with four of their monastic associates. One of these was the faithful and affectionate Ruinart, of whom we already know something. Placide Porcheron, the next, seems to have been a member of the Dryasdust family, so celebrated by Walter Scott and Thomas Carlyle; his two great performances being a commentary on an obscure geographical book of the 7th century, and notes on a treatise on Education written by Basil the Macedonian, who, two hundred years later, had been Emperor of the Greeks. Claude Bretagne, the third of the Committee of Correspondence at Paris, was the author of some devotional works, but was more eminent as the intimate friend of Nicole, and as a companion of infinite grace and wit, and of the most captivating discourse. The last, Charles Bulteau, was not a monk, but 'Doyen des Secretaires du Roi,' and was famous for having, in that capacity, vindicated, with great learning, the supremacy of the King of France over the sovereigns of the Spanish monarchies.

When devout men, profound scholars, or still more profound antiquaries, engage in a prolonged epistolary intercourse, the reader is not without preconceptions of the mental aliment

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awaiting him. He has probably gone through some volumes in which Protestant divines interchange their religious experiences. The style in which Salmasius, Budæus, and Scaliger entertained their friends is not wholly unknown to him; and how the Spelmans of old, and the Whitakers of recent times, wrote their letters, may be learnt at the expense of a transient fatigue. But let no one address himself to M. Valery's volumes, with the hope or the fear of being involved in any topics more sacred, more crabbed, or more antiquated than befits an easy chair, a winter's evening, and a fireside. Reading more pleasant, or of easier digestion, is hardly to be met with in the Parisian epistles of Grimm, Diderot, or La Harpe.

Our pilgrims first take up the pen at Venice. They had ransacked the Ambrosian Library, examined the Temple of Venus at Brescia, admired the amphitheatre at Verona, and visited the monastery of their order at Vicenza; though, observes Germain, 'Ni là ni ailleurs, nos moines ne nous ont pas fait 'goûter de leur vin.' Some gentlemen of the city having conducted them over it, 'On ne saurait,' adds he, 'faire attention 'sur le mérite et les manières honnêtes de ces messieurs, sans 'réfléchir sur nos moines et admirer leur insensibilité. Aussi 'n'étudient ils pas; ils disent matins avant souper; ils mangent 'gras; portent du linge, pour ne rien dire du *peculium*, et de leur 'sortie seuls.' In short, there is already peeping out, from behind our good Germain's cowl, one of those Parisian countenances on the quick movable lines of which flashes of subacid merriment are continually playing.

On reaching Florence, the migratory antiquarians form a new acquaintance, alike singular and useful, in the person of Magliabechi, the librarian of the Grand Duke. Another man at once so book-learned, so dirty, and so ill-favoured, could not have been found in the whole of Christendom. The Medicæan Library was his study, his refectory, and his dormitory; though, except in the depth of winter, he saved the time of dressing and undressing, by sleeping in his clothes and on his chair; his bed serving the while as an auxiliary book-stand. Fruit and salads were his fare; and when sometimes an anchovy was served up with them, the worthy librarian, in an absent mood, would not unfrequently mistake, and use it for sealing-wax. Partly from want of time, and partly from the consciousness that an accurate likeness of him would be a caricature on humanity at large, he would never allow his portrait to be taken; though what the pencil was not permitted to do, the pens of his acquaintance have so attempted, that he would have judged better in allowing the painter to do his worst. Michel Germain describes him, as

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'Varillas multiplied by three.' Now Menage tells us that happening once to say that every man was hit off by some passage or other in Martial, and having been challenged to prove it with respect to Varillas, he immediately quoted 'Dimidiasque 'nates Gallica palla tegit.' Short indeed, then, must have been the skirts of Magliabechi, according to Germain's arithmetic.

His bibliographical appetite and digestion formed, however, a psychological phenomenon absolutely prodigious. Mabillon called him 'Museum inambulans, et viva quædam bibliotheca.' Father Finardi, with greater felicity, said of him, 'Is unus 'bibliotheca magna,' that being the anagram of his Latinized name Antonius Magliabechius.

Having established a correspondence with this most learned savage, the Benedictines proceeded to Rome, where they were welcomed by Claude Estiennot, the procurator of their Order at the Papal court. He also devoted his pen to their entertainment. Light labour for such a pen! Within eleven years he had collected and transcribed forty-five bulky folios, at the various libraries of his society in the several dioceses of France, adding to them, says Dom Le Cerf, 'réflexions très sensées et judici-'euses;' a praise which probably no other mortal was ever able to gainsay or to affirm.

Germain found Rome agitated with the affair of the Quietists. His account of the dispute is rather facetious than theological. Just then a Spaniard had been sent to the gallies, and a priest to the gallows; the first for talking, the second for writing scandals, while the great Quietist Molinos was in the custody of the Inquisition. Marforio, says Germain, is asked by Pasquin why are you leaving Rome, and answers 'Chi parla è mandato 'in galera; chi scrive è impiccato; chi sta quieto va al sant' 'officio.' Marforio had good cause for his hurry; for the scandal which (as Germain pleasantly has it) 'broke the priest's neck' was merely his having said that 'the mare had knocked the 'snail out of its shell;' in allusion to the fact of the pope's having been forced out of his darling seclusion and repose, to be present at a certain festival, at which a mare or palfrey was also an indispensable attendant. 'The rogues continue to repeat the 'jest notwithstanding,' observes the reverend looker on.

He gathered other pleasant stories, at the expense of his holiness, and these heretical aspirants after a devotional repose of the soul. Some of them are not quite manageable in our more fastidious times, without the aid of a thicker veil than he chose to employ. For example, he tells of a Quietist bishop who, to escape an imaginary pursuit of the police, scaled the roof of his mansion in his night-dress, and so, running along the tops of the

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adjacent houses, unluckily made his descent through one of them into which he could not have entered, even in full canonicals and in broad day, without a grievous damage to his reputation. Then follows a fine buffo catastrophe, and when (says Germain) 'the 'whole reaches the ears of Nostro Signore, the holy man has a 'good laugh and orders the bishop to quit Rome without delay.' Yet Germain himself breaks out into hot resentment against 'the 'wretched and abandoned Molinos,' and proposes to Magliabechi (in seeming seriousness) to arrest the progress of the evil, by publishing a manuscript discovered in their Italian tour, from which it would appear that the bones of a wicked Bohemian lady, of the name of Guillemine, who, three centuries ago, propagated nearly the same enormities, were at length taken, with public execration, out of her grave, and scattered to the winds.

Molinos, however, was strong in the protection of Christina, who then dwelt at Rome. Her abandonment of the faith of her illustrious father, was accepted there, not only as a cover for a multitude of sins, but as an apology for the assumption of an independent authority beneath the very shadow of the Vatican. Mabillon, accompanied by Germain, presented to her his book 'De Liturgiâ Gallicanâ,' in which, to her exceeding discontent, she found herself described as 'Serenissima.' 'My name,' she exclaimed, 'is Christina. That is eulogy enough. Never again call 'me, and admonish your Parisians never to call me, Serenissima.' Germain left her with the fullest conviction that the epithet was altogether out of place; but 'after all,' he says, 'she gave 'us free access to her library,—the best thing she could do for 'us.' So great were her privileges, or such the weakness of the lazy Innocent XI., that, as we learn from these letters, an offender on his way to prison, having laid hold on the bars of one of her windows as a sanctuary, was violently rescued by her servants, whereupon they were tried and sentenced to be hanged. Christina wrote to the judge to inform him, that if her servants died any other than a natural death, *they should not die alone.* The judge complained to the pope; but his holiness laughed at the affair, and terminated it by sending her Majesty a peace-offering, which she contemptuously handed over to the complainant.

Germain looked upon the religious observances of Rome with the eye of a French encyclopediste. He declares that the Romans burn before the Madonna and in their Churches, more oil than the Parisians both burn and swallow. 'Long live St. 'Anthony!' he exclaims, as he describes the horses, asses, and mules, all going, on the saint's festival, to be sprinkled with holy water and to receive the benediction of a reverend father. 'All

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'would go to ruin, say the Romans, if this act of piety were 'omitted. So nobody escapes paying toll on this occasion, not 'Nostro Signore himself.' Then follows an account of a procession to St. Peter's on the reception of certain new converts, which is compressed into a single paragraph purposely long, intricate, and obscure; 'a sentence,' says Germain, 'which I 'have drawn out to this length to imitate the ceremony itself.' Soon after we meet him at the cemetery of Pontianus, 'where,' he observes, with all the mock gravity of Bayle, 'there lie 50,263 'martyrs, without counting the women and children. Each of 'us was allowed to carry off one of these holy bodies. That 'which fell to my share had been too big for the hole in which 'it was found. I had infinite trouble in disinterring it, for it 'was quite wet, and the holy bones were all squeezed and 'jammed together. I am still knocked up with the labour.'

The pope himself fares no better than the ceremonies and relics of his church. 'If I should attempt,' he says, 'to give 'you an exact account of the health of his holiness, I must 'begin with Ovid, "In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas." 'At ten he is sick, at fifteen well again, at eighteen eating as 'much as four men, at twenty-four dropsical. They say he 'has vowed never to leave his room. If so, M. Struse declares 'that he can never get a dispensation, not even from himself, as 'his confinement will be, de jure divino. The unpleasant part 'of the affair is, that they say he has given up all thoughts of 'creating new cardinals, forgetting in his restored health the 'scruples he felt when sick; like other great sinners.'

Indolent and hypochondriacal as he was, Innocent XI. had signalised himself, not only by the virtues which Burnet ascribes to him in his travels, but by two remarkable edicts. One of them, which could not be decorously quoted, regulated the appearance on the stage of certain classes of singers; the other, (under the penalties of six days' excommunication, and of incapacity for absolution, even in the article of death, save from the pope himself,) commanded all ladies to wear up to their chins, and down to their wrists, draperies *not* transparent. 'The Queen 'of Spain,' says our facetious Benedictine, 'immediately had a 'new dress made, and sent it to her nuncio at Rome, to ascertain 'whether it tallied exactly with the ordinance, for' he continues (the inference is not very clear), 'one must allow that 'Spanish ladies have not as much delicacy as our own.'

He has another story for the exhilaration of St. Germain des Près, at the expense of both pope and cardinals. A party of the sacred college were astounded, after dinner, by the appearance of an austere capuchin, who, as an unexpected addition

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to their dessert, rebuked their indolence and luxury, and their talkativeness even during High Mass. Then, passing onwards to an inner chamber, the preacher addressed his holiness himself, on the sin of an inordinate solicitude about health—no inappropriate theme; for he was lying in the centre of four fires, and beneath the load of seven coverlets, having recently sustained a surgical operation; on which Germain remarks, that if it had taken place in summer, 'it would have been all-up with the 'holy man.'

The Jesuits of course take their turn. At the table of the Cardinal Estrées, Mabillon and Germain meet the Father Couplet, who had passed thirty years in China. 'I do not 'know,' says Germain, 'whether he was mandarin and mathe-'matical apostle at the same time; but he told us that one of 'his brethren was so eminent an astrologer as to have been 'created a mandarin of the third class. He said that another 'of them was raising himself by contemplation to the third 'heaven, before actually going there. I have my doubts about 'his success. However, Father Couplet told us that he had a 'very numerous *Chretienté*. "My *Chretienté*," he frequently 'said, "consists of more than 30,000 souls." Do you believe 'his story, that there are forty millions of inhabitants in Pekin, 'and from two to three hundred millions in China at large? 'I do not.'

This keen observer is not silent on the cold reception at Rome of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The claims of Louis XIV. on behalf of the Gallican Church had abated much of the enthusiasm with which the measure would otherwise have been hailed. 'Well,' observes Germain (one can see the rising of his shoulders as he writes), 'a hundred years ago they 'took a very different tone about the Huguenots. They not 'only offered public thanksgiving on their massacre by Charles 'IX., but hung the walls of the royal hall in the Vatican with 'pictures of the murder of Coligny and of the butcheries of St. 'Bartholomew. They still form its chief ornaments.'

Even when accompanying Mabillon on a pilgrimage to the cradle of their Order at Monte Casino, Germain looks about him with the same esprit fort. 'At the foot of the mountain,' he says, 'we found an inn, where we learned to fast, as we got 'nothing but some cabbages which I could not eat, some nuts, 'and one apple for our supper. Then we paid thirty francs 'for a wretched bed, which we divided between us, in the 'midst of bugs and fleas.' On the next day they luckily fell in with the vicar-general of the Barnabites, a Frenchman, from whom (he says) 'we got some cheese and preserves, and, finally,

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'a glass of Lachryma; as he told us, to strengthen the stomach. 'Reaching at length the mansion of the abbé of Monte Casino, 'he made a fête for us, and bore witness to our excellent 'appetites.'

Mabillon's devotion at the tomb of his patriarch is described as deep, fervent, and protracted. Germain sends to their friend Porcheron a picturesque account of the dress and aspect of the monks, an enthusiastic description of the library, a very pretty sketch of the adjacent country, with a graphic representation of the church and the ceremonial observed in it; and promises his correspondent 'to say a mass for him at the foot of Benedict's 'tomb.' With the exception of that assurance (whether grave or gay it is not easy to determine), the whole letter might have been written by Miss Martineau, and would have done no discredit even to her powers of converting her readers into her fellow travellers.

Such of the letters comprised in this collection as are written by Mabillon himself, relate exclusively to the duties of his mission; and are grave and simple, though perhaps too elaborately courteous. In the last volume are some contributions from Quesnel, whose singular fate it is to have been censured by the Pope, Clement XI., and eulogised by De Rancè the Trappist, by La Chaise the Jesuit, by Voltaire the Wit, and by Cousin the Philosopher. The pleasantries of Michel Germain and the freedoms of Estiennot are far from being the best things in M. Valery's book. We have selected them rather as being the most apposite to our immediate purpose.

In this correspondence three of the most eminent of the congregation of St. Maur transmit from Italy such intelligence and remarks as appear to them best adapted to interest other three of the most eminent of their brotherhood at Paris. If the table-talk of the refectory at St. Germain des Près was of the same general character, the monks there had no better title to the praise of an ascetic social intercourse, than the students or the barristers in the halls of Christ Church, or of Lincoln's Inn. It would be difficult to suppose an appetite for gossip more keen, or more luxuriously gratified.

The writers and the receivers of these letters were all men devoted by the most sacred vows to the duties of the Christian priesthood; yet in a confidential epistolary intercourse, extending through eighteen successive months, no one of them utters a sentiment, or discusses a question, from which it could be gathered that he sustained any religious office, or seriously entertained any religious belief whatever. It may be that our Protestant divines occasionally transgress the limits within

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which modesty should confine the disclosure, even to the most intimate friends, of the interior movements of a devout spirit. But all hail to our Doddridges and Howes, to our Venns and Newtons! whose familiar letters, if sometimes chargeable with a failure in that graceful reserve, yet always glow with a holy unction, and can at least never be charged with the frigid indifference which these learned Benedictines exhibit on the subjects to which they had all most solemnly devoted their talents and their lives.

Visiting, for the first time, the places which they regard as the centre of Christian unity, as the seat of apostolic dominion, as the temple towards which all the churches of the earth should worship, as the ever salient fountain of truth, and as the abode of him who impersonates to his brother men the Divine Redeemer of mankind, not a solitary word of awe or of tenderness falls from their pens — not a fold of those dark tunics is heaved by any throb of grateful remembrance or of exulting hope. They could not have traversed Moscow or Amsterdam with a more imperturbable phlegm; nor have sauntered along the banks of the Seine or the courts of the Louvre in a temper more perfectly debonnaire.

Protestant zeal may be sometimes rude, bitter, and contumelious in denouncing Roman Catholic superstitions. It is a fault to be sternly rebuked. But how adequately censure these reverend members of that communion, who, without one passing sigh, or one indignant phrase, depict the shameful abuses of the holiest offices of their Church, with cold sarcasms and heartless unconcern.

Rome combated her Protestant antagonists by the aid of the Jesuits in the world, and of the Benedictines in the closet. Yet to those alliances she owes much of the silent revolt against her authority which has characterised the last hundred years; and of which the progress is daily becoming more apparent. The Jesuits involved her in their own too well merited disesteem. The Benedictines have armed the philosophy both of France and Germany with some of the keenest weapons by which she has been assailed. It was an ill day for the papacy, when the congregation of St. Maur, at the instance of Benard, called the attention of their fellow-countrymen to the mediæval history of the Church, and invited the most enlightened generation of men whom Europe had ever seen, to study and believe a mass of fables of which the most audacious Grecian mythologist would have been ashamed, and at which the credulity of a whole college of augurs would have staggered.

It was but a too prolific soil on which this seed was scattered.

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At the moment when, in the integrity of his heart, Mabillon was propagating these legends, the walls of his monastery were often passed by a youth, whose falcon eye illuminated with ceaseless change one of the most expressive countenances in which the human soul had ever found a mirror. If the venerable old man had foreseen how that eye would one day traverse his Benedictine annals, in a too successful search for the materials of the most overwhelming ridicule of all which he held holy, he would cheerfully have consigned his unfinished volumes, and with them his own honoured name, to oblivion. Not so would Michel Germain, Claude Estiennot, and the brethren for whose amusement they wrote, have contemplated, if they could have foreknown, the approaching career of the young Alouet. Though they clung to the Church of Rome with all the ardour of partisans, and though their attachment to her was probably sincere, their convictions must have been faint, unripe, and wavering. The mists of doubt, though insufficient to deprive them of their faith in Christianity, had struck a damp and abiding chill into their hearts. If they had lived long enough to know the patriarch of Ferney, they would have been conscious of the close affinity between his spirit and their own.

How could it have been otherwise? From disinterring legends and traditions revolting to their hearts and understandings, they passed to Rome, there to disinter foul masses of holy bones, to contemplate sacred processions of mules and asses, to find a corpulent self-indulgent valetudinarian sustaining the character of the vicar of Christ, and to discover that the basest motives of worldly interest dictated to the papal court the decisions for which they dared to claim a divine impulse and a divine infallibility. From such follies and such pretensions these learned persons turned away with immeasurable contempt. The freedom of thought which unveiled to them these frauds, left them disgusted with error, but did not carry them forward to the pursuit of truth. Without the imbecility to respect such extravagances, they were also without the courage to denounce and repudiate them. Their superior light taught them to expose and ridicule religious error;—it did not teach them to embrace unwelcome truth. In that book which is 'the religion 'of Protestants,' they might have read that 'the light is the life 'of men,'—that is, of men who obey and follow its guidance. There also they might have learned that 'the light which is 'in us may be darkness,'—that is, may at once illuminate the inquisitive intellect, and darken the insensible heart. The letters which they have bequeathed to us, interesting as they are in other respects, afford melancholy proof how deeply the

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younger Benedictines of the congregation of St. Maur were already imbued with the spirit of that disastrous philosophy, which was destined, before the lapse of another century, to subvert the ancient institutions of their native land, and, with them, the venerable fabric of their own illustrious Order.

ART. II.—1. *The Patent Journal.* Nos. 1.—100. London: 1846–7–8.

2. *The Mechanic's Magazine.* Vols. XLVII. and XLVIII. London: 1846–7–8.

PROSAIC and business-like as the contents of these volumes appear, there are perhaps few works that would be found upon examination to contain more of the elements of tragedy. Not the 'rejected addresses' of suitors for royal favours—not the scrolls which despairing lovers hung in the temple of Leucadia before they took the all-curing leap—could exhibit a more melancholy record of profitless labours and disappointed hopes! And to arrive at this conclusion, there is little need to inquire into the subsequent history of the inventions, or the inventors. The simple perusal of their own specifications, aided by a very moderate degree of scientific knowledge, will suffice to prove that, nine times out of ten, all the labour and expense that have been lavished upon the production of these cunningly devised engines could result in nothing but total failure. Nor do the inventors appear to profit by example. In spite of the abundant warnings held out to them in the fate of their predecessors, they persist in adopting the same inefficient means, the same defective constructions; or in hopeless attempts to extort from some natural agent the performance of tasks for which it is manifestly unfitted. Nay, the identical mechanism, that has broken down a dozen times in other hands, is once more made the subject of new patents, by men who are not only ignorant of the simple scientific principles which would have taught them their folly, but who do not know the fact that the selfsame ideas have long since been worked out, and abandoned as impracticable. Without skill to shape their own course, they cannot perceive the scattered debris that might warn them of impending shipwreck. Is it credible that ingenious men, who have seen or heard of the suspension tunnel, and the electric telegraph, should still waste years in a search for the perpetual motion? Yet such is the fact; and one such machine, at least, may even now be seen in London, by those who have more faith than knowledge, pursuing its eternal revolutions.

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In the majority of instances, we apprehend that these inventors are but little acquainted with the practical details of the branches of art or manufacture whereon they exercise their ingenuity. They attempt to do better than other men, things which they do not know how to do at all. And if, perchance, some remark be hazarded as to their want of experience, they consider it sufficient to reply, that Arkwright was a barber, and Cartwright a clergyman; that Sir William Herschel taught music before he became the celebrated astronomer; and Sir Michael Faraday passed the earlier years of life in practising the handicraft art of bookbinding.

Considering that the state of the law renders the privilege of a patent both expensive* and difficult of attainment, and that the whole cost, in addition to that required for completing the invention, must be incurred before any benefit can possibly be derived;—it becomes an inquiry of some interest to trace the motives that lead men, many of whom are sufficiently needy and busy already, to embark upon enterprises so hopeless. One chief cause may, perhaps, be detected in that propensity to gambling which is unfortunately so prevalent in every stage of civilisation. In literature, as in manufactures—among members of the learned, the military, and even the clerical professions, as among mechanical inventors and merchant adventurers,—the rewards of industry are divided into great prizes, and blanks. Success admits the aspirant within the dazzling circles of wealth and fame; failure condemns him to oblivion, and too often to penury. Whatever may be the effect upon individuals—and to him who has aimed high, even failure is not without its consolations—there can be little doubt, that in a national point of view the results are advantageous. The general standard of excellence is raised. When more men 'dare 'greatly,' more will achieve greatly. A larger amount of talent is allured to engage in active careers, and to endure in patience their inevitable fatigues and disappointments; while from time to time, discoveries and works of magnificent novelty and utility are contributed as additions to the stores of national wealth.

Projectors, since the days of Laputa and long before, have provoked the ridicule of the wits. It was not till Adam Smith had added the gravity of his censure, that Bentham, writing from

* In England, the first expense of a patent for the three kingdoms is 345*l.* in fees alone, which must be paid beforehand. In France, every article that is *breveté* pays an annual sum for the privilege as long as it lasts.

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Crichoff in White Russia, and full of fellow-feeling for them, interposed in their behalf in a letter of remonstrance, the justice of which Adam Smith admitted. In proof of their national importance (for Manchester was then but in its cradle), Bentham relied on Adam Smith's own examples: 'Birmingham and Sheffield (he replies) are pitched upon by you as 'examples, the one of a projecting town, the other of an 'unprojecting one. Can you forgive my saying, I rather 'wonder that this comparison of your own choosing did not 'suggest some suspicions of the justice of the conceptions 'you had taken up to the disadvantage of projectors. Sheffield 'is an old oak, Birmingham but a mushroom. What if we 'should find the mushroom still vaster and more vigorous than 'the oak?* Not but the one as well as the other, at what time 'soever planted, must equally have been planted by projectors: 'for though Tubal Cain himself were to be brought post from 'Armenia to plant Sheffield, Tubal Cain himself was as arrant 'a projector in his day as even Sir Thomas Lombe was, or 'Bishop Blaise.'

The earnestness with which he returned to the subject in his 'Manual of Political Economy,'† shows the value which he attached to it. 'As the world advances, the snares, the 'traps, the pitfalls, which inexperience has found in the path of 'inventive industry, will be filled up by the fortunes and the 'minds of those who have fallen into them and been ruined. 'In this, as in every other career, the ages gone by have been 'the forlorn hope, which has received for those who followed 'them the blows of fortune. There is not one reason for hoping 'less well of future projects than of those which are passed, but 'here *is one* for hoping better. Nothing would more contribute 'to the preliminary separation of useless from useful projects, 'and to secure the labourers in the hazardous routes of invention from failure, than a good treatise upon projects in general. 'It would form a suitable appendix to the judicious and philosophical work of the Abbé Condillac upon systems. What 'this is in matters of theory, the other would be in matters of 'practice. The execution of such a work might be promoted 'by the proposal of a liberal reward for the most instructive 'work of this kind.

* The present state of Sheffield is a painful answer to Bentham's question. We read (*Dec.* 1848) in the *Sheffield Times*, 'What is to become of Sheffield? The introduction of a new trade alone will save us.'

† First edited from Bentham's MS. in the third volume of his works, printed at Edinburgh, 1843.

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'A survey might be made of the different branches of human 'knowledge; and what each presents as most remarkable in this 'respect might be brought to view. Chemistry has its philo-'sopher's stone; medicine its universal panacea; mechanics its 'perpetual motion; politics, and particularly that part which 'regards finance, its method of liquidating, without funds and 'without injustice, national debts. Under each head of error, 'the insuperable obstacles presented by the nature of things to 'the success of any such scheme, and the illusions, which may 'operate upon the human mind to hide the obstacles, or to 'nourish the expectation of seeing them surmounted, might be 'pointed out. Above all, dishonest projectors, impostors of 'every kind, ought to be depicted: the qualities of mind and 'character, which they possess in common, should be described. 'But throughout the whole work, that tone of malignity 'which seems to triumph in the disgraces of genius, and which 'seeks to envelope wise, useful, and successful projects in the 'contempt and ridicule with which useless and rash projects are 'justly covered, should be guarded against. Such is the cha-'racter, for example, of the works of the splenetic Swift. 'Under the pretence of ridiculing projectors, he seeks to deliver 'up to the contempt of the ignorant, the sciences themselves. 'They were hateful in his eyes on two accounts: the one, 'because he was unacquainted with them; the other, because 'they were the work, and the glorious work, of that race which 'he hated ever since he had lost the hope of governing part 'of it.'

Abstract science, until within a comparatively recent period, was the almost exclusive occupation of all men claiming to rank among the 'sect of the philosophers.' With the brilliant personal exception of Watt, they appear to have considered it beneath their dignity to carry out their learned theories into any practical or profitable employment. Great mechanical ingenuity they no doubt displayed; but it was devoted to the construction of instruments adapted to scientific research, some of which, it is true, have since been found of utility to the general public. A few investigations were diligently prosecuted which promised to be of national benefit, such as those relating to the longitude, chronometers, and the lunar theory; but they were entertained rather as favourite scientific puzzles, inherited from past generations, than as problems whose solution would prove a vast commercial good. Davy's safety lamp was almost an exception, at the time it appeared: and people wondered to hear that Herschel had made anything in the vulgar way of money by his telescopes, or Wollaston by his platinum. 'Their

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'bays are sere, their former laurels fade,' is the sentence pronounced by Byron upon the poets, — but it was recorded also at that period against all labourers in the field of intellect, — who might 'descend to trade.' Byron can have little thought that it should appear in the posthumous edition of his works, that he lived to receive for copyright from Mr. Murray 23,540*l.*

The tendencies of the present age are, perhaps, too much the reverse of this; and have become too exclusively practical. In science, as in politics, it may be an empty pedantry to recur too constantly to first principles; but it is worse than pedantry to attempt to do without them. Yet this attempt is made every day by persons who will not undertake, or cannot appreciate, the incessant labour by which the pioneer of discovery must consolidate his progress. When men of science hardly dare to assert their comprehension of the elementary principles of some novel theory, the inventor rushes in with his prospectus and patent, to turn it to account. As a matter of course, failure and loss are the result; and science itself will sometimes share the inevitable discredit, or the calm philosopher may be turned away from the investigation, which only he can follow duly, by the atmosphere of fallacy,—or, to use a plain word, *humbug*,— that has been thrown around it. Before the very alphabet of the electro-magnetic action was accurately understood, contrivances were busily placarded whereby its agency was to supersede the steam engine. Whatever truth there may be in the facts of Phrenology or the theories of Mesmerism, has been fatally obscured through the eager determination of empirics to 'work 'the idea' profitably. Those who have been disgusted with the puff, or pillaged by the charlatan, are not unlikely to pass upon the whole subject a hasty sentence of transportation beyond the pale of philosophical inquiry.

The 'curiosities of the Patent Rolls' would furnish materials for a copious chapter in some work devoted to an exhibition of the eccentricities of intellect. Even the titles affixed as labels to a multitude of inventions suggest very curious reflections. In the list of patents registered during a few months of 1846 and 47, given in the works mentioned at the head of this article, we find, along with a numerous family of contrivances for personal and household uses, one for an 'Anti-emergent Rat-'trap;' others for 'improvements in bedsteads,'—in pianofortes, saddles, and penholders; for 'a new fastening for shutters;' or securing corks in bottles; and for 'certain improvements 'in the manufacture of spoons.' Articles of dress supply their quota. We have improvements in 'sewing and stitching;' 'a new mode of applying springs to braces;' improvements

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in 'hats, caps, and bonnets;' an 'improved apparatus to be 'attached to boots and shoes in order to protect the wearer 'from splashes of mud in walking;' and a long list of inventions connected with the application of gutta percha.

The military and naval professions appear rather out of fashion. Nevertheless an improvement is registered 'in the manufacture 'of bayonets;' and another for 'warping and hauling vessels,' the inventor being designated Commander R.N. For the literary profession an improved ink has been invented by 'M. 'J. B. Reade, Clerk;' and a Birmingham merchant registers some 'new and improved instruments or machines for effecting 'or facilitating certain arithmetical computations or processes.' The medical profession is enriched by 'a new apparatus for 'the treatment of distortions of the spine;' improvements in 'artificial palates;' in the manufacture of epithems; 'the 'cutting of lozenges;' and 'a means or apparatus for admi-'nistering certain matters to the lungs for medical or surgical 'purposes;' by which vague description it was intended to specify the instruments used in the inhalation of ether.

The arts follow naturally the professions; and we observe that the peculiar branch of art which owes so much to the genius of M. Soyer holds a deserved rank in the estimation of inventors. They have furnished us with improvements in 'the mode of 'making comfits,' of 'preserving fruit and vegetables,' of 'storing beer, ale, and porter:' with a 'new apparatus for 'hatching eggs;' and a 'collapsible tube for sauces,' made by 'placing a solid piece of tin upon a properly shaped matrix, 'when a rod of steel being forcibly impressed thereon a thin tube 'is formed. The sauces are enclosed in the tube and expelled 'by squeezing, so there is no waste or leakage and no air admitted 'to corrupt the purity of *goût*.' This invention, however ridiculous it may sound, has been found useful in other arts besides cooking; and has been adopted as a reservoir of colours for painters, and generally when it is required that substances should be preserved in a moist state and secured from atmospheric influence.

Inventions of grander aim are of course almost innumerable. Some are vaguely described as 'new modes of obtaining motive 'power;' others as rotary, locomotive, or marine engines. A large number refer to our staple manufactures; as, 'machines 'for spinning and weaving,' or for 'preparing, slubbing, and 'roving cotton and other fibrous substances.' We find one invention for 'aerial locomotion;' and several for 'making roads 'and ways.'

For the agriculturist there are machines for 'cutting, slicing,

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'or otherwise dividing, hay, straw, or turnips;' several improvements in 'tilling land;' and one of very comprehensive character, for 'certain carbonic compounds, formed of earth, 'vegetable, animal, and mineral rubbish, fecal substances, and 'waste of manufactories, and certain acids and alkalies, which 'compounds are applicable as manures.'

A few inventions are of American origin, and sufficiently characteristic. One is for improvements in finishing raw hide whips; one or two more for the manufacture of cigars; but the most curious of all is described as the 'Patent Enunciator; 'being a substitute for the usual suit of bells in hotels.' It consists of a highly ornamental rosewood frame, on which two hundred numbers are conspicuously arranged, each ordinarily marked by a sector card delicately hung on a pivot connected with the machinery. When any one of the two hundred pulls is started, a hammer strikes on a delicately toned bell,—and the figures of the corresponding number are unmasked, the vibration of the card continuing for some seconds to indicate the numbers last brought into view. The inventor, a Mr. Johnson of New York, was stated to have on hand more orders than he could supply.

It is a theory rather in favour with inventors, that many of the most brilliant discoveries have been made by accident; and indeed the examples are sufficiently well known, of apparently fortuitous occurrences giving birth to very wonderful realities. But if we could inquire more accurately, we should probably learn that the lucky accident had but set in motion a certain train of thought in an already prepared mind; while by far the majority of cases exhibit to us the new discovery elaborated by reiterated trials and improvements from its rude original. A word dropped in casual conversation suggested an idea to the mind of a clergyman (Cartwright) of practical and benevolent tendencies; which, under the influence of contradiction, became hot and strong enough to absorb all his energies for the production of a power loom. On the other hand, we hear of a practical manufacturer (Radcliffe) becoming convinced that it was possible and desirable to effect a certain operation by machinery instead of manual labour; and shutting himself up with workmen and tools for many months, until he emerged from his seclusion with a *warp dressing* machine, to testify to the success of their prolonged exertions.

Even the simplest looking contrivances require knowledge, especially mathematical knowledge, of no ordinary degree at every step. The mere calculation, for example, of the best *form* to be given to the teeth of wheels, which are intended to transmit

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motion reciprocally, requires a process of analysis beyond the competence of ninety-nine in the hundred even of educated men. In more primitive stages of the mechanical arts great nicety was not required. The cogs were then rudely notched in the peripheries of the wooden wheels by the saw or chisel. But now that more perfect workmanship is necessary, the mechanist must form the surfaces of the teeth into such a curve, that they shall roll instead of rubbing on one another, as they successively come in contact, and the friction and wear of material be thus reduced to a minimum. It is true that many of these calculations are already prepared and published in tabulated forms, and therefore the inventor is not called upon to calculate them for himself. But few can hope to become successful improvers, who are not at least competent to understand their nature, and able to determine the particular points of every new contrivance where such considerations become important.

But we fear that what is called the Inventive Faculty is a quality far more cheap and abundant, than the patience that can trace, or the understanding that can comprehend the delicate theorems which ought to guide the inventor, and can alone shield him from failure. Ambition too perpetually misleads him, and beguiles him into attempting the grandest achievements of science, with insufficient means and imperfect knowledge. Artists who could command a decent livelihood as sign painters, still heroically starve amid their unsaleable canvass daubed with pictures of the Historic order! Johnson has immortalised the folly of a man who announced himself to the occupants of an inn parlour, as the Great Twalmley, inventor of the new Floodgate Iron. But so innocent a vanity hardly deserved to be treated with so much contempt. Mr. Twalmley had, at all events, obtained success and fortune, to justify his self-conceit. Ridicule would far more justly be bestowed upon those half-informed mechanicians, who aspire to change the whole aspect of our national industry or our system of warfare, by the application of abilities which, at best, might be usefully devoted to domestic purposes, or the invention of instruments ranking with the Floodgate Iron.

Were it not that no exercise of tyranny would be more fiercely resented than any attempt to interfere with the true born Englishman's privilege to throw away his time and money at his own pleasure, we could suggest the appointment of certain boards of examiners, whose approval should be first secured before any invention, purporting to be novel, could be admitted to the expensive honours of a patent. We well know, however, how distasteful the suggestion would prove, and how jealously an

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inventor would regard the opinion of any men competent to judge of the matter referred to them. A writer in the Patent Journal expresses upon this point only the prevailing sense of the public when he observes: —

'Hogarth said that he would allow all the world to be judges of his paintings, except members of his own profession: and, in general, scientific men would submit their ideas to the approval of all, with the exception of men of their own pursuits. No man is a prophet in his own country, and men of science are too often the least qualified to form an estimate of an invention in their own branch of knowledge. To submit a novelty for the approval of men accustomed to the routine and forms in present use, is oftentimes to ensure its rejection.'

The writer then proceeds, according to the invariable rule, to invoke the overworked shades of Harvey and Galileo as illustrations of his statement. A more popular suggestion has been made, that every patentee should be required to deposit in some public museum an accurate model or specimen of his invention; which would thus prove highly useful as an object of interest and instruction to others, as well as by rendering more easy of determination any litigated question of priority. We should anticipate this further advantage from the plan, — the attempt to construct his model would often leave the inventor self-convicted of the inutility of his scheme and save him much disappointment. Even the preparation of an accurate drawing often has a salutary effect. Mr. Babbage relates that in the construction of his calculating machine, not one single portion of the works, although these were of extraordinary complication, required any alteration after it was once made, owing to the admirable care which had been bestowed upon the drawings.

It is not, however, solely with the view of saving a few inventors the pain of disappointment, that we would have the conditions and limits of practical attainment accurately traced out. Still less is it in the spirit of the ancient geographers, who drew the lines that marked the boundaries of their known world upon their maps, and then wrote 'nil ultra' outside them. For to us, who have learnt that the universe is inexhaustible, the time will never come when we shall believe, of any field of research, that there is nothing more to be discovered in it. But we conceive that to ascertain the precise nature and place of the obstacles which at present retard our advance, is the surest preliminary to any attempt at their removal. To know *where* the barrier lies, will instruct us also where lie the domains of richest promise, not yet rifled by discoverers. To know *what* it is, will guide us to the selection of those aids and appliances by which it is to be broken or overleapt. Dr. Hooke has remarked, that whenever in

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his researches he found himself stopped by an apparently insurmountable difficulty, he was sure to be on the brink of a valuable discovery. In his day the world was so little explored, that its richest prizes might still be stumbled upon by mere chance. The philosopher upon his voyage of discovery, like Genseric upon his voyages of conquest, might abandon the helm and let his bark sail 'whithersoever the winds might carry her;' trusting that fortune would lead him within sight of some region wealthy and unknown, of which he could claim possession by the prior right of occupancy. But such happy casualties are now barely possible; the harvest has been too well gleaned for mere adventurers. Within the limits of the nearer horizon, science has left, in the words of the old feudal law, 'Nulle terre sans 'seigneur;'—but it must not be forgotten that she has at the same time afforded aid and means to furnish us forth for more distant enterprises. And we are enabled also to save ourselves the trouble of many a profitless voyage; for we have, by her help in several instances accomplished that most difficult task, whether in Law or Physics, of proving a *negative*. We may feel sure that nothing more is to be done—at least in certain directions—with our present means and instruments; as their range has been already ascertained and their powers tasked to the uttermost. On another side, we can determine, without the necessity for costly experiments, and indeed often by the application of theory alone, *which* of two or more possible arrangements of mechanism will prove most efficacious for the accomplishment of the desired purpose.

In fact, the votary of Science is now able to proceed towards discovery with sure and certain steps. He knows whither he is going; and he allows nothing to escape him unnoticed on the road. Every new phænomenon as it comes within his ken is duly compared with his previous experience, and is not admitted to assume its title until it has been examined and tested with the most minute accuracy. In the same manner, every deduction to which he arrives is scrutinised with jealous care, and not until it has undergone every trial that ingenuity can devise, is it permitted to take rank among the links destined to compose the great chain of his theory. The end of all his researches is indeed always kept in sight; but he never jumps at a conclusion; nor suffers his impatience for a result to hurry him into a neglect of those precautions which can alone secure for that result the certainty and precision on which its value depends. By no meteor of the marsh must the traveller be guided, who would penetrate the trackless expanses of the Unknown!

The subject we have here traced out is far too extensive for

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us to attempt, within our allotted limits, to fill up its outline at every point. We can but endeavour to indicate, by a few precepts and examples, the peculiar nature of the problems which every inventor will have to work out for himself, whenever he wishes to determine the limits between the *possible* and the *impossible.*

The limitary principles (by which term we purpose to specify everything, whether quality or accident, which tends to limit our progress towards perfection) may be divided into two great categories,—including, first, those derived from the natural properties of matter; and secondly, those arising from the construction or arrangement of the mechanism necessarily employed. The higher importance of the former class is at once manifest. Difficulties which arise from construction may be overcome or eluded: but the task is very different where we find that nature herself raises the barrier in our path. Man has succeeded in rendering almost every quality of every various form of material substance available for some purpose of utility. On certain occasions only, and for certain purposes, some one or other of those qualities will be found to stand in the way of his success.

Chemistry has gone far towards establishing the hypothesis that all natural bodies are susceptible of assuming three forms — the solid, fluid, and gaseous — according to the degree of HEAT by which they are affected. At all events it is certain that heat exercises, in various proportions, such an influence on the constituent atoms as to destroy or diminish their mutual attraction; and even when the mass does not subside into fluidity, it loses its strength and cohesive properties, and becomes disintegrated. The uses to which this property of matter has been applied are infinite. Let us see how it may become a *limitary principle.*

It is supposed that the possible heat of a burning atom (in which of course we shall find the theoretical limit) is very far above the highest known temperature attained in our furnaces; and it would consequently follow that we might more nearly approach that limit by varying the arrangement of the fuel and the supply of air for combustion. This has been accordingly done, until we have found our progress stopped by the impossibility of discovering any substance, whereof to build our furnaces, which will *bear the heat.* Porcelain, firebrick, and plumbago, in various combinations are adopted: but they either crumble, or sink down into a pasty mass, as the fire is urged. The qualities of matter itself here act as a complete 'estoppel:' and if we would experimentalise further upon the phænomena of caloric, we can operate only upon a minute scale by means of the gas blowpipe, or the

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heated arch evolved from charcoal points interposed in a galvanic circuit. But for this limit, many useful purposes might be accomplished, by the mutual actions or changed forms of material bodies when subjected to the intense action of heat. For instance, in the case of *platinum*,—we might then separate it from its ores by the ordinary methods of smelting and fusion; in place of being compelled to adopt the laborious and costly process of solution in acids. The steam-engine offers an example nearly parallel. The power of a steam engine depends primarily upon the area of surface in the boiler exposed to the action of the fire, and the intensity of the fire itself. In marine and locomotive engines, where space must be economised, the practical limit is fixed only by the degree of heat; and this of course must be kept below the utmost limit which the material of the boiler furnace will endure. As yet, there has not been discovered any material better fitted for this purpose than iron; and we have made our fires as fierce as the melting point of iron will permit: even now, the firebars are destroyed sometimes upon their first journey.

Farther than this we obviously cannot go, so long as we use water for the power-producing agent. Attempts have however been made to conquer the difficulty by taking advantage of some other properties of matter in its relation to heat; based upon the fact that the 'evaporating point'—that is, the degree of heat at which fluids expand into vapour—is found to differ considerably in different liquids, just as does the melting point of solid bodies. It would, therefore, appear probable that, by filling the boiler with alcohol, which boils at 173°, or with ether boiling at 96° Fahrenheit, the tension of the vapour and consequent power of the engine could be increased without increasing the heat of the furnace. As both of the above-mentioned fluids are expensive, it was first requisite so to contrive the machine that no loss should be experienced, but the whole vapour be recondensed and returned to the boiler. For this purpose a variety of ingenious contrivances have been suggested, the earliest of which, and one perhaps as effectual as any other, was patented by Dr. Cartwright in 1797; while new forms of mechanism, with the same object in view, are even still appearing on the patent rolls from time to time. Whatever the ingenuity of man could do, has probably therefore been done: but the practical utility of all these contrivances was destroyed by the influence of other properties of matter altogether overlooked, although of necessity involved in the question. These regard the relative bulk of the vapour produced from corresponding quantities of different fluids, and the proportion of

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heat absorbed or rendered *latent* in each during the process of vaporisation. The calculation is sufficiently simple; and the result effectually annihilates all hope of advantage, either potential or economical, from the etherial or alcoholic engines. Thus, to convert a given weight of water into steam, 997 degrees of heat are required as what is called 'caloric of vaporisation.' The same quantity of alcohol will become vapour with 442 degress, and sulphuric ether with only 302°. But to set against this apparent gain, we find that the specific gravity of steam (air being =1) is ·6235; vapour of alcohol 1·603; ether 2·586; and the result may be thus tabulated.

	Caloric of Vaporisation.	Spec. Grav. of Vapour.	Useful effects of Caloric.
Water - -	997°	·6235	10,000
Alcohol - -	442°	1·603	8,776
Sulp. Ether -	302°	2·586	7,960

The disadvantage of the latter fluids will be farther enhanced by the circumstance that, being lighter than water, a larger boiler will be required to hold the same weight of vaporific fluid: *i.e.* a pound of water, when evaporated, will form about 21 cubic feet of steam; while a pound of ether will require a larger boiler to hold it, and will only form 5 cubic feet.

WEIGHT is one of the properties of matter which in practice we encounter chiefly as an obstacle or inconvenience, tending to increase friction, to resist motion, and generally to crush and destroy. Meanwhile, the limits of its range are comparatively narrow—that is to say, on one side. We can, indeed, rarify a gas until its weight disappears in infinite tenuity; but we very soon find ourselves at the extreme verge of any possible *increase* of specific gravity. The most ponderous substance known is not quite 22 times heavier than water. And yet there are many purposes for which bodies of greater weight might be made useful. If, for example, closer or deeper search amid the stores of the mineral kingdom should lead to the discovery of some substance bearing the same proportionate gravity to platinum that platinum does to cork, how many possibilities of improvement would be placed within our power! A thin sheet of such a substance, interposed among the keel timbers of a ship, would give stability and other sailing qualities at present unattainable. Blocks of it would afford sure foundations for piers, bridges, and all marine works. It might then be found no longer impossible to establish a lighthouse on the Goodwins. As a regulator, or reservoir, of power—

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for counterpoises, pendulums, and fly-wheels; for all purposes where percussive force is required; and in steam hammers, pile-drivers, and shot of long range, the utility of such a substance would be enormous. In each and all of these objects we are limited by the limits of specific gravity in our materials.

By an incidental quality, in some measure associated with the specific gravity of bodies, we find that while all substances, without exception, undergo condensation when subjected to pressure, they do not all resume their original condition when the pressure is withdrawn. As might be supposed, the lighter bodies exhibit this peculiarity in the highest degree. Wood, for example, after having been submerged in the sea to a depth of two or three thousand feet, is found to be no longer light enough to float; the hydrostatic pressure, exceeding half a ton on every square inch, having both compressed the fibrous mass and injected the pores with water. By this peculiarity, the usefulness of an otherwise admirable instrument—the Sounding Machine—is much restricted. Its apparatus consists of a series of vanes, with attached clockwork, to denote the depth of water through which it has sunk. A buoy or float is fixed on the upper part, and the machine being loaded with a sufficient weight descends until it strikes the ground; on this, the weight becomes detached and the instrument returns to the surface bringing back a faithful record of the perpendicular distance traversed. For ordinary depths the float consists of a hollow copper sphere; but as the metal must necessarily be thin it is crushed in by a comparatively slight pressure. A wooden float is therefore substituted, which is able to command a more extended range of soundings, until the limit is reached at which the pressure already spoken of destroys the buoyancy of the wood; when the machine, if thus committed to the deep, will never return. It is possible that a buoy composed of a light hollow sphere, filled with alcohol or one of the lighter oils, might be able at once to resist the pressure of the water and retain its levity at every depth. We are not aware that the experiment has been tried; but it appears to offer the means of successfully exploring the most profound abysses.

The 'Strength of Materials' is an element that enters into almost every calculation of the mechanist; and it is found to constitute not only an absolute limit to all possibility of advance in certain directions, but also a relative limit universally, when we attempt to reduce beyond certain proportions, the size, weight, and cost of our mechanical erections. Its variations also are extensive both in degree and in condition. Some bodies offer strong resistance only to certain modes of attack. Impervious on one surface, they will yield and splinter into laminæ

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under a slight blow upon another. Some will bear pressure to an enormous extent, but are easily torn asunder; others resist the divellent forces, but crumble under a light weight. A very extensive variety of substances possess a fibrous texture, and are endowed with vast strength to resist a strain in the direction of their length, but are much weaker against a lateral or transverse force. This difference is found to vary to an infinite extent; from that of certain metals where the advantage is only four or five per cent. in favour of the direct resistance, to the vegetable and animal fibres, such as flax or silk, which possess enormous tenacity, combined with most complete flexibility.

The variations in the natural properties of bodies have given infinite scope for the exercise of human ingenuity. In the erection of engineering works, and in a still higher degree in the contrivance and construction of moving machinery, the combination of theory and practice is perpetually exhibited in surprising perfection. By nice calculation of the opposing forces, together with great practical skill in the mechanical details of construction, we can now attain a result in which abundant strength is united with the utmost possible economy of space and material. There is no waste; no addition of useless and cumbrous weight: all irregular strains are skilfully counterbalanced, and the greatest pressure distributed over the points of greatest resistance. Experience has entitled us to place implicit confidence in the scientific precision of our engineers. Every day we trust our lives and fortunes, without misgiving, into situations where a slight error in the calculations, or a slight defect in the workmanship, would inevitably lead to some terrible catastrophe. How little do the crowds who throng the deck of a Thames or Clyde steamboat, or who allow themselves to be hurried along at fifty miles an hour in a railway carriage, reflect upon the delicate conditions which must have been fulfilled — the complicated mechanical problems which must have been solved, in order that they might accomplish their journey in security. A multitude will gather upon a suspension bridge without fear or danger, although the rods by which the massive roadway and its living freight are sustained appear as mere threads in comparison with the mass they have to support: while, if any one reflects at all upon the matter, it is to assure himself that every possible amount of pressure has been theoretically provided for; and that, practically, every separate bar and joint has been severely tested, so that no single flaw in the material, or defect in the workmanship can have passed without detection. Fribourg, before the civil war of the Sonderbund had given it a political notoriety, was celebrated chiefly for its wire bridge, hung at

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an altitude of nearly one hundred feet between two summits. 'It looks,' says a recent traveller, 'like a spider's web flung 'across a chasm, its delicate tracery showing clear and distinct 'against the sky.' Diligences and heavy waggons loomed dangerously as they passed along the gossamer fabric.

In works of similar construction to the Fribourg bridge, the *limit* of magnitude is of course found in that proportion, where the erected mass is only just able to sustain its own unloaded weight without fracture. Practically testing the strength of the various metals, we find that a regularly shaped bar or column of steel, if suspended perpendicularly by its upper extremity, will be torn asunder by its own weight at a length of 44,350 feet: iron would break at about 25,000; copper, at 9500; gold at 2880; and lead at only 180 feet. The processes of annealing and wiredrawing will modify to a considerable extent the tenacity of all metals; but the above proportions may be taken as a general average. Hence we arrive at an absolute limit of possibility; which no ingenuity of construction can enable us to evade, and which is to be conquered only in the most improbable contingency, of our discovering some new material of still greater strength among the stores of nature.

The force that enables a suspension bridge to sustain itself, is, what we have called the *cohesive* force, and is due, we must suppose, to some variety of the attractive principle among the corpuscular atoms which causes them to resist a separating or divellent strain. In ordinary bridges and among the usual erections of architects, on the other hand, the pressure to be considered is that which crushes the parts together. To resist this, the piers of the bridge must have strength sufficient to support the loaded arch; and the pillars of the cathedral to sustain the fretted vault that rests upon them. In this case we find that the strength which arises from the cohesion of the atoms between themselves is increased by that due to another quality of matter, namely, its incompressibility. When any solid body yields to a crushing weight, the consequent effect must be, either that its particles are actually pressed into a smaller space; or that, being made to exert a wedge-like action upon one another, the exterior layers are forced out laterally. The addition of a band or hoop will then bring the incompressibility of the atoms more fully into play: and bodies that are endowed with slight powers of cohesion may thus be rendered enormously strong. Indeed we find that fluids, in which the cohesive force is practically at zero, cannot be crushed by any pressure we can exert, provided the hoop or tube that surrounds them can be secured. Now the interior atoms of every substance under pressure are more or less thus

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hooped in and strengthened by the exterior. To the strength from cohesion is added that from incompressibility; and this effect is produced in a rapidly increasing ratio as the sectional area of the body is enlarged. A cube of lead suspended from its upper surface and held together only by cohesion, will break down if larger than 180 feet to a side. If standing upon one side as a base, it might be made of infinite size without danger of fracture from its own weight.

We may conclude, therefore, that the total force of resistance is amply sufficient to answer any call we are likely to make upon it. It is certain, at all events, that we have not, as yet, built up to the strength of our actual materials. Our marble and granite columns will sustain ten times the weight of any edifice the present generation can wish to erect. Or if not, they will use iron. The theoretical limit to the span of our bridges is that only at which the voissures of stone or iron would crumble under the intensity of pressure. The cost and inutility of even approaching to such a limit, will always assign them much narrower dimensions: though large enough, nevertheless, to admit of the accomplishment of that magnificent project—of which the first design is due to the genius of Telford—for spanning the Thames at Westminster by a single arch. Such a work would be worthy alike of the age and the site; and we see no reason why it should not be undertaken, and completed at least as soon as (supposing promises to be kept in future only as heretofore,) the last stone is laid upon the Victoria Tower.

The tubular bridges now in course of erection by Mr. Stephenson, upon the Chester and Holyhead line of railway, will probably remain for many years unsurpassed, as specimens of science and engineering skill. While we write, the success of the experiment is verified only in the smaller of the two, known as the Conway Bridge. But the result is even now sufficient to guarantee the success of its larger companion, to be thrown across the Menai Straits. In Telford's celebrated suspension bridge over these straits, the problem was already solved of constructing a safe pathway for the transit of heavy burdens. But the new fabrics were required to have something more than strength; perfect rigidity was in this case necessary, both as regards the lateral oscillations produced by the passage of the enormous trains at high velocities, and the perpendicular undulations so perceptible in ordinary bridges built upon the suspension principle. This requisite is obtained by forming the massive iron beam into a hollow rectangular chamber, 25½ feet high, 15 feet wide, and (in the Conway tube) 412 feet in length, in the inside of which the trains are to travel along the rails.

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It forms, in fact, a long gallery, whose sides are composed of iron plates half an inch thick, and its ceiling and floor are formed of compound plates, consisting each of two laminæ of metal, kept apart at a distance of about 21 inches, by a series of plates of that breadth extending the whole length of the tube, dividing the top and bottom strata into a series of longitudinal cells, and aiding greatly in the resistance offered to the weight of the passing trains. The whole mass of iron employed is sufficient to form a solid beam 412 feet long from pier to pier, and 46 inches or nearly 4 feet square. Employed in this form, the beam would possess ample strength; but it would have been drawn down by its own weight into a catenary curve, dipping several feet in the centre, and altering in shape upon the passage of a few tons along its surface; while even the action of a high wind would have impressed on it a considerable lateral or horizontal vibration. The same metallic mass distributed into the compound parts of the gallery we have described, was fashioned into a curve rising only 7 inches in the centre, which the action of its own weight (1,300 tons) drew, as was intended, into perfect horizontality; and which has been proved to sink not more than a single inch by the added pressure of 100 tons. A number of ingenious contrivances were brought into use during the process of construction. The compound tube consists of many thousand separate pieces, with every joint secured by covering plates, and T angle irons, fastened together with rivets, all driven red-hot. In drilling the rivet holes, more than a million in number, a curious machine was used, imitated from that employed in making the perforated cards for Jacquard looms, by which the work was done with beautiful regularity. The foundations of the supporting piers are laid upon piles driven by Nasmyth's steam pile-driver, — an engine which seems to have been invented just in time, — as by the old-fashioned 'monkey,' the same task would have occupied many months' additional labour. The huge structure was floated from the temporary stage whereon it was built, upon caissons which the tide lifted; and was elevated to its destined place by hydraulic pressure. So extreme is the accuracy of this wonderful work, that the thermometric change of shape produced by an hour's sunshine upon one side, or on the top, becomes readily perceptible: and one end of the tube is left loose upon the abutment to allow for this expansion.

The hypothesis that the force of cohesion is proportional to the area of section, leads us to the ordinary rule of practice — that as the magnitude is increased, the strength increases as the square, and the strain as the cube of the dimensions. The proportions consequently which offer abundant strength in a

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model, must be materially altered when the design is executed at full size. When any of the parts are intended for motion a new element is introduced, from the inertia of the moving masses; and thus both the size and the velocity of our machinery are confined within definite limits. To extend these limits, it is often necessary to solve the most complicated problems of dynamics, and to follow the train of motion through an intricate series of action and reaction. We must simplify and reduce the number of moving parts, and so adjust the *momentum* of the inertia, that the resulting strain shall be neutralised, or reduced to a minimum: and where it is necessary that the direction of motion should be reversed, we must accomplish this object with no such sudden or violent shock as would dislocate the machinery. The difficulty of this attempt in many instances is proved by the heavy motions and hideous noises that accompany the working of almost all newly invented mechanism, and of the simplest machines found among nations less skilled than we are in the arts of construction. The approach of a Mexican waggon is announced at a distance of three miles, by the creaking of its wheels. It is only after repeated trials and improvements, that we reach the perfection of which so many striking examples are presented in our various manufactories and ateliers. When the first steam-printing machine was 'working off' the impression of the 'Times' newspaper at the rate of 2500 copies per hour, the noise could be heard through the silence of early morning nearly across Blackfriars bridge. At present*, conversation proceeds in the very room where the type-loaded frame, of far larger dimensions than heretofore, is travelling to and fro beneath the cylinders, and perfecting between 5 and 6000 double sheets in the same time. Dr. Cartwright describes his first powerloom as requiring the strength of two men to work it slowly, laboriously, and only for a short period. We may now enter a single apartment in a Lancashire mill, and see 250 looms at full work, each throwing 150 threads a minute; while a single shaft carried along the ceiling communicates motion to the whole, and with a noise by no means overpowering. In the manufacture of

* While these sheets are passing through the press, Mr. Applegarth has succeeded in effecting a new improvement in the steam-printing machine. The 'chase,' or type-frame, no longer travels to and fro, but is curved into the segment of a circle, and the whole 'form' is placed round a cylinder, and works off the sheets by a circular and uninterrupted motion. This machine already completes 9,600 double sheets per hour; and with additional steam-power, which is in preparation, is expected to accomplish at least 12,000.

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needles, the slender bars of steel are forged out by a succession of hammers, each one less in weight and quicker in stroke than its predecessor. As the motion of the hammer is necessarily alternating, the dislocating effects of its momentum when thrown into rapid vibration would be enormous, but for the contrivance of giving the hammer a double face, and causing it to strike every time it rises against a block of steel placed above, from which it is thrown back upon the anvil. The vibration is thus produced by a series of rebounds, between two opposing surfaces; five hundred strokes can be made in a minute, while the power is materially economised, and the strain upon the stalk and axle nearly annihilated. But it is needless to multiply examples.

It is equally unscientific, and almost equally dangerous, to give too much strength to our constructions as too little. No machine can be stronger than its weakest part; and therefore to encumber it with the weight of a superfluous mass, is not only to occasion a costly waste of material, but seriously to diminish the strength of the whole fabric, by the unnecessary strain thus produced upon the parts least able to bear it. This fault is one which is most frequently discoverable in new machinery; and which when once adopted in practice, retains its hold with the greatest inveteracy. It requires no common powers of calculation, and not a little faith, for men to trust to the safety of structures which have apparently been deprived of half their former strength.

There can be no better proof of the difficulties which oppose the adoption in practice of any new principle of construction or configuration, than that exhibited in the history of Ship-building. In no creation of human labour was it more necessary to secure the greatest possible strength from the minimum of material; as none were required to possess such vast bulk in proportion to their mass of resistance, or were exposed to more violent varieties of strain and shock, in the natural course of their service.

The men who superintended the public dockyards were often well versed in mathematical science; and were certainly acquainted theoretically with the common axiom, that among right-lined figures, the triangle alone will preserve its form invariable by the rigidity of the sides, without depending upon the stiffness of the joints. Yet none until a recent period, worked out the axiom into its very obvious practical development. For centuries were our ships constructed on principles which caused the whole frame-work to be divided into a succession of parallelograms. Every series of the timbers, as they

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were built up from the keel to the decks, formed right-angles with their predecessors and with their successors; so that the whole fabric would have been as pliable as a parallel ruler, but for the adventitious firmness given by the mortices, bolts, and kneepieces. At least three quarters of the available strength of the materials was possibly altogether thrown away. The safety of the whole was made to depend upon its weakest parts; and when decay commenced through process of time or the action of the elements, every successive stage in its advance made the progress more rapid, since the wear and friction increased in double proportion as the fastenings became weak and loose.

Sir Robert Seppings at length succeeded in vindicating the claim of the shipbuilder to be ranked among the members of scientific professions. By the introduction of the 'diagonal 'truss,' the innumerable parallelograms formed by the hull and frame timbers were converted into triangles: And the limits of the magnitude, the strength, and the durability of the wooden walls of England were thus largely extended. The faults of 'hogging,' and 'sagging,' which had formerly revealed the weakness of the fabric, often at the first moment of its launch, were almost annihilated; and the huge machines no longer bent under the strain of their masts or the weight of their batteries. But Seppings, after all he had done or projected, could have formed no conception of the vast advance which was ere long to be effected in his favourite art by the introduction of a new material. No possible combination of science and skill could enable him to give to his timber-built ships the magnificent proportions of the Great Britain, together with strength sufficient to encounter the billows of the Atlantic. Still less could he have conceived it possible that such a vessel might be consigned, through a series of mistakes and mischances, to the inhospitable keeping of a storm-vext Irish beach, throughout an entire winter, and yet afterwards be dragged from its shingly bed, and towed into port with only a net result of very reparable damage.

Among the properties of matter are some that we may term subsidiary or incidental: qualities which we may be said to discover rather than to comprehend; and whose agencies are of a secret, and as it were stealthy character, so that we cannot always predict their recurrence or calculate their force.

Fluid and gaseous bodies present many instances of these perplexing phænomena. While investigating the conditions under which solid substances enter into solution; the rise of liquids through capillary cavities; the motions of camphor and other bodies when placed on the still surface of water; the

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phænomena of crystallisation; the condensation of gases in charcoal; or the inflammation of hydrogen when in contact with minutely divided platinum,—in these and similar cases, we encounter on every side a series of anomalies which as yet baffle all our efforts to group the incoherent facts into a consistent theory. For the present, therefore, we must content ourselves with the functions of empirics and registrars. We must observe and collect the facts which may hereafter furnish a clue to the labyrinth; confident that when that clue is once seized, every step will not only bring us to some result of practical utility, but will reveal yet another example of the divine symmetry of nature.

Upon this point, Paley has allowed himself to be betrayed, by his course of argument, in his 'Natural Theology,' into a singularly false assumption. In his day the four ancient elements, Earth, Air, Fire and Water, still 'in quaternion 'ran,' although philosophers had already seen that it was high time that this category should be reformed. Notwithstanding which, like so many other benevolent writers, he was anxious to console men for their ignorance; and consequently he declared that of these elements, as it was not intended so it was not necessary, and might not be useful, for us to know anything further. Referring then to one of them, Water, whose decomposition and constituent elements were at that moment making some noise in the world, he says: —'When 'we come to the Elements, we take leave of our mecha-'nics; because we come to those things of the organisation of 'which, if they be organised, we are confessedly ignorant. This 'ignorance is implied by their name. To say the truth, our 'investigations are stopped long before we arrive at this point. 'But then it is for our comfort to find that a knowledge of the 'constitution of the elements is not necessary. For instance, 'as Addison has well observed, "we know water sufficiently, '"when we know how to boil, how to freeze, how to evaporate, '"how to make it fresh, how to make it run or spout out in '"any quantity or direction we please, without knowing what '"water *is*." The observation has even more propriety in it 'now, than at the time it was made: for the constitution and 'the constituent parts of water appear to have been in some 'measure lately discovered; yet it does not, I think, appear 'that we can make any better or greater use of water since 'the discovery, than we did before.' Or, in other words, that the discovery of the chemical constitution of the fluid would not prove useful, because it had not been immediately followed by any mechanical application of extended and striking use. It

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should not have required the splendid contradiction which time has given to this assertion, to have satisfied such a man as Paley how unphilosophical was his deduction, even from his own assumed premises.

The various questions which suggest themselves relative to these properties of fluid and solid bodies, are finally resolvable into a single inquiry, touching the absolute nature and condition of a constituent atom. Hitherto the ultimate atoms of bodies have eluded all our attempts at identification. Our most powerful microscopes have failed to render them perceptible: nor are we able, by any process or contrivance, so to separate an individual from the mass as to be entitled to pronounce positively that it possesses any definite form, weight, colour, or magnitude; or indeed any single quality, either chemical or mechanical. Not one of its properties can we discover directly. A few we have inferred—but even of our inferences we assume neither their certainty nor their correctness. Hypothetically we speak of the atom as a minute sphere; perfectly indivisible and consequently unchangeable in form, and incompressible in substance; because the deductions from a multitude of observed facts render the supposition of these properties a matter of necessity. We must moreover conclude that in no known substance are the contiguous atoms in absolute contact; because we have never yet ascertained the limit of condensation from decreased temperature or mechanical pressure.

To follow out this hypothesis, we must then imagine every atom to be surrounded with no less than three consecutive strata or atmospheres of antagonistic forces, extending nevertheless in the aggregate to a distance altogether inappreciable. The innermost stratum consists of a force of repulsion so enormous in its strength that no two atoms can be forced into actual contact; around this is a stratum of attractive force, of very finite action; giving their power of cohesion to all the visible particles of matter: and, last of all, is an outside stratum of repulsion, which prohibits the parts when once separated from again cohering (except under particular conditions) even when forcibly pressed together. The extreme tenuity of these strata may be inferred from the fact that two surfaces may be brought so closely together as to render the interval imperceptible by any of our senses; and yet as no cohesion takes place, it is evident that the atoms cannot have been brought within the circle of the exterior atmosphere of repulsion.

Under the influence of an increasing temperature, the two external strata of repulsion and attraction appear to become modified and diminished until, when a certain point of heat is

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reached, they both suddenly and simultaneously disappear. The body then loses its solidity, the attraction of cohesion having become extinct, and sinks down into a fluid; while at the same time the atoms are not separated beyond the distance at which that attraction would be developed when the temperature is again reduced, and the fluid will, therefore, upon cooling, again become a united mass.

Such complicated paraphernalia of forces must we assign to the integrant atoms, in order to explain even the simplest of their mechanical actions. When we attempt to follow up our atomic hypothesis into higher conditions, we find ourselves utterly bewildered as we seek to grasp in idea the complication of forces and principles which must affect the atoms upon their expanding into elastic gases, undergoing solution in fluids, or entering into the innumerable combinations and transformations of the chemical affinities. The imperfection of our present struggles to *realise* the primary conditions of the material atoms is too apparent. A theory must be singularly at variance with the *lucidus ordo* of nature, which obliges us to explain each successive variety of mutual action by the introduction of a new force; just as in the old Greek mythology, every natural phænomenon was placed under the guardianship of a separate divinity; or upon Ptolemy's map of the heavens, every motion of the planets required the inscription of another epicycle.

The limits that are set to improvement by difficulties of CONSTRUCTION, or the arrangements of mechanism, require a very different species of analysis from that which has for its object the properties of natural substances: and the terminal problems are susceptible, in general, of merely relative solutions. Seldom or never may we be able to say absolutely,—So far can we go, but no farther. But we are often enabled to decide among the great objects for which machines are intended —economy, rapidity, and safety—how far the necessities of each can be accommodated, so as to produce the result of most advantage. Yet even here our verdict can seldom be considered as final. The introduction of a new material, or the suggestion of a new combination of parts, may at once render easy the improvements that have baffled the ingenuity of man for generations. The history of invention is full of such examples. It would be a curious inquiry to trace how many contrivances have been delayed for years from the mere want of knowledge or skill to execute the works; and obliged as it were to lie fallow until the cunning of the workman could sufficiently correspond with the ingenuity of the inventor.

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When Hadley first constructed the quadrant still known by his name, for a long period it was perfectly useless in the determination of the longitude, as the indications could not be depended upon to a greater accuracy than fifty leagues. But after Ramsden had invented his 'dividing engine,' the graduation was so vastly improved, that even in the commonest instruments, an error of five leagues was seldom to be feared. The minute measurements of angular distances by the micrometer were long subject to similar difficulties. The instrument waited, as it were, for Wollaston's discovery of the means to procure platinum wire so fine, that 30,000 might be stretched side by side within the breadth of an inch. The limit which was reached by this discovery, was followed by another pause. Then came a new advance, owing to the beautiful invention of an eye-glass composed of double-refracting spar, so mounted as to revolve in a plane parallel to the axis of refraction, and give, by the gradual separation of the two rays, a measurement susceptible of almost infinite delicacy.

So in the history of the steam engine. Bolton and Watt had been long partners, and the theory of his great machine was almost perfect, when Mr. Watt still found that his pistons fitted the cylinders so ill, as to occasion considerable loss from leakage. In 1774 Mr. Wilkinson, a large iron master, introduced a new process of casting and turning cylinders of iron. Watt at once availed himself of them; and in a few months the inaccuracy of the piston 'did not any where exceed the thick-'ness of a shilling.' The wonderful perfection since attained may be seen in a rotary steam engine patented within the last few months. The steam chamber presents a sectional plan somewhat resembling five pointed gothic arches set round a circle; the outline being formed by ten segments of circles all referring to different centres. The piston has to traverse round this singularly formed chamber, preserving a steam-tight contact at both edges; and such is the accuracy of the workmanship, that the leakage is barely perceptible.

Steam, as applied to locomotion by sea and land, is the great wonder-worker of the age. For many years we have been startled by such a succession of apparent miracles; we have so often seen results which surpassed and falsified all the deductions of sober calculation,—and so brief an interval has elapsed between the day when certain performances were classed by men of science among impossibilities, and that wherein those same performances had almost ceased to be remarkable from their frequency,—that we might be almost excused if we regarded the cloud-compelling demon with somewhat of the reverence which

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the savage pays to his superior, when he worships as omnipotent every power whose limits he cannot himself perceive. It is not surprising that inventions, designed to improve the forms and applications of steam power, should constitute a large percentage of the specifications which are enrolled at the Patent Office. Even in France we learn, that within a period of four years the following number of patents, connected only with railway construction, had been obtained:—in 1843, 19; 1844, 22; 1845, 88; 1846, 131; total 260. Of these we are told that not above three or four have been carried out, so as to realise advantage to the inventors: and all of those were of English origin.

The number of English patents is of course considerably greater. But we doubt whether the proportion of successful ones has been at all higher. Ingenious men have never expended their energies upon a subject where the splendour of past, or possible, successes has so effectually dazzled their imagination; and rendered them unable to perceive the great difference between the relative and the absolute limits of possibility. Because science had failed to predetermine the point at which higher performances became impossible, they too often began to consider it superfluous to invoke her aid at all; forgetting that the problems are quite different ones, to decide between the relative merits of two modifications of mechanism, and to define the ultimate capabilities of either. There is no more striking example of this tendency than is exhibited in the controversy between the two great systems of railway traction—the locomotive and the atmospheric. This controversy has already cost the public incredible sums; and has, moreover, been so dexterously managed that even now, if the money-markets were to return to a very possible state of plethora, a plausible prospectus and a new patentee would find it no difficult task to organise another company, and to get subscribed fresh hundreds of thousands towards carrying out an experiment which ought never to have required more than a few months' trial and a short length of working line for its final settlement. For the principles according to which the experiment must succeed or fail, had been determined long since: and it is a fact equally sad and strange, that among the very numerous patents relating to the atmospheric railway, there is not one that touches upon the real turning point of the question. What was called the 'longitudinal valve' or opening, through which was established the connexion between the piston travelling within the exhausted tube and the train of carriages, formed the *pièce de resistance* for the inventors; and very many and clever are the contrivances we find specified for improving or dispensing with this

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valve. And yet the valve itself entered but as a subordinate function into the equation by which success or failure was to be determined. Granting that its construction was theoretically perfect, and all friction and leakage annihilated, the main principle, which depended upon the laws that govern the motions of elastic fluids, was left wholly untouched. The history of science, nevertheless, contained records which should have prevented this mistake. One hundred and sixty years ago, M. Papin, one of the earliest inventors of steam machinery, invented a motive apparatus involving this identical principle, and which, when tried, was found wanting.

The machine alluded to was described by the inventor as 'an engine for pumping the water out of mines by the power 'of a moderately distant river.' His plan was to erect upon the stream or waterfall a series of force pumps by which air was to be condensed into a reservoir. From this reservoir a close tube, some miles in length, was to be carried over hill and valley from the brink of the river. It was supposed that the condensed air would travel along this tube, and could be applied at the mine, through appropriate mechanism, to keep the pumps going. M. Papin is said to have tried his invention upon a large scale in Westphalia; and it is certain that a similar engine was erected in connexion with one of our own Welsh mines; and in both cases with equally ill success. The machines at the useful end could never be got into motion. The condensers on their side worked powerfully, but the blast of air at the distant extremity would hardly blow out a candle; and although it had been calculated that the condensation would be transmitted along the tube in less than a minute, it was found upon trial that the slight impulses, which arrived at last, had been three hours on the road. As a last attempt, the motion of the air pumps was reversed, and the effect tried of employing an exhausted tube. But this mode proved as inefficacious as the other; and the experiments were finally abandoned.

The mechanical details, both of the atmospheric and the ordinary railway, are sufficiently understood to exonerate us from the necessity of explanation previous to proceeding to indicate the elements involved in a comparison of their advantages. Looking solely at the chief object with the inventors, *economy*, we start with the recognised fact that, horse power for horse power, a stationary engine can be built and worked cheaper than a locomotive. This margin of gain—and it is not a very wide margin,—is all that can be claimed to the credit of the atmospheric principle; and against this must be set as an ac-

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count *contrà*, whatever loss or disadvantage may be incidental to the employment of the exhausted tube.

The economy in the first construction has to be *debited* with the cost of the valved tube. This is generally estimated at 10,000*l.* per mile; and is enough to neutralise the advantage on the other side, even with the addition of some incidental saving in the weight of rails, space for engine sheds, &c.

In the cost of working, it is evident that the advantages of the atmospheric system will be much restricted through the invariability of the power. The area of the travelling piston and the power of the stationary engines must of course be sufficient to accomplish the heaviest tasks they may ever be called upon to perform; and when the loads are light, the expense can be but little diminished. The same unaccommodating maximum rules also with regard to the frequency of the journeys. Five trains a day will cost nearly as much as fifty, and the gross expense will thus continue irreducibly at the highest point, whatever variation there may be in the performance. It is different with the locomotive system. When the trains do not run, the engines laid up out of use cost little or nothing.

Again: the patrons of the atmospheric railway had calculated probably, in the first instance, like M. Papin, that since the velocity with which air of the ordinary density rushes into a vacuum is 1332 feet per second or 15 miles a minute, such must be the ultimate velocity of a piston within the exhausted tube. Very slight consideration of the real nature of the forces in action necessarily suffices to show, that the conditions of the column of fluid are completely changed as soon as it enters the tube, and that the velocity of impulse will gradually decrease as the column lengthens, until, as in Papin's experiment, it becomes almost imperceptible. To obviate this disadvantage the tube must be shortened; and in the lines of railway laid down on this plan, a maximum length of a mile and a half has been fixed; thus requiring the stationary engines to be not more than three miles apart. But this increases the original, as well as the current cost; while, by a singular perversity, the operation of the same pneumatic principle impedes the motion and diminishes the power of the tractive piston, and also hampers the efficiency of the exhausting pumps. There is, therefore, at both ends a waste of power sufficient to cover all the margin of economy with which we set out.

There is yet another disadvantage attending the use of the longitudinal tube. The faster the piston yields before the column of air—that is, the faster it travels—the less is the

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active pressure it sustains. In the atmospheric railway the piston moves just as fast as the train; and consequently to obtain an increased velocity, the load must be lightened in a more than corresponding ratio. But in the locomotive engines, the pistons, with a stroke varying perhaps from sixteen to twenty-four inches, act upon driving wheels of six or eight feet diameter, and will, therefore, recede before the impact of the steam with only one ninth or one sixteenth the velocity of the train. A far larger proportion of the force exerted by the elastic fluid is thus rendered available. Now that the experiment lately carrying on in Devonshire seems finally abandoned, the great 'atmospheric railway question,' may be regarded as settled.* We only instance it, as a fair example of the fact already referred to, that it is their *relative* solution, with which problems involving difficulties of construction are chiefly concerned. For of the mechanical possibility of the machine there never was a doubt. With a certain area of exhausted tube, and a certain power working air pumps not placed too far apart, all the ordinary necessities of locomotion could be fully satisfied. And if we had known no other means of conveying trains at fifty miles an hour, this would have been sufficient. But the question was not only one of mechanical limit—it put in issue the comparative advantages of rival systems. The atmospheric tube must work better—that is, more cheaply and more usefully—than the locomotive engine, to entitle it to supersede the latter in the public service.

On computing the relative limits of power in the locomotive engine, with reference to the three objects of economy, velocity, and safety, we discover that it is not the consideration of cost, nor the practical difficulties of construction, but the ne-

* Our calculations, given above, appear to be fully borne out by the facts disclosed at the recent meeting of the South Devon Railway Company. It then transpired, that although upon the evidence given before Lord Howick's committee in 1845, the anticipated cost of the atmospheric tube had been estimated at 4 or 5000*l.* per mile, the expense really incurred was 11,138*l.* The working charges also were reckoned as certain to be far below those of the locomotives. By the test of some months' trial, over 35 miles of road, before the system was discarded, the relative cost appeared to be—locomotives, 2*s.* 6*d.*, atmospheric 3*s.* 1½*d.* per mile. The chairman, however, stated that by means of various improvements and items of economy, the expenses of the tube might be reduced to 3*d.* per mile below those of the locomotives. But even upon this estimate it would require a traffic of 90 trains *per diem*, or nearly one every quarter of an hour, running day and night, to pay 4 per cent. upon the additional outlay.

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cessity of safety alone, which has assigned to our working velocities their present limits. So long as the chances of collision remain at their existing average, we cannot in prudence increase the rapidity; for even if we could construct our dead mechanism of strength sufficient to endure the concussion, the human machine will not bear it uninjured. Already, fatal results have supervened from accidents of that description, occasioned not by the effect of external injury, but simply from some internal disorganisation or shock to the system, produced by the sudden stoppage of rapid motion. But supposing that by better arrangements and more careful watching — even without resorting to the extreme measure of hanging a director or two — we could reduce the danger of collision to the condition of a remote contingency, there are dangers and causes of disorder in the engine itself, and arising during the ordinary course of work, which must be taken into account. In a Report presented during 1846 to the French Minister of Public Works by M. de Boureuille, the chief of the railway department, and who had been commissioned to inquire into the means of ensuring safety in railway transit, we find the sources of danger thus indicated: —

'On analysing the strain upon the axles it was found to consist; first, — of a vertical strain due either to the portion of the weight of the engine bearing upon that point, in consequence of the position of the centre of gravity, or to the action of the springs of the hinder axles in the six-wheeled engines. This strain being thus defined, even supposing that the parts upon which it acts are as near as possible to the *point d'appui* formed by the wheels, it tends nevertheless to bend the axle in a vertical direction. Secondly, — a tension arising from the conoidal form of the peripheries of the wheels, and inequalities in the inclination of the rails: from which it happens that the peripheries of two wheels fixed upon one axle never touch the rails at the same point at the same time, and consequently each of the wheels will slip alternately upon the rails. If the twist resulting therefrom is not too violent, it keeps all the molecules in a constant state of vibration. Thirdly,— shocks arising from inequalities in the road caused by the undulations of the rails at their points of junction, on the passage of a train. These shocks increase in violence in proportion to the speed, and act in a direction at right angles to the axis of the axle. Fourthly, — a strain of another description, arising from the oscillations of the carriages, acts upon the axles both in the direction of their length and at right angles thereto; increasing in force in proportion to the diameter of the wheels.'

Some of the dislocating forces here described increase as stated,

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in direct proportion to the increase of velocity; others in a much higher ratio. The great cause of disturbance may be traced to the mode in which the expansive power of the steam is transmitted, through the axle, to the driving wheels, by means of a pair of piston-rods working upon cranks in the axle, and placed upon opposite sides of the line passing through the centre of gravity. Of necessity the two cranks cannot lie in the same plane, but must form a right angle with one another. Their forces, therefore, can never be in counterpoise. While the right-hand piston is at its dead point, the left-hand will be at a maximum; and while the axle is pushed forward on one side, it is pulled back on the other; and these interchanges of impulse, when at high speed, recur several times in every second. Enormous tendency to oscillation is thus produced, and the irregularity of motion, when once evolved, tends by the natural relation of the several parts and actions, to cause or to increase every other variety of eccentric force. The improvement, if such be possible, which should throw the axle of the driving wheels into revolution by some continuous and symmetrical impulse, will remove by far the largest part of the sources of danger and open wider limits to the possibility of greater speed.

In the process of weaving by the Power-loom we find an analogous example of velocity limited by the broken or alternating motion of the acting forces. The rapidity with which the shuttle can be thrown from side to side between the threads of the warp, is limited by the strength of the woof-thread it carries across. When the strain is so great as to cause more than a certain average number of breakings, the net product of the machine will be increased by working at a lower velocity. By a recent improvement, the shuttle is made at every vibration or 'shot,' to commence its motion slowly and increase in velocity as it proceeds; thus diminishing the strain upon the thread, and economising time, even in the four or six feet that constitute the average extent of each 'shot.' And by this means the looms are sometimes worked at a rate of 180 threads per minute, or 3 in every second. This will constitute the absolute limit of speed, under the existing form of construction. To extend it we must introduce a new principle, and discover some method of weaving the tissue in a cylindrical web; when the oscillation of the shuttle might be transformed into a continuous revolution, and the strain upon the woof, arising from the perpetual stoppage and change of motion, be annihilated.

The history of the first invention of the power-loom contains a curious proof, how much more difficult is the discovery of any

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absolutely new principle, by which the old forms and processes of manipulation are entirely superseded, than the mere contrivance of means to imitate by machinery what has been already done by hand. The latter requires only a very common endowment of the inventive faculty: the former demands the presence of creative genius. More than a hundred years before the invention of the steam loom, in the Philosophical Transactions for August 1678, there was given some account of 'a new engine to 'make woollen cloths without the help of an artificer,'—being a communication from a M. de Gennes, 'an officer belonging to the 'sea.' Much ingenuity is exhibited in the mechanical construction of this 'engine,' considering the time when it was produced: but in those days the only method of passing the woof-thread through the warp, was by the fingers of the weaver, assisted occasionally by a notched stick. And accordingly M. de Gennes, or whoever was the inventor of the machine, could hit upon no better plan than a complicated imitation of the human hand and arm, by which his shuttle is carried from side to side. Long afterwards, a common weaver invented the 'fly' shuttle, which is shot to and fro by springs; and modern inventors, having the benefit of this capital discovery, started from a high vantage ground, and have succeeded in bringing the power-loom to its present state of excellence.

But the difficulty with which a novel idea is caught or worked, is not the only one that stands in the way of the inventor. Improve our mechanism as we may, the human operator will always form an important element in our combinations; and will often prove by far the most intractable of our materials. Once let the workman be inured to the routine performance of duties on one machine, and it becomes a work of much time and cost to transfer him to another. The dearly acquired skill which constituted his chief capital is rendered useless; and the apprenticeship to his new tasks must be completed at much labour to himself and expense to his employers. We are assured by high authority that little short of a whole generation must expire, before the change can be thoroughly established. When some of the more remarkable inventions, like that of Arkwright's Spinning Jenny, were first introduced, it was found necessary to discard the whole of the trained operatives, and to intrust the attendance upon the new machines either to young children, or to recruits drawn from rustic neighbourhoods, who had never touched a spindle. It was no wonder that the 'skilled labourer' of the old system denounced and resisted the new; just as the old English archer resisted the introduction of the musket, after having acquired

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by incessant practice from earliest childhood his unerring skill as a marksman, and so great muscular power that he could be recognised a mile off, merely from the size of his arms. The Spinning Jenny, indeed, presented such an enormous increase in speed and economy, that the old workers gave in without a struggle. But the weaving machines did not at first appear so hopelessly superior. The hand-loom weavers found themselves able to 'live in the race' with the steam engine, although at a terrible sacrifice. The competition has been persevered in, with melancholy pertinacity, to the present day; — until Society has the burden and the scandal of a numerous class of individuals, industrious but ill-judging, who have, even in good times, to battle for a bare subsistence against fearful odds; and who, in the frequently recurring periods of depression, present the most afflicting spectacles.

The machine maker, in his turn, will endeavour to frustrate the innovations that tend to render his capital and experience, like the skill of the operative, in great measure valueless. If some new power should be discovered and trained to do for us more efficiently what steam does now, its adoption would be impeded by all the improvements in the steam engine, which four generations of engineers have combined to perfect. The most proper proportions of size and strength; the simplest arrangement of parts; the best form and construction of every valve and joint — even the machines that *make* the machines — have been long since ascertained and provided. The new power must be gifted with advantages very great and undeniable, if it can supersede, in all the rudeness of its primitive condition, the elaborate perfection of the established engines.

The common *watch* is in many of its parts a very ill-constructed machine. The train of wheelwork which transmits the motion of the mainspring, for example, is contrived on principles so faulty, that they would be scouted by every practised mechanician. Yet there can be no doubt that any attempt to introduce a better machine would utterly fail, as a commercial enterprise. Long used methods and ingenious engines have been specially provided to fashion and cut every one of the minuter parts which go to compose the existing instrument. Mr. Dent, in a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, stated that every watch consisted of at least 202 pieces, employing probably 215 persons, distributed among 40 trades — to say nothing of the tool-makers for all of these. If we were now materially to alter the construction of the watch, all those trades would have to be relearnt, new tools and wheel-cutting engines to be devised; and the majority of the workmen to begin life

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again. During this interval the price of the new instrument would be enormously enhanced. We should again hear men speak, like Malvolio, of 'winding up their watches' as a token of magnificent wealth. Thus in our complicated state of society, even machines in process of time come to surround themselves with a circle of 'vested interests,' which embarrass all our attempts at improvement.

Looking back on what we have written as to the limits of improvement, we come to the conclusion that it is impossible to lay down any general law upon the subject. Every invention must be judged by its own merits, and according to the special object in view. Nine times out of ten, probably, the object will be nothing more than economy, in a reduction of cost. In the tenth case, it may be for increased safety, simplicity, velocity, or power. But each case requires to be calculated for itself; and some of the elements for such calculations we have now endeavoured to give. These elements are sometimes simple enough: yet it is astonishing how often they are overlooked. To give a familiar illustration. The art of *flying* has more or less occupied the inventive power of man, since the days of Dædalus. Here we may allow that cost and even danger may be left out of consideration, and that the question is one of simple practicability. The balloon offers the nearest approximation to a successful solution; since, though we could not properly fly, we might float suspended to those buoyant spheres: and efforts to steer balloons have accordingly been innumerable. Now a very simple calculation will show that a wind of fifteen miles an hour would exert, upon any sphere of useful size, a pressure greater than the weight it could sustain in the air. The power consequently which would be required to retain the machine stationary against such a wind — or, what is the same thing, propel it at a like rate through a still atmosphere — must be greater than that which would keep it up in the air without a balloon at all. A good three-fourths of prospective aëronauts, therefore, surrounded their task with unnecessary difficulty. And the remainder, who devised so many varieties of imitative plumage and pinions, might have saved their labour if they had but reflected that, before they could use their ingenious apparatus, they must possess some motive power which could support its own weight and something more, for a reasonable time. They were constructing new wings, while the thing wanted was a new steam engine.

In many branches of manufacture mechanical improvement has been so rapid, that Mr. Babbage estimated the average duration of the machinery at only three years; by the expiration of

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which time it was superseded by new apparatus. This ratio was of course temporary and accidental. Many of the large manufacturers in Lancashire and the West Riding find it worth their while to employ skilful mechanics at high salaries, for no other purpose than to suggest improvements in the machinery. The result is that their factories contain specimens of contrivance surpassing any other in the world. Some of the mechanism used in cotton printing, or in the 'differential box' for supplying cotton to the spinning frames, is beyond comparison superior, in delicacy and ingenuity, to the most complex movements of a chronometer. And the human operative, in imitation and by the aid of the machine, acquires a perfection little less marvellous. The rapidity of his motion, the acuteness of his perception, render him a fitting companion for the intricate mechanism he employs. In astronomical observations, the senses of the operator are rendered so acute by habit, that he can estimate differences of time to the tenth of a second; and adjust his measuring instrument to graduations of which 5000 occupy only an inch. It is the same throughout the commonest processes of manufacture. A child who fastens on the heads of pins will repeat an operation requiring several distinct motions of the muscles one hundred times a minute for several successive hours. In a recent Manchester paper, it was stated that a peculiar sort of twist or 'gimp,' which cost three shillings making when first introduced, was now manufactured for one penny; and this not, as usually, by the invention of a new machine, but solely through the increased dexterity of the workman.

To the inventive genius of her sons England owes the foundation of her commercial greatness. We will not go the length of asserting that she retains her proud pre-eminence solely upon the condition of keeping twenty years ahead of other nations in the practice of the mechanical arts; but there is no question that a fearful proportion of our fellow subjects hold their prosperity upon no other tenure. And quite independently of what may be done by our rivals in the markets of the world, it is of vast importance to our increasing population that the conquest over nature should proceed unchecked. Towards this object we have thought we might contribute some slight assistance by indicating some of the principles upon which the warfare must be conducted, and the mental training of those engaged in carrying it on. That there should be so little provision for this training among our ordinary establishments for education, shows a neglect, at which, if any anomaly of the sort could surprise us, we might well be surprised. With the exception of the College at Putney, confined to a few aspirants to

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the honorary degree of C. E.—for practically the profession is not limited to such—the scientific education of the young mechanist must be self-acquired, or, at best, irregularly obtained in the classes voluntarily formed among the members of literary institutions. Yet every day the necessity for practical and technical instruction is becoming more manifest. We see it marked as strongly in the success of the few who succeed, as in the failure of the many efforts of ignorant and mistaken ingenuity.

Blind intuition has now little hope of success in the work of invention. Mere chance has still less: it never, indeed, had so much as popular reputation gave it credit for. Chance might have set in motion the chandelier suspended in the Pisa cathedral; but if chance also suggested to Galileo the laws of the pendulum, it must have belonged to that multitudinous order of casualties, by which ideas are ordinarily propagated in fit and fertile minds. Two generations ago Mr. Watt observed, that he had known many workmen who had suggested some improved adaptation of mechanism, but never one who invented an instrument involving a principle, like that of his centrifugal 'governor.' Machines that do *not* involve a principle are now grown so rare, that the range of invention is almost annihilated for the mere workman. On the other hand, we observe how singularly, when the principle is once fairly studied, mechanical inventions are simultaneously made in many places at once. The honours of the electrotype processes, of the Daguerreotype, the electric telegraph, the screw-propeller, and a host besides, are disputed by a hundred rival claimants. Chance, we thus perceive, did not produce those discoveries; and from the same facts we obtain a gratifying assurance that it could not have prevented their production. Well directed education will make the creations of the human mind more abundant, as printing has already secured their indestructibility.

Of the *legal* aids or hindrances to invention, it is not now our purpose to speak, although the anomalies of the laws in relation to the subject are confessedly flagrant. One suggestion for improvement we have already referred to. It is that every petitioner for a patent should deposit in a gallery or museum, accessible to the public, a working model, drawing, or specimen of his invention whether in mechanism, art, or manufacture. Museums of this description would prove of infinite assistance towards that scientific education in which we are now so lamentably deficient. The public would then obtain some countervailing advantage from a system, of which it is hard to say whether it is more injurious by the monopoly that it confers or

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the privileges it denies; by the difficulties it imposes on an inventor who seeks to profit by his discovery, or by the hindrances which it puts in the way of his successors, who have devised improvements on the first invention.

ART. III.—*Charles Vernon: a Transatlantic Tale.* By Lieut.-Colonel SENIOR. 2 vols. London: 1848.

FICTIONS may be divided and again cross-divided into many different genera, according to the principles on which the different classifications are founded.

They may be divided, for instance, as to their form, into narrative and dramatic; as to the emotions which they propose to excite, into serious, comic, and satirical; as to the instrument which they employ, into verse and prose; as to the subjects which they paint, into elevated and familiar; as to their matter, into allegorical, historical, and purely invented; as to their premises, or the state of things which they presuppose, into supernatural and real; and, lastly, as to their peculiar merits, into those whose principal aim is excellence in plot, in characters, or in scenery.

To the last of these classifications we propose to devote a few pages before we consider the work with which this article is headed.

We must begin by explaining that we use the word Scenery in rather an extended sense, to express all the peculiarities, material and moral, which give a general character to the events. It includes, therefore, not only the attributes which distinguish the place and the time of their occurrence, but also those which mark the class or sort of persons who participate in them. Ariel, Caliban, and even Miranda, are parts of the scenery of the 'Tempest.' So is the lime-grove which weatherfends Prospero's cell. So are the nimble marmosets, the clustering filberts, and the young sea-mews from the rocks. So are the sounds and sweet airs that fill the island, and give delight, and hurt not. And such especially was the chorus of the Greek drama, which was local opinion personified. At first it may appear that moral peculiarities form a part, not of the scenery, but of the characters of a fiction. And this is true, when those peculiarities give individuality to the persons to whom they are ascribed. For this purpose, however, they must be not only marked, but numerous and distinct. In real life, every man belongs to many classes, according to the portion of his character which, for the time being, is under view. As civilisation in-

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creases, as the intellectual powers become more extensive, the moral perceptions more sensitive, and the external relations more complicated, these classes increase in number: but even in savage life, or in the less educated portion of civilised nations, they are so numerous that no two men can be found possessing precisely the same combination of precisely similar qualities. When a man, however, is ascribed to merely one of these classes — when he is only the fortis Gyas, or the good Horatio, no definite idea is presented to us. And, even when several qualities are attributed to him, still, if those qualities all belong to one class or genus, the picture, though it may be more brilliant, continues indistinct.

Such characters we venture to call Scenic, as opposed to those which, possessing complicated and different, though not inconsistent, qualities, and belonging (as real men and women do) to many different classes, we term Individual.

Thus the suitors in the Odyssey, however vividly coloured, are not individualised. They are the idle aristocracy of a barbarous age, and have only the peculiarities of their time and their caste — sensuality, insolence, rapacity, unconsciousness of responsibility, and absence of self-control. Eurymachus, Antinous, and Agelaus, are distinguished from one another only by name. On the other hand, the heroes of the Iliad are individuals. They have all, indeed, some common attributes — bravery, pride, and indifference to human suffering. But each of the principal actors has also other qualities, which, modifying one another, form combinations, like those of actual life, and distinguish him from all his associates.

We may illustrate this by comparing the two most elaborately drawn characters, Achilles and Hector. They are each men of extraordinary courage, strength, and skill; each is the great warrior of his party, and each is aware that he will not witness the triumph of his cause. Achilles knows that he is to die before the walls of Troy. Hector

> 'foresees a day
> When Ilium, Ilium's people, and himself,
> Her warlike king, shall perish.'*

With so many points of resemblance, in the hands of any ordinary poet, they would have been duplicates. As painted by Homer, they are not only dissimilar, but opposed in almost every detail.

Both, as we have said, are brave. The courage of Achilles is founded on insensibility to danger. Except in the struggle

* Cowper, Iliad, vi.

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with the Scamander, where, for the first time, he finds his weapons useless, he seems unsusceptible of the emotion of fear.

The courage of Hector is not constitutional — he is more sensitive with respect to danger than many of those around him — than Ajax, for instance, or than Diomed. In order to induce him to offer a general challenge to the Greeks, Polydamas thinks it necessary to tell him that it has been ascertained that he is not to fall. And while the contest is still undecided, Hector is the first to propose that it shall cease. He retreats more than once before a single enemy; though he awaits the approach of Achilles while still distant, his nerves fail when the enemy is at hand, and he flies after flight has become too late. And yet he is eminently brave; but his courage is founded on a sense of duty. It depends on self-control, and bears him up against all the dangers to which he is accustomed, though it gives way when Achilles advances.

> Ἶσος Ἐνυαλίῳ κορυθάϊκι πτολεμιστῇ,
> Σείων Πηλιάδα μελίην κατὰ δεξιὸν ὦμον,
> Δεινήν· ἀμφὶ δὲ χαλκὸς ἐλάμπετο εἰκελος αὐγῇ
> Ἢ πυρὸς αἰθομένοιο, ἢ ἠελίου ἀνιόντος.*

It is in obedience to this prevailing feeling of duty that Hector supports his country, though he knows that its fall is inevitable. His only wishes are, to retard that fall while he can, and to die when he can resist it no longer. With an inconsistency not uncommon among men of strong affections, he sacrifices his life, and, with his life, the cause of which that life was the support, rather than see the misery which the loss of a battle has occasioned. In vain, as he stands alone before the Scæan gate, do his parents implore him to take refuge within the town. The wailings of the Trojan wives, whose husbands have already fallen under his leadership, resound in his imagination, and the arguments of Priam, and the entreaties of Hecuba, are equally fruitless: —

> οὐ δ' Ἕκτορι θυμὸν ἔπειθε.

Achilles has no feeling of duty or even of patriotism. The instant that he is insulted by Agamemnon he deserts the cause of the Greeks, rejoices in their defeat, rejects all proposals of reconciliation, and exults in the hope of their destruction. Even

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* 'Thus pondering he stood; meantime approached
Achilles, terrible as fiery Mars
Crest-tossing god, and brandished as he came
On his right shoulder high the Pelian spear.
Like lightning, or like flame, or like the sun
Ascending beamed his armour.' *Cowper.*

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when a well-grounded apprehension that Hector's fires may extend to his own ships leads him to send out the Myrmidons to beat him off, it is from no compassion for his companions in arms. He wishes to triumph over Troy, but he wishes that triumph to be solely his own. Patroclus, indeed, whom he considers a part of himself, he would retain as an associate; but, if it rested with him, not another Greek should survive to share or even to witness it.

> 'For oh, by all the powers of heaven, I would
> That not one Trojan might escape of all,
> Nor yet a Grecian; but that we, from death
> Ourselves escaping, might survive to spread
> Troy's sacred bulwarks on the ground, alone.' *Cowper.*

His intense self-esteem, to use a phrenological term, shows itself not only in the outline but in the details of his character. Even Patroclus is rather a favourite than a friend. He stands in awe of his great patron; and, when sent as a messenger to Nestor, must hurry immediately back, for his chief is

> Δεινος ἀνήρ, τάχα κεν καὶ ἀναίτιον αἰτιόψτο.*

To Briseis herself, though the cause of the quarrel, he is almost indifferent. He gives her up without a struggle. If any other part of his property is taken, it is at the peril of the taker; but he will not fight about a girl:—

> Χερσὶ μὲν οὔτι ἔγωγε μαχήσομαι εἵνεκα κούρης
> Οὔτε σοὶ οὔτε τῷ ἄλλῳ· †

And he immediately supplies her place by Diomede. Nothing is more finely imagined in his character than the union of a horror of death with indifference to immediate danger. The ordinary combination is just the reverse; most men see with terror the sudden approach of death, but look forward to it at some undetermined period without alarm. They hope still to live in their works, in their posterity, and perhaps in their fame. To Achilles, whose whole feelings are personal, death is pure unalleviated evil. He is willing, indeed, to encounter it for the sake of glory, because glory is essential to his happiness, and is to be obtained on no other terms. The gods have announced to him that if his life is long it will be obscure. But the glory

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* 'Thou knowest Achilles fiery, and propense
Blame to impute even when blame is none.' *Cowper.*

† 'I will not strive with thee in such a cause,
Nor yet with any man. I scorn to fight
For her whom having given ye take away.
But I have other precious things on board,
Of these take none away.' *Cowper.*

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which he desires is present, not posthumous. He has no wish beyond the grave. He faces death with courage, because he is constitutionally intrepid: but he dislikes it as much as the veriest coward. Nothing, he says, is ψυχῆς ἀντάξιον.*

It is remarkable that the author of the Odyssey ascribes to the shade of Achilles the feeling which the author of the Iliad gave to the living man. The shade repels almost contemptuously the compliments which Ulysses addresses to it on its posthumous fame: —

> 'Renowned Ulysses, think not death a theme
> Of consolation. I had rather live
> The servile hind for hire, and eat the bread
> Of some man, scantily himself sustained.' †

It is a consequence of his utter selfishness that Achilles has no candour. He sees in Hector, not the defender of Troy, but the killer of Patroclus, the instrument through whom he has suffered the greatest — perhaps the only calamity of his life; and his hatred is unappeased even by death. For twelve successive days he ties the body to his chariot, and drags it through the dust. And when, at length, Jupiter sends word to him that his conduct displeases the gods, that Priam is coming to redeem his son, and must not be refused, Achilles, though he receives his suppliant kindly, cannot command his temper through the interview, but bursts out ὑποδρα ἰδων —

> 'Move me no more, or I may set at nought
> Thee and thy prayer, and the command of Jove.' ‡

What a contrast is this to the self-devotion of Hector, who lives only for his wife, his son, his parents, and his country; whose overflowing kindness can find excuses even for the cowardly frivolity of Paris; and who alone among her brothers-in-law forgets the guilt and mischief of Helen in her misfortunes!

Individual characters resemble the figures of Poussin, which delight, by the relief and the accuracy of the drawing, and the force, or dignity, or beauty of the expression. Scenic characters are like the cattle and figures of Claude — of little merit taken separately, but collectively important parts of the landscape.

Very few are the fictions which unite the merits of plot, character, and scenery. The Iliad, as we have already remarked,

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* 'In my opinion, life surpasses far
In worth all treasures.' *Cowper.*

† Cowper, Odyssey. ‡ Cowper, Iliad, xxiv.

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is pre-eminent in character. There is scarcely a speech in that most dramatic of epics which could be transferred from one speaker to another. It is also magnificent in its scenery. The agents are those whom the hearers of Homer believed to be real gods; and men descended from those gods, and almost equalling them in force of body and of mind, in pride, in passion, and in self-reliance. Such beings, so grand in their general character, and so elaborately individualised, form a *dramatis personæ* which has never been equalled. The period is one so distant, that chronology has at length given up the attempt to fix it. All that we know is, that it is separated by an enormous gulf from the times of which we have authentic records; and that the forms of government, the seats of empire, and the habits of acting and thinking, have little resemblance to any thing which we find in the historical period of Greece. All that surrounds the great actors is as remote from ordinary life as they are themselves.

But the drama itself is deficient. Nothing can be more meagre than the plot. Achilles is insulted; he refuses to fight; the Greeks are beaten; Patroclus, while protecting the ships of Achilles from the common danger, is killed; and Achilles avenges him by killing Hector; the two chiefs are buried,—and the curtain falls. Such a narrative has a beginning and a middle, but can scarcely be said to have an end. The end, says Aristotle, with his usual good sense, ought to be something which does not naturally lead to any thing more. It ought to satisfy our curiosity. But is the death of Hector such an event? Does not the reader wish to know what influence it had on the war? After having become intimate during twenty-four books with all the leaders on each side—after having sympathised with their hopes and their fears, and become in his heart a Greek or a Trojan, is he satisfied to leave them as he found them, engaged in mortal, but unterminated strife? And can we acquiesce in Aristotle's excuse, that the action of the Iliad is not the war of Troy, but the anger of Achilles, and is terminated by his reconciliation with Agamemnon? What do we care about that anger, except so far as it bears on the war? And, while the war remains undecided, what do we care about the reconciliation? We have admitted that the narrative has a middle; but it is a most inartificial one. If the books between the 1st and the 8th, and between the 8th and the 11th, were struck out, no gap would be perceptible, and some inconsistencies would be avoided. Mr. Grote has well remarked, that with all their beauties of scenery and of character, they are useless to the catastrophe and irreconcileable with some of the subsequent events. We cannot, however, adopt his theory, plausible as it is, that they are the

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work of a different author. He admits that its unity of action shows the Odyssey to be the production of a single mind. We draw the same inference from the consistency of character in the Iliad. We cannot believe that the boldly-drawn and finely-discriminated characters of Agamemnon, Ulysses, Ajax, Diomed, Hector, Paris, Priam, and Helen, could have been preserved through the whole twenty-four books, if the original conceptions of one poet had been taken up and worked out by another. A more probable explanation is, that the whole work was executed by one author, but composed at different times, and with considerable intervals.

The objection that we have made to the plot of the Iliad does not apply to that of the Odyssey. In the whole range of narrative fiction a plot more nearly approaching perfection is not to be found. At the opening of the poem, Ulysses, the sole survivor of his companions, is detained in the distant island of Calypso; while the suitors have usurped his authority, made themselves masters of his property, and are plotting against the life of his son and the fidelity of his wife. Through the middle of the story, the patience, courage, and prudence of Ulysses gradually remove the obstacles to his return. He sits at length by the side of Penelope before his own hearth, unknown to all except his nurse, his son, and two faithful slaves. For two days he lives among his enemies, ever on the point of detection, but ever evading it. At length all is prepared for the catastrophe; the suitors are assembled at the feast, Euryclea and Philætius have barred the doors of the hall, and the fatal bow is in his hands. We know nothing in poetry so grand as the picture of Ulysses as he throws off his disguise, springs to the threshold, pours out the arrows at his feet, and announces to the suitors that the hour of retribution has arrived: —

> Αὐτὰρ ὁ γυμνώθη ῥακέων πολύμητις Ὀδυσσεύς·
> Ἅλτο δ' ἐπὶ μέγαν οὐδὸν, ἔχων βιὸν, ἠδὲ φαρέτρην
> Ἰῶν ἐμπλείην· ταχέας δ' ἐκχεύατ' ὀϊστοὺς
> Αὐτοῦ πρόσθε ποδῶν· μετὰ δὲ μνηστῆρσιν ἄϋσεν.*

The only episode is the journey of Telemachus. The most probable explanation of the introduction of an incident, which has not even a remote influence on the progress or on the event of the story, is the anxiety of the author of the Odyssey to connect his narrative with the actors in the Iliad. For this

* 'Then girding up his rags, Ulysses sprang,
With bow and full-charged quiver, to the door;
Loose on the broad stone at his feet he poured
His arrows, and the suitors thus bespoke.' *Cowper.*

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purpose the shades of the mighty dead are called up on the banks of the Nile; for this purpose we are made to accompany the souls of the suitors to the Asphodel meadows and to listen to the conversation of Achilles and Agamemnon; and for this purpose Telemachus visits Elis and Sparta, and shows us three of the favourite characters of the Iliad — Nestor, Menelaus, and Helen — in the tranquil evening of their stormy lives.

The scenery of the Odyssey is perhaps still more striking than that of the Iliad. It is more varied, both morally and physically. It adds to the gods and heroes of Greece the fabulous Elysium of the Pheacians, contrasted with the dark Cimmerians, the cannibals of Læstrigon, and the giant Cyclopides. Instead of being confined to the plain of Troy, the shores of the Hellespont, and the forests of Ida, it embraces all the eastern coasts and islands of the Mediterranean, — probably every portion of the globe which was known to the author or to his hearers. But, though superior to the Iliad in scenery, and immeasurably superior in plot, the Odyssey is as immeasurably inferior to it in characters. With the exception of Ulysses and Eumæus, scarcely a single actor is individualised. We have already remarked that the suitors are merely a class. Telemachus is only a well-disposed young man. Penelope neither does nor says anything to justify the wisdom which is attributed to her. She is only an affectionate and faithful wife. Alcinous and Areta are amiable sovereigns and hospitable hosts. They fill the stage, but do no more.

The admitted inferiority of the Odyssey, though equal to the Iliad in style, and superior in plot and in scenery, seems to prove that, of the three great merits which we are considering, character is the most important. Whether the excellence of a plot would make up for the want of striking scenery and well-drawn and well-contrasted characters, may be doubted. No such instance occurs to us. But the fictions which delight solely by their characters, or solely by their scenery, are numerous. The two most remarkable novels of modern times, 'Gil Blas' and 'Don Quixote,' please solely by their characters. So do 'Joseph Andrews' and the 'Vicar of Wakefield,' the 'Wahlverwandschaften' and 'Wilhelm Meister.' On the other hand, the Asiatic romances depend altogether on scenery: neither 'Antar' nor the 'Arabian Nights,' nor 'Job' (which, as a work of art, is a romance, though the persons and main events may have existed,) have any real plot or any individual characters. It is the scenery alone that renders 'Robinson Crusoe' the most popular of English fictions. The interest ceases as soon as he quits his island. Nothing can be more childish than the

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plots of Cooper. Nothing can be more fantastic or unnatural than his characters. But the scenery, in which these absurd beings act their absurd parts, is so new, so interesting, and so vividly painted, that, among perhaps a hundred competitors, he stands,

'If not first, in the very first line.'

We admire, and we forget, the wit and the finesse of Balzac, and the finely shaded characters and well-involved and well-unravelled plots of Hahn Hahn; but the chase, the wreck, and the battle of the 'Red Rover' and the Indian warfare of the 'Pioneers,' haunt the imagination for years. We scarcely ever read a romance more defective in plot and in character than the 'Younger Son.' The story is a mere collection of events, whose only relation to one another is that they happen to the same persons. It has a beginning, but that beginning does not explain what follows. It has a middle which might have belonged to a different set of agents, and it ends merely because the third volume is finished. The characters are caricatures, the style is exaggerated, the sentiments are perverted. But there is a charm in its scenery. The Indian Ocean, with its calms and simoons; the Eastern Archipelago, with its mountains, swamps, and jungles; the Malay, and Arab, and Chinese, and Tartar figures, which people the land and the water, attract us by our love for what is strange. Other pictures, such as the death of the jungle admee, the elk chased by lions, and the towing of the dismasted Victory, dwell in the memory from their vividness. And we believe that few have opened the book without finishing it, and that few have read it once without wishing to recur to portions of it. Sir Walter Scott had at his command every form of excellence. But of his numerous novels only three — the 'Heart of Mid Lothian,' the 'Bride 'of Lammermoor,' and 'Kenilworth,' combine the merits of plot, character, and scenery. In all the others, the plot is objectionable. In some, such as 'Rob Roy,' 'The Pirate,' 'The 'Fortunes of Nigel,' and 'The Betrothed,' it is unintelligible. In others, such as 'The Monastery,' 'The Legend of Montrose,' 'Peveril of the Peak,' and 'The Fair Maid of Perth,' it is a mere tissue of events, with little dependence on one another, connected chiefly by succession of time; and in two, 'St. 'Ronan's Well,' and 'Quentin Durward,' it is absolutely puerile. In a very few, perhaps only in 'The Monastery,' 'Quentin 'Durward,' and 'St. Ronan's Well,' there is a want of character; but in none, with the exception of the unfortunate 'St. 'Ronan's Well,' is there a deficiency of scenery. It is to its scenery rather than to its characters, admirable as they are, that

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'Waverley' owes its pre-eminence. It is its scenery that has made 'Quentin Durward,' absurd as is its plot, and common place as are almost all its characters, the novel by which Sir Walter Scott is best known on the Continent.

These remarks will assist us in pointing out the characteristics of the work which we are reviewing. Its excellence does not lie in its characters, so far as they are taken from European models. The hero and the heroine are cast in the usual mould. He is brave, generous, and kind, with strong but somewhat inconstant affections. She amiable, high spirited, and intelligent. The others are equally representatives of well-known classes. There is an elderly general officer, with the common manners and prejudices of his rank; a fidgetty mother, caring about nothing but her health, her position in society, and the establishment of her daughter; a sub-heroine, the hero's sister, pleasing but insipid; a sub-hero, who is to marry her, whom the reader will forget as soon as he has done with him. A proud, selfish woman of rank, a good-natured frivolous dandy, a scheming young lady, and a merchant content to accept the opinions and follow the example of those around him, and drift indolently down the stream of sensual enjoyment, are more distinct, but do not aim at originality. The Transatlantic characters have more merit: some of them are strongly marked and original, but we will leave them to display themselves as we proceed.

The story is amusing and natural, but wants unity and cohesion. The incidents are very numerous, but the greater part of them have no influence on the ultimate catastrophe. Nor is that catastrophe one that excites much interest. The reader is led to wish to see the hero and heroine both well provided for; but has no desire that it should be by their intermarriage. He would be as well satisfied, perhaps better, if the heroine were to make a different choice.

Such being the characters and the plot, our readers will infer that it is the scenery of 'Charles Vernon' which has induced us to select it for criticism. Even so. The physical scenery is striking from its grandeur, its variety, and its novelty: the moral scenery from its strangeness. And the latter has not only a poetical but an historical claim on our attention. It describes the state of society in Jamaica and Venezuela, when slavery was in its unmitigated vigour in the one, and revolutionary war was raging in the other. Both these have passed away, and have passed away almost unrecorded: a few military autobiographies, now slumbering among the unbound lumber of

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the British Museum, or in the corners of provincial circulating libraries, are all that tell the story of the Venezuelan war of independence; and as they relate only the operations of armies or personal adventures, they give us no insight into the feelings of the people during the struggle. Of the social state of the West Indies, at the beginning of the present century, we know nothing. The planters and the merchants, with their Oriental luxury and Oriental harems, and the dark beauties living only to please, but maintaining self-respect in a state which in Europe is one of degradation, and affection and fidelity under circumstances which, with us, lead to utter profligacy, have scarcely left a tradition of their existence: —

> 'Omnes illacrymabiles
> Urgentur ignotique longâ
> Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.'

The physical features of the Spanish main have been made known to us by the pen and the pencil of Humboldt; but the scenery of the Blue Mountains of Jamaica, — the most striking combination perhaps of grandeur and beauty that exists, a Tyrol under the Tropics, — is as undescribed as that of Central Africa. The few who have visited it thought of cotton and coffee, and treated rocks, rivers, and forests as mere obstacles.

The work before us attempts to supply these deficiencies; and we proceed to show how far it is successful.

The scene opens with the arrival in Jamaica of Captain Charles Vernon, a young English officer, who comes to take possession of his property, a sugar estate on the coast, and a coffee plantation in the mountains. The date is not given in so many words; but, on comparing it with the public events which are related or alluded to, it must have been in the beginning of the year 1813. He lands at Kingston, and dines the first day with his merchant, Mr. M'Kenzie. At dinner the conversation naturally turns on the mode of life at Kingston. From the answers to some of his inquiries, Vernon infers that there is not much female society.

'"Not many ladies," said the Counsellor with a smile, "but then we have the women of colour — the brown ladies, who, entre nous, have much finer persons, and a hundred times more animation than your European women. You'll think so, I'll answer for you, as soon as you know both."

'"Well," said M'Kenzie, who had been listening to the conversation, "you shall judge for yourself, Captain Vernon. Go to-morrow night to the assembly; I will introduce you in the morning to the ladies at my friend Otway's; his daughters will be very glad to get

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hold of a young officer. The day after we will get up a quality ball for you."

'"A quality ball! pray, what does that mean?" asked Vernon.

'"A brown dance," said M'Kenzie.

'"What! a ball to which mulattoes are asked?"

'"Yes; the coloured men are of course excluded: my housekeeper shall superintend, and take care that it shall be very select."'*

We pass over the white assembly to make room for the Quality Ball.

As Vernon entered, the younger part of the company were dancing with great animation to the merry tune of "The Devil amongst the Tailors;" those who could not find partners dancing with each other. It was a very different scene from the assembly the night before. The pale languid looks of the European ladies, their stiffer manners, and lack of conversation, were strongly contrasted with the health and vigour and vivacity of mind and body which animated their brunette rivals. Their dresses, costly in material, were made in the extreme fashion of that day.

'One lovely girl particularly attracted Vernon's admiration. She looked about eighteen, and was dancing with another dark-eyed beauty with more grace than spirit. An expression of feminine mildness, of sweetness of temper, subdued the animation of her full black eyes. Her complexion was so slightly tinged with brown, that the mixture of African blood would not have been detected in any other society. He even thought that this shade of colour softened down and improved the expression of her features, as the mellow tints of an old picture add to its effect.

'His stare attracted his hostess, who renewed her offer of introducing him to a partner.

'"Yes," answered he, "I should like very much to dance if you can get me as a partner that beautiful girl who is dancing with another in a plaid dress."

'"Oh, Miss Julia;—yes, I dare say I can; but she would like you better if you had your red coat on, Captain Vernon."

'"Who is she?"

'"Why, she is the daughter of old Admiral Leslie; her mother lived with the admiral at the Penn while he commanded here, and he gave her two houses and several negroes when he left the country. She is a good girl, but I wish she was wiser. Her mother had a deal of trouble and expense in sending her to Miss Mary's school, and getting her genteelly brought up, and hoped with her pretty face to have her well settled with some gentleman who could buy her plenty of houses and negroes. But Hi! this not do for Miss Julia; when she come to be sixteen years old, she ran away with an officer to camp, who had nothing but his pay."

'"And is she now under this officer's protection?"

'"No, poor girl; the officer died of fever a year ago, and she,

* Vol. i. p. 22.

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poor fool, was ready to break her heart after him, though he could not leave her a dollar to buy her mourning with. But come, they have finished that dance, and I will introduce you. Julia, my dear, this gentleman wishes to dance with you; he is a soldier-officer, though he wears a blue coat." *

We shall not accompany Vernon in his visit to his mountain estate of Mount Edwards, or relate the wrongs which he redresses, or the improvements which he introduces. Negro slavery is the blackest page in our annals. The lesson to be found in these pages may be useful to those, if there be any such now remaining, who believe, with a writer in the 'Quarterly Review,'† that the substitution of apprenticeship for slavery was only a nominal change. It may be instructive to those also, if there be any, who require to be informed what are the effects of irresponsible power on individuals taken from the nation least likely to abuse it,—a nation in which the dislike to inflict, or to witness, or even to hear of human suffering, however deserved, or however necessary, is often carried to an excess which defeats its own object; a nation which often refuses to the law of man the power adequately to repress crime, and even strives to prevent the laws of nature from punishing idleness, improvidence, and vice. But the picture is too painful for our pages.

It is followed by his courtship of Julia *à la mode de la Jamaique:* the result is that they agree to meet at Cane Garden, Vernon's estate on the northern side of the island, lying in a rich but unhealthy soil in a valley opening towards the sea. At Mount Edwards Vernon's task had been easy. He had found there an active vigilant despotism, under which, by the exercise of unscrupulous cruelty, the labourers had been lashed into as much diligence as man in a state of slavery can be forced to exert. He had only to blunt the stimulus of punishment, and to supply its place by that of reward; and nearly the same amount of labour was obtained, though with more trouble and at greater expense. At Cane Garden also, he finds mismanagement, but of a different kind. The vice here is not oppression but negligence. The good-natured indolent overseer had smoked away his time to keep off, he said, the fever, and allowed the slaves to be half idle, the land to be half cultivated, and the buildings to be half ruinous. Much exertion is necessary to bring the estate into better order.

'None of the neighbouring proprietors resided; and their substitutes, being all low vulgar men, Vernon had no society but Julia's. Though she would not formally take her place at the dinner-table,

* Vol. i. p. 50. † No. 118.

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yet she would stay in the room when there was no other white person present; and sometimes take a seat, when the desert was introduced. She never, however, made her appearance before a third person; not from any sense of degradation as to the situation she filled, for that situation, according to the notions in which she had been brought up, was an honourable one; but solely from custom, and a feeling of inferiority, originating in colour — a feeling so inherent in all her class as to be acted upon unconsciously.

'Watching every glance of his eye, every movement of his countenance, she anticipated his wishes before he could speak them; and, mixing familiarity with the most ardent love, her heart and mind were wholly his. Vernon, in return, felt gratitude for her affection, and his self-love not a little flattered by finding himself the object of adoration to so fine a creature. And if these feelings did not amount to love, they so nearly resembled it that he was himself deceived.'*

He is attacked by the fever of the country, and owes his life to the care and devotion of Julia. As soon as he becomes convalescent the usual remedy of change of air and scene is prescribed. He makes a cruise, lands at Porto Bello, crosses the Isthmus of Darien and gazes on the Pacific. On his return to Kingston, perfectly recovered, he dines with the Otways and meets the heroine, Emily Vivian, whose father, General Vivian, has arrived during his absence, to fill a staff appointment, and brought out with him his wife and daughter. Emily Vivian, as we have already hinted, is a scenic character. She is painted as Elizabeth wished to be, without any shades. She is described as possessing, and, to do justice to the author, we must add that she is made to exhibit, intelligence, taste, elegance, knowledge of the world, and high principles. She is a distant relation of Vernon's, the intimate friend of his sister, and an acquaintance of his own, though a slight one, as she had just left school when he joined his regiment in Portugal about five years before the story begins.

He accepts an invitation to form one of the general's party at Spanish Town during the following week.

'"Ah Charles," said Julia, as he almost unconsciously described his new acquaintance, "Ah Mr. Vernon, I fear you are going to fall in love with this lady! And then what will become of poor me!"

'"Oh no," answered Vernon, "how can you think so? Do you not know, my dear Julia, that I love you too well for you to be in danger from a rival?"

'"Still, take care: I know you love me now, but I am afraid that your affections are fickle. I shall always be afraid of your going to that lady's house."

'"I am very sorry to hear you say so, Julia, for I am engaged to

* Vol. i. p. 110.

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be there a great deal during next week. We make a party together to Spanish Town, to the balls there."

'A smothered sigh was her only answer; and he tried, but in vain, to remove her uneasiness. Perhaps his own mind was not in the best state for this purpose. Though it may sometimes flatter, it is on the whole generally teazing to be the object of jealousy, especially where it is felt to be unfounded. Julia's beauty, her affectionate tenderness of disposition, her sweetness of temper, and above all, perhaps, her warm attachment to him, gave her a hold which he thought no other woman could have on his affections. It was impossible, he thought, that he could ever wish to give her a rival; and if he could, every principle of gratitude must prevent his doing so.

'Still he was sensible of much admiration of Miss Vivian, and a wish to see more of her; and both the admiration and the wish were irritated by Julia's imprudent expression of her fears. Absurd as he thought these fears were, still he saw that they would disturb the new source of pleasure which was opened to him,—a pleasure great anywhere, but inestimable in the mental famine of Jamaica.

'After a short mutual silence they retired, with less agreeable feelings towards each other than they had felt since their first intimacy.'*

The natural consequences follow. He becomes every day more and more in love with Emily, though resolving to be constant to Julia. The contest in his mind is well described. We have heard this situation objected to as trite. It is certainly a common one. It has been painted by perhaps a hundred, perhaps a thousand novelists. But the mere commonness of a situation or of an event does not unfit it for fiction. What can be more common than love, except perhaps marriage? But no one objects to the one of them as a trite situation, or to the other as a trite event. The triteness which displeases is a state of things usual in fiction, but unusual in reality. Thus the nexus which Metastasio introduces into almost all his plots,—that of two friends in love with the same woman, and each magnanimously anxious to give her up to the other,—is striking the first time that the reader meets with it, bearable the second, and disgusting the tenth. So love at first sight is offensive in the Marivaux school, but not in Shakspeare. We accept it in Shakspeare because it occurs in his scenes as it occurs in real life, occasionally, but rarely. We object to it in Marivaux because he describes it as an ordinary occurrence, as the rule, instead of the exception. Now the situation of a man bound to one woman by gratitude and to another by love, under deep obligations to the inferior and full of high admiration for the superior object, hating himself for his inconstancy to the one and despising himself for his deceit to the other, is a situation more frequent in reality than

* Vol. i. p. 148.

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even in fiction, and, like all other natural situations, is a fit subject of representation.

The Vivians pay to fever the usual tribute of new comers. On their convalescence Vernon recommends a visit to Mount Edwards. The physician supports him, and thither the party go.

After about a fortnight the rainy season begins.

'"What a gale of wind it blows!" observed Emily to Vernon, as they were sitting over their chess-table, after breakfast, four or five days after the heavy rains had set in.

'"Oh, it is nothing," said Vernon, "(check to your queen); we are so high up here, and so exposed, that every blast of wind sounds to us as if it had double its real force. It is very cold though; the thermometer, I see, is only sixty-eight. I will put on another log."

'"Nay, but do look at that mango tree at the side of the garden, how it bends; and that date tree next it is wavering like a peacock's feather to the wind, which seems to blow from all quarters at once. Look! Oh look, Mr. Vernon!"

'The mango tree was at this instant torn up by the roots, whirled into the air, and carried out of sight.

'"My dearest Miss Vivian," said Vernon, "do not be so alarmed. It does indeed blow a gale; but this is a very substantial house, and has weathered many real West Indian hurricanes, even if this gale of wind should increase to one."

'"A hurricane, by God! Vernon," said the general, entering the room in his flannel dressing-gown, just as he had been roused from his mid-day nap.

"'Oh, general, general!" said Mrs. Vivian, running in also, "what shall we do? Old Juba tells me this is a hurricane. A real hurricane! We shall all be blown away, like the trees in the garden that I see flying into the air like so many large feathers."

'"No be 'fraid massa," said Cæsar, following; "him hurricane for true, but me know hurricane worser dan dis no blow great house down. Him really 'trong 'tone house; no like for neger house—poor neger house all blow 'way."

'Fresh gusts of wind fast succeeded each other with increased violence. Soon not one of the beautiful trees in the garden was left standing; cedar, orange, apple, and all the larger trees being torn up by the roots, while the slender stems of the cocoa-nut, cabbage, and date trees were snapped off in the middle.

'The party were next terrified by the walls of the house which they were in, shaking and cracking; and a general rush towards the door took place.

'Hardly had they gained the other wing of the house, when that which they had just quitted, walls and all, gave way, though, as Cæsar had observed, a most substantial building. The roof entire, without loss of a single shingle or beam, was carried up into the air, by the wind getting under it, and the walls fell in with a tremendous crash.

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'The boards and beams of the two floorings were seen rushing through the air, knocking down all that came in contact with them. Little time, however, was left for observation, each successive blast roared louder and louder, and the remaining part of the house threatened every instant to crush its inhabitants.

'They stood for some seconds; the women in speechless terror, and Vernon and the general in vain attempting to conceal their own alarm, while trying to moderate that of their companions.

'Suddenly, the wind getting under the remaining part of the roof (since the fall of the wing totally unprotected), tore it up also, throwing down within the walls the ceiling and some of the beams, but carrying away the greater part to a distance.

'By one of the timbers which fell within, Vernon was knocked down, not, however, so seriously hurt but that he rose immediately, and supported Mrs. Vivian (the general having hurried forward Emily) out of the ruins, expecting that the now unroofed walls would instantly fall in.

'As they gained the outer door they were in danger of being taken off their legs by the force of the wind, and hurled through the air like the beams of the roof which were spinning round in the eddies of the wind.

'Cæsar's experience and presence of mind saved them from this fate, by pulling down the general and Emily with him, as they reached the door, and calling out to them, and to Vernon and Mrs. Vivian as they followed,—

'"Massa no try for walk, or wind blow 'trong carry massa 'way,—blow him into de gulley! Massa lie down crawl like for pickininny on de ground."

'And creeping on all-fours in this way, they took refuge in the kitchen,—a low, almost circular out-house built of stone; and barring the door against the blast, flattered themselves that they were secure. They were disappointed; for after they had witnessed (through the narrow loop-hole window) the blowing down of the coffee store, the overseer's house, the neighbouring negro-houses, and every possible place of refuge; not a tree standing,—beams, trees, branches, wooden shingles with large nails in them, flying about in every direction, carrying destruction to every living thing they encountered,—the night coming on, the rain pouring in torrents, and the gale increasing, the kitchen gave way, injuring nearly all, more or less, but none severely.

'As a last resource, and almost a forlorn one, the party next betook themselves to a cellar under the ruins of the Great House, endeavouring to hope, that if the walls fell in (and they heard stones dropping from them every instant), the flooring above their heads might not be beaten in. This chance, so feeble as scarcely to support a hope, afforded the only possibility of escape.

'It was now six in the evening, and the night was setting in.

'There was one sheltered corner where Mrs. Vivian, as the greatest invalid, was accommodated with a seat on an empty flour-barrel. Emily stood on a loose plank which Vernon contrived to fix against

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the wall sufficiently high to raise her from the stream of water which ran through the cellar.

'Vernon stood next to her, so near that as he leant his head against the wall, it almost touched hers. The rest of the party either stood leaning against the shaking walls, or paced up and down their narrow cell. Two were placed with their backs against the door to prevent the wind from bursting its bolts; this duty the men took by turns.

'One of the servants, on taking refuge in the cellar, had brought with him a candle in a lantern: it was hung up in the driest corner, and threw a glimmering light over the room.

'The countenances of all betrayed their feelings. The whites seemed most to dread being crushed to death; while, in the negroes, their present sufferings, from cold, wet, and bruises, overpowered every other sensation.

'Suddenly one of the walls of the house above gave way before the blast, which luckily hurled the stones from, instead of upon, the cellar; but still a great part fell on the boarded flooring over their heads with a tremendous crash. All conceived that it was the fall of the whole house; it was followed by the scream of the women and children, and, as they supposed, the dying prayer of the men.

'Vernon bent over the board on which Miss Vivian was leaning, threw his arm around her waist, and exclaimed, "We will die together!" The substantial flooring, however, withstood the shock, and after the breathless pause of a few seconds, Emily struggled from Vernon and freed herself. Both were too much agitated to speak, and the attention of every other person present was confined to his own suffering and danger.

'"Mr. Scott," said Vernon in a low voice, "will you accompany me, and try to reach the mill-house, and see if it is standing?"

'"I will; but I warn you of the risk."

'"Never mind that, except on your own account. General — Mrs. Vivian, good bye; Emily, if I never see you more, sometimes think of me. Come, Scott."'*

They fail in this attempt to find a more secure refuge, but the hurricane gradually dies away during the night, and when the prisoners see the white dawn through the chinks in the flooring over their heads, they can venture to leave the cellar.

We pass to a moral storm, as vividly painted as the elementary one.

'Early the next morning, while Vernon was superintending the repairs, Emily walked beyond the garden, towards the road leading to Kingston.

'All around her was desolation, yet notwithstanding her fatigue, her spirits never felt so buoyant, or her hopes so bright. It was certain that Vernon loved her, and she now found it certain too,

* Vol. i. p. 222.

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though she had before tried to disguise it to herself, that she loved him.

'Again and again, she retraced all that he had said, all that he had looked, on that eventful night. Every word, every tone of his voice, still rung in her ear. The circumstances under which they stood, the subdued feeling, the calm tone in which he spoke, left her no doubt of his sincerity. She forgot the inconsistencies of his former conduct; the delight which he had shown in her society, and his hesitation when circumstances seemed to call him to express it. Or if she recurred to them, it was only to contrast the happiness of her present certainty with the pain which she now allowed herself to confess that she had felt in her former doubts. It was not only the sunshiny prospect of her future life that delighted her, but she felt her own self-estimation raised by having obtained the affection of a man of sense and of education.

'She thought of the delight of having her friend Harriet as a sister. She composed over and over in her mind the letter in which she should communicate it. She thought of her next meeting with Vernon, what he would say, and how she should answer him. Fifty times she varied the conversation that would take place, and always preferred the last. Wrapped in the delights of a reverie which no one enjoys more than once in a life, she reached at last the bank of the once rivulet, now a broad river, which ran across the gully beneath, and found herself with astonishment nearly a mile from the house.

'Though a good deal sunk, the torrent seemed yet formidable; its yellow waters rolling down trunks of trees, which whirled and spun round in the eddies occasioned by their rapid motion. Just as she was turning back, a negro, whom she thought that she recollected as having carried messages from Vernon to the general when in Kingston, appeared on the other side, armed with a long pole. She stopped to witness his attempt at crossing, which seemed attended with risk. The water was about breast high in the deepest part, but the rapidity of the current was so great, that none but a strong, active, and experienced man could keep his legs. If he fell he would be rolled over and over, and hurried down the stream, without a chance of saving himself. To these dangers must be added that of being struck by the large rolling rocks and trunks of trees.

'Steadying himself with his pole, the negro encountered all, watching for each rolling fragment of rock; sometimes leaping over it with his pole, sometimes running forward, or drawing backwards to avoid it. At length he reached the opposite side of the river.

'"Who are you?" asked Miss Vivian.

'"Me Vulcan."

'"And where do you come from, Vulcan? whom do you belong to?"

'"Me belong to Massa Vernon, and me come from Kingston. Bring him paper from him wife."

'"His wife! You must be mad! It cannot be Mr. Vernon you mean."

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'"Yes, missis, me mean Massa Vernon for me massa. Me bring him paper from him wife, Miss Julia; one brown lady lib in Kingston. Massa hab him for wife long time."

'"I cannot, I will not, believe this," said Emily, thinking aloud.

'"Yes, missis, massa hab wife long time, and him good brown lady; no use poor neger ill."

'To confirm his story, at the doubt of which he felt indignant, he put into Miss Vivian's hand an unwafered note, saying,—

'"Look, missis; here da paper."

'Emily just glanced her eye over the superscription; "To Captain "Charles Vernon, Mount Edwards," written in unformed feminine characters. She gave back the letter to Vulcan, and turned towards the house, while he slowly followed, prevented by his ideas of respect from passing her.

'At the door she perceived Vernon watching her approach. As he advanced, she returned his salutation in a tone which she attempted to render easy, and which to a common observer would have seemed so, but which to him carried an indescribable appearance of emotion. Immediately afterwards he recognised Vulcan.

'"Paper for you, massa," said Vulcan. Vernon's eye caught the well-known writing, and he instantly felt that Emily's was fixed on him. He felt his face, his very lips turn white, and his hand trembled so that he could scarcely take the letter. Emily looked at him for an instant, the bitterest perhaps in her whole life, and passed on.'*

Three days are passed among the ruins, during which Emily avoids any explanation, and Vernon does not venture to force one. At length the roads become passable, and the whole party return to Kingston.

The conflict in Vernon's mind destroys his health. He is advised to try a cooler climate, and embarks for Canada in a brig called the Flora. A storm scatters the convoy, and the Flora finds herself alone, and, as the captain conjectures, near the eastern point of Cuba.

'At daybreak the following morning, a sailor was sent up to the mast-head to look out for land; but instead of this he sung out, "A sail right aft!" The breezes were very light, and the sail so far off that she could be seen only from the mast-head; whatever she was, however, she was clearly gaining on them, and with this impression the captain descended, at seven o'clock, to breakfast, looking ominously serious. Vernon, still in his cot, at first heard the tidings of their being chased by a possible enemy with the indifference with which he had treated the storm the night before: this apathy the captain of the Flora mistook for a want of courage, and reascended to the deck, muttering something about "a soldier."

'He was disagreeably interested in reconnoitring the strange sail, which now had very much gained on them, and, through a glass, was

* Vol. i. p. 241.

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clearly to be seen from the deck. She was a black schooner, very broad in the beam, and, whether friend or foe, was crowding canvass. She was soon afterwards observed to wet her sails (which increases speed by making them hold more wind), and betrayed an anxiety to get up with the Flora, which strengthened, almost to a certainty, the captain's suspicions of her being an enemy. The Flora then also wetted her sails, and threw some of her deck cargo overboard; but still the strange sail evidently neared her rapidly, and by ten o'clock was so close that an English flag could be discovered from her mizen; she was prodigiously large for a schooner, and full of men, — two discoveries, neither of which pleased Captain Robins of the Flora. He descended again to the cabin, and asked Vernon, who was still lounging in his cot, "if he intended skulking there, or taking his post on deck?"

'"Skulking! Captain Robins, what do you mean?"

'"Why, here is an American privateer very near close alongside of us; but the Flora shan't strike to her till we have tried her cannon. Will you and your servant assist in defending the ship?"

'"Of course," said Vernon, jumping out of his cot with more vivacity than he had felt since his illness; and in two minutes he sprang up the companion-steps, calling to Pompey to follow him.

'"Massa no top on deck," said Pompey; "'pose buckra fight, den massa get killed."

'"No, Pompey, we must both do our best: so do you take one of those cutlasses, and don't tremble so if you can help it."

'He found all on deck prepared for action; six eight-pound carronades (three on each side) and a long twelve-pounder at the stern, were the whole of the Flora's armament: these were immediately loaded, and the boarding netting fixed up. The crew were then each assigned to their stations. They consisted of the captain, mate, and boatswain, sixteen seamen, their passenger, and poor Pompey — an appalling inferiority to the privateer, who, from the crowded state of her deck, appeared to have at least a hundred men.

'The seamen were all stationed at the guns, and Vernon and his servant had each a musket given to them, while some boarding-pikes and cutlasses were brought out from the arm-chest, and placed ready for every one's use in case the enemy attempted to board. These arrangements completed, the Flora's crew awaited in anxious uncertainty the approach of the schooner.

'Vernon stood at the stern, next the captain, and, after viewing her with the glass, observed, —

'"An immense superiority of numbers she has, captain, if she prove an enemy."

'"Yes, but she is much lower in the water than we are, and does not appear to carry any large guns."

'"I can only discover two swivels on each side," observed Vernon, still looking through his glass, "and one long gun, and that midships."

'"Well, if we can keep her at long shots I don't fear her; and if

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we have the luck to hull her, we may sink her; or if we strike her rigging and masts, we may at any rate disable her so as to escape."

'"And if she boards us?"

'"Why that, as she is so low, she will find a difficult job."

'"At any rate, captain, we will not give up while there is a hope."

'"No, that is not my character. Jack Robins has beat 'em off before now."

'"Hollos, there! bring up the Union Jack, Williams; we will, at any rate, show our colours, and she may then favour us with a sight of her true ones."

'The Union Jack was accordingly hoisted, and the schooner answered by pulling down her assumed English flag, and displaying in its place the stars and stripes of the United States of America, firing, at the same time, a shot at the Flora.

'"Yankees, by G—d!" exclaimed the captain; "put the helm up; we'll give 'em a broadside; — steady — now let fly into her, boys!" and a raking broadside from the Flora fully evinced her determination to defend herself. But the range was miscalculated; the shot passed over the schooner with little or no effect. The privateer rapidly came up, and, with true American ostentation, all the crew mounted on the rigging, or stood on their vessel's side, so as to show their immense superiority of numbers, giving three insulting cheers, and, hailing the Flora through a speaking-trumpet, desired her to "Strike to the American privateer Washington." The Flora's brave little crew gave three cheers in return, firing into her as an answer. The schooner's topsail halliards were cut away, and the sail dropped fluttering on the deck. The privateer returned the fire instantly; the two ships were soon within pistol-shot, and Vernon could not help instinctively wincing as he heard the grape-shot and musketry from the first fire of the privateer whiz about his ears. He found that it cured him most effectually, however, of any of the apathy which fever had left behind; his blood warmed, and his spirits rose with the danger; and he astonished the captain (who at first had thought meanly of his courage) by his activity and presence of mind.

'Broadside now succeeded broadside from the Flora, and volleys of musketry from the privateer. After this had continued for some minutes, the schooner running her bowsprit over the Flora's quarter, indicated an immediate intention of boarding. About twenty ruffianly-looking fellows an instant after crowded up the narrow bowsprit of the privateer, covering it completely, brandishing their cutlasses, and, mixed with their pistol-shot, pouring forth a volley of curses on their adversaries. The Flora's crew seized each a boarding-pike, a cutlass, a musket, or an unfixed bayonet, and ran to the side of the ship where the attack was threatened. Vernon was amongst the foremost; and the foremost of the Americans, after damning his own heart and liver, and discharging a brace of pistols at Vernon, (one of the balls of which passed through his coat collar), swore he would give no quarter, but would make mince-meat of him, and heave him overboard to feed the sharks. He was in the act of springing down on the Flora's deck, when Vernon discharged his musket at him (he had

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reserved his fire for this occasion), and felt strong pleasure at seeing him pitch head foremost into the sea. The two Americans next on the bowsprit made a similar attempt; but the first was pierced by a pike, as he was endeavouring to get over the boarding-netting; and the other, on reaching the deck, was cut down. The courage of those behind failed, and they suffered the ships to part; but two of the Flora's crew had now fallen to rise no more, struck by the vollies of musketry; and Captain Robins, his mate, and four of the crew were so badly wounded, as to be compelled to leave the deck, leaving only the boatswain to command. Vernon also missed his servant Pompey from the reduced numbers on the deck; and feared that he was either killed or severely wounded.

'The remainder of the crew, however, still kept up the contest. Some marksmen stationed at the privateer's mast-head were employed in aiming at those whom they took for the commanders of the Flora's crew, and especially at the helmsman — no one being able to retain this important post more than ten minutes before he was struck; but the next in turn regularly took his place, even without waiting to be called.

'Vernon was standing close to the rudder, taking aim at these marksmen in the enemy's tops, when the man at the helm, mortally struck in the breast, fell against him, and threw him down under him. He was covered with blood, and, as he threw him off, and rising witnessed the convulsions of death distorting the man's face, he felt shocked, even if fear had no part in his feelings.

'The deck now presented a horrid scene, two thirds of the crew lying there either killed or wounded; and the quantity of blood spilt in so small a space, made it one continued pool, and so slippery that it was difficult to avoid falling. Vernon was once knocked down by either a splinter or a block falling on him; and afterwards the barrel of his musket turned off a ball, which, had it struck him, would have gone through his heart.

'The privateer meanwhile finding that her fire had succeeded in thinning the numbers on the Flora's deck, made a second attempt to board. Eight of the crew, the boatswain, and Vernon were all who remained unhurt and able to oppose them; and the Americans, observing the small number of their opponents, crowded up their bowsprit, and leaped down on the Flora's deck with great confidence. Vernon cut down the first boarder, shot another, and was engaged with the third, when a musket-ball struck him in the arm: his cutlass dropped from his hand, and a blow on the head from the cutlass of his opponent laid him senseless at his feet, apparently dead. The small remainder of the Flora's crew, finding opposition now hopeless, gave way, and jumping down the main-hatchway, left the deck to their conquerors.'*

The scene now returns to Jamaica, where it left Julia,

* Vol. i. p. 282.

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parted, as she believed, for ever from the only being in the world whom she really loved.

'A burst of tears and hysterical sobs alarmed Clara as she supported her mistress to her bed, sick in mind and body, and ill prepared for the anxieties which awaited her; and they followed in rapid succession. The gale of wind which scattered the convoy, disturbed her sleep, and shipwrecks and drowning men haunted her dreams.'*

Next come vague rumours, which no one can trace, of an action at sea. Some say that the Flora had been captured after a hard fight,—others, that she had been sunk; all is disheartening and uncertain. Then the Flora is retaken by an English cruiser and brought into Port Royal, and the more accurate intelligence is dreadful. That Vernon is wounded and a prisoner is certain; but no one can tell more. Days of suspense become weeks, and still no further information is obtained.

The same rumours reach Emily in a more authentic form. She meets at dinner at the Otways the captain of the frigate which had retaken the Flora, and hears from him the story of the action with the privateer, mixed with praise of Vernon's gallantry. She finds herself very often calling to see her friend Margaret Otway — led there, as she apologises to herself, by the hope of being able to learn some tidings for Harriet Vernon.

On one of these visits she is told that the ladies are out, but soon to return. She sits, and is turning over the sketches of an album, when she hears a plaintive voice in the verandah asking for Mr. Otway; a servant answers that he will soon return; and leaves the stranger leaning for support against the jallousied partition between the verandah and the drawing-room.

'She was well dressed, her tall figure wrapped in a shawl, which could not conceal that she would soon be a mother. Her face retained traces of great beauty, but emaciated, making her soft eyes seem preternaturally large. She trembled and might have fallen but for the support against which she leaned. Emily rose and called for a servant, to desire him to offer the visitor a chair; but Sambo had disappeared and there was no bell, so she went out herself and invited the poor girl to come in and rest herself until Mr. Otway came in. "Let me support you," she said, for the stranger's agitation seemed to increase at her presence; "lean on me, and I will help you to the sofa, for you look very ill."

'But the object of her kindness shrank from the gentle arm, as if it would have enveloped her in the folds of a serpent. "No, not this from you!" she exclaimed, shuddering as she extricated herself and sunk on the floor.

'Emily gazed for an instant at the unhappy creature. The truth

* Vol. ii. p. 190.

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then flashed on her. It must be the writer of Vulcan's letter. She, whom he had called his master's wife, who now, broken-hearted and fainting, lay on the floor at her feet.

'Under other circumstances she might, perhaps, have recoiled from further contact. Now she felt only compassion. She placed a pillow from the sofa under Julia's head, then filled a glass from the water jar standing in the window, sprinkled it on her face, and, as she revived, held the water to her lips.

'"Drink and you will better," she said. "Now let me raise you," and, disregarding her faint resistance, she supported her to the sofa, loosened the string which impeded her breath, and spoke to her in a soft voice which pierced Julia's heart like a sword.

'Julia felt the superiority of the being who bent over her. The mind, which shone through Emily's countenance, awed her weaker spirit. She felt that she was known, yet not despised: and this made her rival appear more than human.

'"You are better now?" asked Emily.

'"Thank you — yes; now leave me, dear lady, you are too good to wait on poor me. I came to ask if he had been heard of; but oh! I shall never see him more; and, now that I have seen you, I know that it would be of no use. If my child survives me, be kind to it."

'"Indeed you are strangely mistaken: Mr. Vernon is nothing to me, but an old family friend."

'"You say so, and therefore you believe so. I know better. If you had heard him in his ravings, as I did when I watched by his bed in his last fever, you would not doubt his love. If I hoped to live, I could not tell you this; but I feel that my days will be few. God bless you, and may you be happier than poor Julia."

'She took Miss Vivian's hand, kissed it, and suffered herself to be assisted to the kittereen which was waiting for her.

'"You will pity me, and let me know," she said to Miss Vivian, who had accompanied her to the carriage, "if you hear anything of him. Your servant Phebe will know where to find me."

'Emily felt too much agitated to encounter the Otways, and she hastened home filled with compassion for a creature so young, so beautiful, so gentle, and so inexperienced, — a fair vessel wrecked on the quicksands of a vicious society.'*

Further tidings arrive in the form of a set of bills drawn by Vernon, at Barcelona, in the Spanish Main. It is clear, that at the date of those bills he was living. The news comes opportunely.

'Julia's spirits were soothed at a critical moment, for the day afterwards she gave birth to a daughter. But worn down by months of anxiety and ill-health, her recovery was slow. Her mother was with her, but she had always been harsh: there never indeed was much sympathy or confidence between them; the tie was that of mere instinct. Her own infant, a beautiful fair child, reminded her only of

* Vol. ii. p. 202.

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its absent father; she grew more and more nervous and weak, and her life seemed to hang on a thread. Hope was gone: all that she valued or cared for had vanished like a dream. Religion was to her a mere form. She had never been brought up to trust to its support.

'Day followed day without change or comfort, until one morning she was lying on the sofa where Vernon had parted from her. Her memory was recalling his last words and looks, as she pressed his child to her breast. Clara sat on a stool at her feet. Suddenly Pompey entered the room, which was darkened to keep out the sun, so that he could not at first distinguish the inmates. Clara started up and asked if his master was with him. "No, Clara," he replied, recognising the voice. "You neber see good Massa Vernon no more. Him dead. Me see him go out for fight, and him killed; him neber come back."

'A faint groan from the sofa did not reach his dull ear; but Clara shrieked out, "Oh Pompey, you kill poor missis," as she raised Julia's head from the pillow on which it had fallen back. But it was all over. The loving gentle spirit had departed.'*

Pompey had returned to Jamaica with Captain Robins and the rest of the wounded crew of the Flora; and from Captain Robins some accurate information is now obtained. The privateer had captured a Dutch sloop, put into her his wounded prisoners, and sent them to Barcelona, then in the hands of the Patriots, but menaced with an attack by the Royalists. It was there that Vernon drew his bills on Jamaica. After waiting for some weeks, during which the less severely wounded men recovered, news of the approach of the Royalists came, and Vernon marched out with the whole garrison of Barcelona to repel them. Captain Robins added, that Vernon assured him that, if he lived, he should not be many days absent. For he intended merely to assist in defending the approach to the town. If the invasion succeeded, of course he must retreat with his own friends. If it were repelled, he should leave them to pursue their success. So far, and no further, he thought his interference justified.

After news of the success of the Patriots reached Barcelona, Captain Robins daily looked for his return. But time passed on, and he heard all sorts of reports as to the fate of his passenger; that he had been killed in action; that he had been taken prisoner; then another report was current, that he had deserted to the other side, and that a reward was offered for his apprehension.

'"I waited and waited," said he to his employer, Mr. Otway, "and could hear nothing more. My belief is that the poor young gentleman has come to some untimely end: killed, most probably, fighting where

* Vol. ii. p. 207.

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he had no call. I saw how ready he was at that work when he fought beside me in my brig. So I chartered the droger which brought us here, and I brought that cowardly Pompey back with me. If Mr. Vernon is dead, some one I suppose will pay me for his passage." '*

The effects of Vernon's death in mitigating Emily's disapprobation of his conduct are well imagined and well told. She does not long remain in Jamaica: her mother's health fails, she carries her daughter home, and settles at Bath, in the neighbourhood of her friend Harriet Vernon. Vernon was tenant in tail of his property, with the reversion in a distant cousin. He had left England almost immediately after he succeeded to it, without waiting to go through the long process then necessary to bar an entailed estate. The property, therefore, supposing him to be dead without lawful issue, had gone over, and his sister was almost pennyless. The Vivians themselves are exposed to a similar misfortune. On the peace the Jamaica staff is reduced. The general is recalled, and finds on his arrival that a great banking-house, in which his whole fortune is invested, has stopped payment. He is not only without income except his pension, but in debt. A Captain Myers at Bath had been an old admirer of Emily's. He had sought her when she was an heiress and he was poor. Now he is Sir Frederick Myers, rich and titled, and he renews his advances. The mother warmly supports him; the father confesses that he alone stands between them and ruin. Emily cannot plead affections pledged to any living man. Sir Frederick is amiable, though frivolous. She accepts him, and the day,—a distant one, as he has just lost an uncle,—is fixed.

We have not, however, quite done with the American hemisphere. A short time before the events which we have just sketched, a set of happy-looking tourists were sitting after dinner in front of a large tent, near the falls of the Essequibo river. They consisted of Mr. B., the Fiscal of Demerara, his wife and daughter, and two officers, Major Alexander and Lieutenant Blagrave from the garrison, and their negro attendants, King, George, and Peter. The ladies sing.

' "Look there!" said Mrs. B., as soon as the song was finished, "I would not interrupt you; but who can those three savage-looking men be? don't you see them? there, just behind that steep pointed rock over the falls. They are not Indians, for two of them have long beards."

' "They must be a party of wood cutters," answered Mr. B., "but I did not think that they ever wandered so far up the river, and,

* Vol. ii. p. 209.

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wild looking as they often are, I never saw any half so uncivilised as these ruffians."

'"May they not be deserters?" said Major Alexander; "the regiment had some men missing a few months ago, who were supposed to have been drowned by the upsetting of a boat on the Demerara river. I really think these must be the very men — two of them have a military carriage — I will go and examine them."

'And the three gentlemen, escorted by the two servants, advanced towards the uncouth looking strangers, who moved forward to meet them as soon as they perceived that they were seen.

'As they approached, the appearance of the strangers became yet more suspicious; the beards of the two taller men had not been shaved for weeks, their clothes were in rags, and one of them was barefooted.

'The third was shorter, of a slight make, and had little or no beard. All looked wild, haggard, and exhausted, as if enduring both hunger and fatigue: they came on boldly, however, and seemed to be foreigners; for the oldest looking said something to one of his companions in a language which was not English or Dutch. "Stand and surrender," said Major Alexander, still believing that they were deserters.

'"Who are you?" asked the fiscal — "have you a licence for wood-cutting?"

'"Somos Espânoles?" asked Lieut. Blagrave, proud of his accomplishment as a linguist.

'"Tan till dere, you damn runaway rascals," exclaimed black Capt. Peter, who had now got behind the intruders and was pointing his gun at them.

'Thus accosted and menaced on all sides, the suspected men stood still, but looking hardened and unabashed. Major Alexander, overflowing with military zeal, was on the point of stepping forward to seize by the collar the foremost, who provoked him especially by the audacious way in which he continued to stare at him, when the man exclaimed "Alexander! I did not quite recognise you at first — though I thought I knew your voice — how rejoiced I am to meet you here!"

'"If you do know me, you might at least call me by my rank. I am Major Alexander: I don't recollect you — but I fancy you will not rejoice that you have met with me — and yet — but it cannot be — were you ever at Eton, sir?"

'"Yes, Alexander, and your fag there; ten years have no doubt so changed the little boy, Vernon of the fourth form, who used to get your breakfast at Holts, that you could not recognise me — even were I more like my usual self; — you are less changed in appearance.'*

Vernon's history has already been brought down to the time when he marched out with the Patriot garrison of Barcelona to repel the Royalists. The Republican army took up its po-

* Vol. ii. p. 272.

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sition at the mouth of the Boca Pass, which separates Venezuela from Cumana. After some days of anxiety, early one morning a horseman galloped in to say that the Royalists were coming down in force; that they had driven in the Patriot outposts, and when he last saw them, were about three miles from the Cumana entrance of the pass. The Patriots mustered to meet them in the pass; and Vernon, with about 150 Indians under his command, was sent forward with orders to ascend the higher ground on the left side of the Boca, endeavour to precede the main body and gall the enemy, and protect his own friends by firing down from the heights. He gains the cover of some palmetto trees, rising from the edge of a promontory, immediately over a reach in the pass.

'Long and anxiously he looked down, but all was still and silent — no living combatant was to be seen, though the quick eye of Maoro discovered the bodies of three men and a mule lying close together, half covered by the waters of the river into which they had fallen, proving that some conflict had just taken place; but it was impossible to judge to which party these fallen soldiers had belonged, or whether the republicans were advancing or retreating. After a suspense of some minutes, which seemed to be hours, he heard a few dropping musket shots higher up the pass.

'"That must be the advanced guard of our friends," said he to Maoro: "they have passed us, and are engaged with the first skirmishers of the royalists; but as yet they have encountered no numerous opponents. Hark! — still only single shots, and at intervals. Ha! that was a volley! now they are opposed by a larger force."

'Maoro did not reply, but listened attentively, and hearing sounds which Vernon's duller ear could not detect, whispered —

'"The soldiers are running back."

'In a minute afterwards they saw a party of about thirty men, evidently in flight and disorder, running down the pass; and as they neared and turned the angle of the road where it wound round the base of the cliff on which he was standing, scaring away two black vultures, which rose slowly and reluctantly from the bodies of the dead men or the mule, Vernon was grieved to recognise the fugitives as republicans, and some of the very troops which had marched out with him from Barcelona.

'In a few seconds a small party of royalists followed, much scattered and in hot pursuit. As the chase passed rapidly by, some shots were fired down on them from Vernon's Indians, without appearing to take any effect; and they rushed on, and were soon lost at a turn of the pass further down. For a few minutes all was again silent; then a sound of voices and the trampling of horses, and then a body of cavalry were seen slowly picking their way over the impediments of the road, as they wound their way down the pass; then followed long files of infantry, marching in a straggling, disorderly manner, with the relaxed step of tired men, and frequently falling out of their

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ranks to drink of the stream which was flowing on beside them, and then limping along, in a sort of half-run, to regain their places. This was evidently the main body of the royalists.

'Vernon could not doubt that they would soon encounter his friends, who must be advancing up the gorge; and that the struggle, when they met, must be short and decisive. Hemmed in by the cliffs on each side, the shock of the meeting would resemble that of combatants in the lists of a tournament; and whichever side first flinched must be driven back in irretrievable defeat. He ordered his Indians to keep concealed, and not to throw away their small stock of ammunition in a useless fire on the long lines of royalists who continued to struggle past below his ambush. Probably the Indians felt no desire to take an active part, and would joyfully have witnessed the destruction of both parties. The fall of every White, whether royalist or patriot, was to them one tyrant removed.

'Minutes passed on, and still there was no indication of the expected conflict. Nothing to be heard but the hum of voices from the long straggling column beneath, mixed with the brawling of the stream, or the angry voice of some leader urging on his tired followers, and ordering them to close up their ranks.

'Vernon's suspense became intolerable, and he was on the point of withdrawing from his concealment and rejoining the patriots, when the booming sound of cannon shot was followed, in rapid succession, by the rattle of musketry, and the echoes of the narrow defile multiplied the reports.

'It soon became evident that the advance of the royalists had been arrested, for that portion of their column still within Vernon's view first closed, and then seemed to be alternately swayed backwards or forwards, as the pressure from the front or rear rolled the masses to and fro, like a river meeting the tide. Riderless horses now came galloping back from the front, breaking through the ranks, or plunging wildly into the river; the roar of the cannon sounded nearer and nearer; the crisis of the combat was at hand, and Vernon directed his Indians to open fire, from the edge of the cliff, on their opponents below.

'The distance was too far for any certain aim, but still the effect was too galling to be tamely borne; and he observed the royalists detach a party who clambered up the side of the ravine, where the brushwood afforded them fair cover from the shots of the Indians, to force him from his vantage ground, the possession of which was every instant becoming more important to whichever side could maintain it. A fierce effort ensued. The royalist leader led his men gallantly on, but they fought under immense disadvantages; they were picked off by the Indians while climbing up places where they could not find firm footing to return the fire, which was fast thinning their numbers.

'Loose rocks were rolled down on them; and arrows, and even stones, were discharged with fatal aim. Still their leader continued to ascend, clambering up under cover of bushes and rocks, and taking advantage of every inequality which the brow of the bank

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presented, with a presence of mind and courage which compelled Vernon to feel interested for so gallant an opponent; and if his followers had equalled their officer in activity and courage, they would probably have won the summit, and scattered their opponents.

'But this was not the case. Many men had fallen killed or wounded, and still more had either stopped, crouching under the protection of some rock or hollow, or had retreated back to their main body; and the royalist colonel, for such was his rank, found himself almost unsupported on the top of the cliff. He was a tall, handsome man, about forty years old; his figure thin, but showing great muscular strength.

'The Indians rushed forward to attack, and Vernon to save him.

'The royalist officer turned round to cheer on the soldiers, whom he hoped to find closely following him, but not one remained; and he was seized at the same instant by two Indians, who wrested his sword from his hand, while Vernon called on him to surrender.

'"Never to rebels and savages!" exclaimed the Spaniard, wrestling fiercely with his captors.

'There was something in the tone of his voice as he thus spoke which was familiar to Vernon's ear. He looked at him earnestly, and old recollections flashed on his mind.

'"Good God, Sanchez! I cannot be mistaken: it is my old friend of Morillo's army — my deliverer at Malpartida de Caceres."

'"Yes," said the Spaniard, sadly and reproachfully, "that is my name; and yours, sir, I should say was Vernon. You resemble a brave officer whom I remember well in the English army, then fighting as an ally in the royal cause. But surely you, sir, a leader of savages, and a partisan of rebels, cannot be the same person: my eyes are deceiving me."

'"Yes, I am the same; and I will tell you how all this has happened hereafter. Now you must remain my prisoner: further efforts are in vain; my friends have won the day. Look below! observe how your forces are breaking their ranks. Horses and men are in confusion, and see! there is the advance of the patriots."

'As he spoke the republicans made a halt, just after the bend, where the road a little widened, opened their ranks, and drew forward and pointed three guns. They were discharged at the retreating masses of the royalists, and succeeded by a close fire of musketry.

'For a minute or two nothing could be seen except the white smoke curling upwards, but a rushing sound of footsteps, accompanied by loud cheers and wild cries, told that the patriot forces were making a furious charge. When the veil of smoke rolled away, the royalists' column was dispersed; the dead and the wounded alone remained, watched by a number of black vultures, who were towering high in the sky, awaiting the coming feast; the rest had fled, and the republican troops were hurrying on in pursuit.'[a]

According to the practice of that hateful war, Sanchez is con-

[a] Vol. ii. p. 57.

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demned to be shot. Vernon asks the life of his friend, is refused, throws up his commission, and at night, with the assistance of his Indians, rescues the prisoner, and they fly together towards the Oronoko.

We have not room for the story of their escape, and of their residence with an Indian tribe on the banks of the Iribi. It is graphically painted, and is ornamented by one of the best characters in the work — Carlos, a half-caste Indian, whom they take into their confidence.

And now having restored Vernon to life, and got rid of the apparently insurmountable obstacle to his marriage with Emily, we refer the reader to the work itself for the means by which that marriage is ultimately effected or prevented.

We have said that the English characters are generally scenic; natural and consistent, but not individualised. Sir Frederick Myers is, perhaps, an exception, and so are Mrs. Vivian and a Miss Fairfield, whom we have not introduced to the reader. The Transatlantic characters are individuals, probably portraits. The Governor of Barcelona, — the priest with whom Vernon and Sanchez take refuge, and his niece,— the village authorities of St. Fernando and Aragu, — Xaltalma, and her Indians, — all start out from the canvass.

But the character of most merit is Julia. She has the qualities that belong or ought to belong to the heroine of a tragedy. Virtues enough to interest the sympathy of the reader, faults enough to lead him to acquiesce in her misfortunes. And the whole is so harmoniously drawn and coloured, her excellencies and her defects so run into one another, that the reader is never startled by an unexpected contrast. He foresees where she will act well and where she will act ill; her misconduct never weakens his interest, and her merits never lead him to consider her as the victim of calamities totally undeserved, and therefore revolting. Her punishment may be excessive, though much less so than that of Lucy of Lammermoor or Amy Robsart, but it is not shocking.

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ART. IV. — 1. *Négociations relatives à la Succession d'Espagne sous Louis XIV.; ou Correspondances, Mémoires, et Actes Diplomatiques, concernant les Prétentions et l'Avênement de la Maison de Bourbon au Trône d'Espagne, accompagnés d'un Texte Historique et précédés d'une Introduction.* Par M. MIGNET. Tomes I.—IV. 1835—42.

2. *Letters of William III. and Louis XIV., and of their Ministers.* Extracted from the Archives of France and England, and from Family Papers. Edited by P. GRIMBLOT. 2 vols. 1848.

WE trust that among the consequences of the Revolution of 1848, we shall not have to include the abandonment of the great historical undertaking of M. Mignet, which we have named at the head of this article. It forms one of the series known as the 'Archives de France;' the publication of which was set on foot by M. Guizot when he held the Ministry of Public Instruction. Its conception was, doubtless, recommended to the Royalty of July, as an engine for familiarising to the public mind that revival of Family policy in Spain, which the late dynasty contemplated so long ago, which was so perseveringly followed up, and which, at the opening of the last year, seemed nearer than ever to a prosperous consummation. But the purely historical interest of the Spanish Succession in the last century, does not require the adventitious support of contemporary politics. The age of Louis XIV., after every allowance for its corrupting accessories, is one of which European civilisation is fairly proud; and among its best literary memorials we may place this elaborate exposition of its diplomacy. M. Mignet had proposed to give a full history of the negotiations that either directly or indirectly bore on the claims of Louis XIV. to the throne of Spain. At present he has not advanced beyond the Peace of Nimeguen, in 1679.

M. Grimblot, again, has given us selections from the correspondence between the French and English Governments during the attempted arrangement of this question by the Partition Treaties of 1698 and 1700. The literary value of this work, also, is very great. Though its contents may not substantially vary the judgments which an attentive reader might have formed from the materials already published in the Hardwicke and other collections, yet it abounds in new and interesting particulars. While it has the immense advantage of presenting for the first time, in an accessible and popular form, a mass of documents which will enable every one to appreciate

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the national importance of the interests involved in that great question, the gallantry with which William III. confronted the vast resources and the disciplined intelligence at the command of Louis XIV., and also (we grieve to add) the indifference and ingratitude with which the English people requited their Great Deliverer.

We should not forget to remind our readers that M. Grimblot is a foreigner, publishing in what is to him a foreign language. But he has introduced the collection by a preface, written in a style singularly correct and easy. It retains something of that picturesque antithesis and aptitude for generalisation which form so attractive a peculiarity in contemporary French literature; but its idiomatic accuracy would not discredit any English writer, nor need we expect to find in any a juster appreciation of the most important points in English history.

The greater part of the materials now first published by him, are drawn from three different sources. We have, first, the correspondence between Louis XIV. and Marshal Boufflers, which preceded the Peace of Ryswick, and in which it was long supposed that the first idea of the Partition Treaty had been broached. The Bentinck family have placed in M. Grimblot's hands the confidential correspondence that passed between William III. and their ancestor, the Earl of Portland; and no one can peruse these letters without heartily sharing the editor's regret that such a thorough justification of an eminent public servant should have been suffered to remain so long unknown. We have, finally, the letters, (originally translated from the Dutch by Sir James Mackintosh,) which passed between William III. and the Pensionary Heinsius.

Before we proceed to a separate examination of the period to which these documents refer, we must quote the following admirable estimate of Louis XIV's diplomatic compositions, with the addition of M. Grimblot's feeling and dignified allusion to the very different fate, which in our own day has waited on an attempt to imitate his policy.

'They (William III.'s correspondence) lose throughout by the side of the grand, brilliant, and glowing style of the despatches of Louis XIV. It is the imposing grandeur of Versailles in contrast with the meaner edifices of Kensington or Loo. In reading these lengthened despatches with their flowing periods, elaborate expositions, and inexhaustible meaning, we are involuntarily reminded of Bossuet. It must not be thought that these State Papers were the composition of a secretary. Written by Torcy from notes taken in council, and carefully corrected by Louis XIV. as they were read to him, they bear the mark of his singular genius for grandeur and *éclat*. To be convinced that to him alone is the merit of their pro-

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duction to be attributed, it will be sufficient to compare them with the despatches written by Torcy in his own name, or even with his Memoirs; although it must be admitted that all secretaries would not have succeeded so well in conveying the thoughts of their masters. But it was in some degree the language of the period. The despatches of Tallard, Harcourt, and Villars are hardly inferior in style to those of Louis XIV., yet they were all military men, but scantily educated. May we not say, with M. Cousin, "*Tout est grand dans un grand siècle?*"

'But if we pass from the style to the kernel of the thought, the superiority ceases to be on the side of Louis XIV. In all their ruggedness the letters of William III. have a stamp of honesty which we might seek in vain in the grander despatches of his rival. It is the same with the proceedings of both.

* * * *

Frenchman though I be, I look upon William III. as one of the greatest characters in history; and I willingly say with Mr. Hallam, that "a high regard for the memory of William III. may justly be reckoned one of the tests by which genuine Whiggism, as opposed both to Tory and Republican principles, has always been recognised." Was it not he, in fact, that accomplished the Revolution of 1688? And this Revolution, what was it but the triumph of those principles, which, in the language of our day, are styled Liberal, over those of absolute monarchy — the great cause, whose brilliancy is at times eclipsed, but cannot be extinguished — which under different names, is debated in every land — which, if it must be said, has been triumphed over but yesterday in France, and on which I had fixed all my hopes and thoughts for the welfare of my country. Time was when we were wont to say, that since France had had the misfortune to have her Stuarts, Providence had provided for her a William of Orange, in a prince whose calamities I deplore too deeply to feel at liberty to condemn him. I only regret that he had too much before his eyes the memory of his ancestor — rather than that of the great man whose career presents to the gaze of posterity a far different grandeur from the miserable satisfaction of placing a duke of Anjou on the throne of Spain.' (*Grimblot*, I. xi.)

We are surprised that no English writer should have thought of analysing, in its full development, the controversy that was interrupted, rather than closed, by the Peace of Utrecht. Of course no Englishman would have had the same command as M. Mignet of the French State Paper Office; but the materials that already existed in the published correspondence and authentic memoirs of such statesmen as D'Estrades, Torcy, Temple, Villars, might have been compressed and generalised into what the Germans call a *monographie* on this subject; and might thus have given form and method to the fragments of negotiations which are scattered up and down the pages of Hume and Lingard; and might have ended with that systematic examination of the

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Treaties of 1713, in which Lord Mahon's work on the Spanish Succession is so provokingly deficient. For the question has as essentially an English as a French or European interest. Through the whole period that elapsed from the Restoration to the accession of the House of Hanover — while the fortunes of England were still trembling between absolutism and constitutional government — our foreign relations, and especially those which regarded the Spanish Succession, constituted our point of contact with Catholic and Monarchical France on the one hand, and on the other with the invigorating sympathies of a free and Protestant Commonwealth in Holland. They associated us to the old traditional policy — a policy to which even Charles I. was true — which absolutely prohibited the establishment of a French viceroy at Antwerp or Ostend; which revived for a moment, when Sir William Temple achieved, in the Triple Alliance of 1668, the one creditable act of Stuart diplomacy; and which was illustrated by the genius and heroism called forth in the great war of 1702. All the later princes and statesmen whom English history has emphatically and deliberately convicted of treason to the fundamental principles of our free monarchy — Charles II., the Cabal ministry, James II., Queen Anne, Bolingbroke, — all were false to us especially in the matter of France and Spain. All the names which should be graven on English hearts, and for ever 'frequent in our mouths,' the republican opposition to Charles II., the Whig leaders of the Revolution, William III., Marlborough, and Somers, are now chiefly remembered in connexion with their brave struggle to prevent a disturbance of the European balance, and to arrest the territorial extension and diplomatic preponderance of France. With Louis XIV., again, the Spanish Succession was the great business of his reign. It coincides almost exactly with the limits of his European supremacy. The Peace of the Pyrenees was the first public act in which he personally intervened: and the last great event of his life was the Treaty of Utrecht, by which the Maritime Powers recognised his grandson as King of Spain. We propose taking advantage of the two works before us to sketch some of the main negotiations which, from 1660 — the year of the English Restoration, and of Louis XIV.'s marriage with Maria Theresa of Spain — attended the development of this question till its settlement at Utrecht in 1713; — one year before the accession of the House of Hanover, and about two years and a half before the death of Louis XIV.

It may be as well to state clearly the nature of his claims to Spain. Louis XIV. was, by the Spanish law of succession, in

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right of his wife, the direct heir to Charles II. M. Mignet has shown, with, we think, needless pains, that the Salic law never existed in Spain. We are not aware, indeed, that any such ground of exclusion was ever pleaded against the Bourbon line: nor was it probable that such would be the case: For the competing houses of Austria, Bavaria, and Savoy, all, equally with France, derived their claim through females — the two former from a younger sister of Maria Theresa, the French Queen; the latter from Catherine, the great aunt of that princess. But Maria Theresa's claim was barred by a Renunciation, executed on her marriage in 1660, of all her rights to the succession; and the whole question turns on the validity of this act.

In the original draft of the treaty, Maria Theresa absolutely and unconditionally renounced all her right to any part of the Spanish inheritance. In the treaty, as actually signed, Cardinal Mazarin contrived that she should renounce it '*moyennant*' (in consideration of) the dowry which Don Louis de Haro had stipulated should be paid by the Spanish Government. It was agreed, by France, that Maria Theresa should renew her renunciation immediately after her marriage. That renunciation, however, originally made on the 2d of June, 1660, was never renewed. On the other hand, it had been stipulated that the dowry should be paid in three instalments — the first immediately after the celebration of the marriage. But not one of these instalments was ever paid. Louis was careful to insist on this failure on the part of Spain; and to contrast it with his own exact observance of similar pecuniary engagements. Each party ultimately tried to throw on the other the odium of being the first to break the treaty; but, on a strict interpretation, Louis seems to have had the best of this dispute. Subsequently to the Peace of the Pyrenees, he certainly procured the ratification of the renunciation in several of the French Parliaments: while it does not appear that Spain took a single step to perform her part; content to rely on the general accidents of the public temper, and, in the nervous language of Bolingbroke, 'to sue for empire, *in formâ pauperis*, at the gates of every 'court in Europe.' The real answer to Louis's claims, however, was that other Powers beside Spain, were interested that her provinces should not become the appanage of a French prince; and that all the great states of Europe had openly accepted the renunciation as a *bonâ fide* guarantee. Louis, indeed, is proved to have felt this, by the very pains he took, first, to familiarise the English and Dutch statesmen with the idea that the renunciation was originally invalid; and next, to forbid Colbert de

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Croissy's allowing any express ratification of the Pyrenean Treaty to be inserted in the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1668.

These claims, however, were not put forward in their entirety till the death of Charles II. in 1700. It was on the death of Philip IV., the father of that prince, in 1665, that Louis asserted what are known as the Rights of the Devolution. These are chiefly founded, of course, on the general invalidity of the renunciation; but they rest also on other grounds; and constitute, we do not hesitate to say, the most shameless and flagrant assumption of right to be found in the whole history of European usurpations.

It seems that by a local custom of inheritance that prevailed among the people of Brabant, the daughters of a first marriage excluded the issue male of a second. This rule Louis XIV. proposed to apply to the descent, not of private property, but of empire and royal authority. In right of his wife, Maria Theresa, the only child of her father's first wife, he accordingly laid claim, on the death of Philip IV., to certain portions of the Spanish Netherlands. It would have been a case precisely parallel if, on the death of King George III., his sons had proposed to partition Kent into little principalities—on the plea that by the custom of gavel-kind the private property of intestates in that locality was divided among their children! We should remark, however, that Louis XIV. was at that moment reigning over Brittany in virtue of the Salic law, though that province had come through females to the House of Valois; and that *there* the laws, not of private descent, but of sovereign succession, had of course been altered, and exercised in conformity with the general law of France. It is to be observed, also, that the ambitious prince, who here asserted the immutability of laws regulating succession, himself supported his grandson in introducing the Salic law into Spain, and personally confirmed the arbitrary limitations of the Treaty of Utrecht. Nor was it ever pretended that the Flemish provinces themselves should again descend among the children of Louis XIV. on any such principle as that now promulgated by him; or that the Salic law, in all its strictness, was not to replace the momentary revival of this obsolete custom.

Extravagant as these pretensions of Louis XIV. must now appear, we shall have but an inadequate conception of the advantages which tempted him to their assertion, without a glance at the contrast of his position with that of the rest of Europe at the time. An interval of repose had followed the troubles of the Fronde. It gave him leisure for recruiting his army, for organising his finances, for surrounding himself with

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such ministers as Colbert and Lionne. Above all, by a steady, conscientious application to the routine of business and ordinary official life, he had taken care to ensure his own complete independence of his nominal subordinates, and to show himself (if we may borrow a phrase of Mr. D'Israeli's) equally great as a Minister and a King.

Before him, on the other hand, Europe lay crushed and bleeding, from the long struggle of the Thirty Years' War. Nowhere but in France was there unity of council or energy of action. The cabals which followed the Restoration in England, and the wrong-headed opposition which the Orange party in Holland had kept up against De Witt's government, imposed on both those states the necessity of a humble and unambitious diplomacy. Sweden was bound to France by the recollections of the late war, and by gratitude for the care with which Mazarin had protected her at Osnaburgh. Spain had exhausted the produce of her American mines by the lavish profusion of her military establishments, in the Peninsula, in the Netherlands, in Italy, and in Franche Comté. Her population, too, had suffered an alarming diminution by the expulsion of the Moors; and the equally pernicious stream of emigration that flowed to Mexico and Peru.

Neither Spain nor Germany were likely to disturb the prospects of French supremacy in Europe. But Lionne, a minister whom nothing but his master's prominent individuality prevented from occupying a station in French history as imposing as that of Richelieu and Mazarin, saw at once that the main impediment to his dynastic policy would lie in the possible union of Spain or Austria with those Protestant Powers, whose governments might now and then acquiesce in French aggrandisement, but whose people had no feeling but that of rooted antipathy for French priests, French diplomatists, French courtiers, and French mistresses. There were, also, English and Dutch statesmen to discern that the only security for European peace and law lay in rallying the Protestant party against France; and in urging upon Catholics and Protestants alike, the abandonment of the commercial and religious jealousies which the Restoration had inherited from Cromwell's government. There was much vacillation in the conduct, and many difficulties in the path, of these statesmen: But they succeeded at last in indoctrinating the English people with this principle. It alone prevented the reduction of this country to the rank of a second-rate power; and we firmly believe that we owe to William and Temple, not only the security that enabled Walpole to consolidate our constitutional throne, and the traditions

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which, after descending from Chatham to Charles Fox, were embraced by the younger Pitt in his wisest and calmest years, but also no small portion of the strength which carried us through the exhausting conflict with Napoleon.

The first attempt made by Louis XIV. to put in force his claims is well known to students of the *Négociations d'Estrades;* but we believe that before M. Mignet, no one had given a separate and authentic narrative of its progress. The Dutch Republic, to which Count d'Estrades was accredited, was recovering its strength under the pacific administration of the Grand Pensionary De Witt; and proposals were soon on foot for advancing the north-eastern frontier of France, as one among the conditions of a close alliance between the two countries. It had long been a favourite scheme with Dutch statesmen to strengthen themselves by a partition of the Belgian provinces with some powerful neighbour. In 1632, Charles I. of England had received similar offers from certain Belgian malcontents. It had been contemplated by Richelieu in the Gallo-Dutch alliance of 1635; and Mazarin had directed his plenipotentiaries at Munster to treat with Spain for a modification of the same plan, on condition of his withdrawing the French troops from Rousillon and Catalonia. Many circumstances contributed at this time to drive Holland into the French alliance. The quarrel with Spain was still too recent to admit of cordial co-operation against any but a very obvious danger. The adherents of the House of Orange, who formed the permanent Opposition to De Witt, were habitually disposed to lean on England; and our envoy, Sir George Downing, though undoubtedly a man of singular ability, had the bad judgment to enter into cabals against a government which he supposed accessible to French sympathies; till he ended by adding the certainty of private, to the possibility of public, animosity. Louis eagerly seized the opportunity to offer his dangerous protection; and heartily entering into De Witt's views, proposed an active concert, to take place on the death of Philip IV. D'Estrades was commissioned cautiously to insinuate, and gradually to develop, the Devolution claims; but, fortunately for his country and his fame, De Witt began to take alarm, and to retreat from so embarrassing an intimacy. The project, which at one time had seemed on the point of conclusion, was forthwith dropped; and, though the understanding between France and Holland remained unimpaired, Louis was compelled to postpone the prosecution of his claim, till the crisis which the death of Philip IV. would inevitably bring about.

It did not arrive till four years after. The inglorious reign of

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Philip IV. ended in 1665; but the King of France was at that time engaged in the First Dutch War against England, and he did not choose, before peace was concluded, to alarm his allies in Holland with an application for their assistance. Philip's whole life had been a succession of defeat, insult, deception, and mortification. While France was growing in unity, in wealth, and in diplomatic influence, the vast fabric of the Spanish empire was silently sinking, under the joint influence of foreign aggression and internal disease. Round every branch of the public service, round almost every public man, there was perseveringly woven the insidious web of French intrigue. The diplomacy, even of Absolutist France, may be searched in vain for any parallel to the elaborate treachery which was now employed to precipitate the disruption of the monarchy. Cabals were industriously fomented in the Belgian towns; sham negotiations were set on foot; and offers of French protection were shamelessly paraded, with the view of nipping every project that held out a chance of restoring peace to the Peninsula. The seed could not have been sown on a more favourable soil. Even in 1668, when the war of the Devolution was at its height, the Spanish dowagers at Brussels never ceased to marvel how a King who had married an Infanta could behave so harshly to them; and the consciousness of the grandees that only two precarious and unhealthy lives stood in the way of Louis XIV., made them unwilling to scrutinise too jealously the proceedings of an ambassador who might soon be the representative of their own sovereign.

The Peace of Breda (1667) brought with it the coveted opportunity; and French troops instantly moved into Flanders in support of the claims which, according to the Devolution theory, the death of Philip IV. had opened to Louis in these provinces. At once the Spanish court awoke from its sleep, to learn that at Lisbon, too, French diplomacy had achieved its usual triumph; that the patience which had laboured for such a consummation, through seven tedious years, was only equalled by the masterly decision which now hurried these intrigues to their close; that the Abbé St. Romain had succeeded in negotiating an offensive and defensive alliance between Portugal and Louis XIV.—the Prince who had sworn at the Peace of the Pyrenees to give no assistance, direct or indirect, to Portugal, and whose energies were now to be devoted to the task of keeping Austria, by threats and bribes, to a distorted and exaggerated observance of similar clauses in the Treaty of Munster.

The shock of the French arms vibrated through Europe. Bavaria and Brandenburgh, even Poland and Sweden, were alarmed, and the diplomacy which had in some sort prepared the

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various courts for the present movement was again exerted to prevent their uniting to oppose it. We wish that it were in our power to follow M. Mignet through the steps by which M. Gravel, at Ratisbon, won over the diet to refuse its guarantee to the Spanish fiefs of the Empire; while M. de Gremonville, at once the ablest and most unscrupulous negotiator of his day, succeeded in alternately bribing and bullying the government of Vienna, first into a toleration of the French policy, and next into an eventual treaty for the partition of the Spanish dominions. But the surpassing interest which attaches to the concluding stages of this drama forbids our pausing. On England and Holland, as Lionne had long ago foreseen, the present deliverance of Spain was to depend.

M. de Ruvigny had been despatched to secure the co-operation of Charles II. by the bait of the Spanish West Indies. But Clarendon, on whose personal influence and friendship the French envoy had relied, was falling from power, before a furious attack, in which the republican Opposition and the most infamous dependants of the Stuart family had combined. The French alliance had always been favoured by the old Cavalier party; and it was about to suffer from the unpopularity of their chief. Several of the new ministers had also been drawn off from France, by the relations which they kept up with the anti-monarchical sections of Parliament. Buckingham had coqueted with the Presbyterians; Arlington had married Mademoiselle Bevarwaert, a Dutch lady, and had once served as ambassador in Spain. By a fortunate chance, this important crisis found, in Sir William Temple, a man who had already read and thought much on the importance of strengthening Holland and Belgium, as a bulwark for central Europe. Everything, indeed, seems to have rested on his personal activity and resolution. For, the weak and extravagant Charles II. was to all appearance on the point of yielding to the subjection in which he was held by the lofty capacity of Louis. But Temple allowed no time for tergiversation. De Witt, on the other hand, was as eager to break through the meshes in which D'Estrades had involved him. The Triple Alliance was completed by the accession of Sweden to the two other Protestant Powers; and Louis was forced to remain satisfied with a comparatively trifling advance of his north-eastern frontier, leaving to Spain Franche Comté and what remained of Belgium.

The Spanish Succession was not again seriously agitated for more than thirty years. The interval had swept away nearly an entire generation. Except William III. and Louis XIV., scarcely one among the soldiers and statesmen of the

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seventeenth century survived to carry this question to its close in the eighteenth. D'Estrades was gone; and Lionne and Turenne. De Witt had perished by the madness of a ferocious mob; and Temple, far from diplomatic strife, was dragging out his last years in sickness and domestic sorrow. Nor had time made less havoc of national interests than among public men. In 1672 the storm of French arms broke over Holland; and, by 1689, the aggressions of the *Chambres de Réunion* had roused all Europe to resist the aggrandisement of France by conquest in time of peace. Providentially the English Revolution was already consummated; and this time our weight was thrown firmly into the Protestant scale.

M. Grimblot's book, of which we shall now avail ourselves, opens with the Peace of Ryswick, in 1697. It has been said (but the reverse is proved by this publication), that even during the conferences that preceded it, Marshal Boufflers and Lord Portland had discussed the possibility of peacefully settling the rival claims to Spain. The proposals afterwards made were, as is well known, frustrated for a time by the death of the Electoral Prince of Bavaria, for whom the bulk of the succession was designed; but they finally terminated in the arrangement known as the Second Partition Treaty: by which it was provided, that on the death of Charles II. without issue, the Italian provinces were to go to the Dauphin; while the Archduke Charles, second son of the Emperor Leopold, was to have Spain, the Indies, and the Netherlands.

This scheme was, for some time, one of the most unpopular on record. It was a *pis-aller;* and an unsuccessful one. Its execution would have secured to France advantages which she had solemnly renounced; and yet by its failure we were both duped and injured. In either case we alienated an ancient ally; and we became the instruments of aggrandising a Power, with which we had just ceased to wage an expensive and unprofitable contest. But Lord Bolingbroke, by far the ablest antagonist of the Partition Treaty, declared, long afterwards, that there was absolutely no other course to take, — and we believe that every reader of M. Grimblot's book will now be of the same opinion. The good faith of the French King was indeed but a poor reliance; yet it was better to trust to that, than to allow France to take unopposed possession of the empire of Charles II. To the only other alternative, — that of anticipating the War of the Succession, by concluding a Partition Treaty with Austria and Holland, and preparing such a force as might compel Louis to recede from his prey — there were two insuperable objections. The first lay in the dispositions of the Austrian

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court. Of the second, we must make the humiliating avowal, that it lay in the temper of the English nation, and the House of Commons. A few years later, we nobly redeemed our error; but at this time, the perseverance of a despotic monarch had fairly beaten that of a free people. England was utterly appalled at the interminable vista of armaments and negotiations which the Spanish Succession opened out before her. Parliament and the Press coloured their language with the apologies familiar to all who would cheat themselves into the abandonment of a difficult duty. It became the fashion to say, that it signified little whether an Austrian or a Frenchman sat on the throne of Spain, as his new position would soon prevent the future King from being anything but a Spaniard. The popular view was aided by constitutional objections to a standing army. In the first Session after the Peace of Ryswick, the forces in England were reduced to 10,000 men. The first act of the new Parliament, that met in the end of 1698, was to bring them down to 7,000. In spite of all the King's exertions, the Spring of 1699 saw his Dutch Guards dismissed,—'the Chivalry of Protestantism,' Mr. Hallam indignantly exclaims, 'the Huguenot gentlemen who had 'lost all but their swords in a cause that we deemed our own.' While William felt a good understanding with France to be at this moment a matter of sheer necessity, it is plain that, at every step of the negotiation, he was alive to the insecurity of his footing. His strong sense of duty, and his self-denying patriotism shine, with singular purity, in his struggles to make the best of his disastrous position; even when, as at Steinkirk or Seneffe, the finest generalship could only diminish the consequences of a certain defeat. At the risk of alarming Spain and alienating Austria, he made the best terms in his power with France; and relied on ensuring Louis's good faith by entrusting him with the charge of procuring the accession of the emperor to the proposals for a general European settlement.

The representative of France at Vienna, was the Marquis, afterwards the Marshal, Villars,—himself among the most brilliant and respectable illustrations of the *grand siècle*. With very small resources of fortune, Villars had earned every step of his promotion, in the teeth of the secretary Louvois; whose wayward dislikes had to the last been strong enough to cripple the Great Condé and Turenne. He had flattered no mistresses, and crouched to no confessors. In his first campaign in 1672, he had been no less remarkable for his efforts to accomplish himself in every branch of a soldier's duty, than for the gallantry with which he risked his person on every desperate assault. 'Wherever the guns are playing,' said the king, 'that little

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'fellow is sure to rise from the earth at the very spot.' In 1683, Villars had been sent to Munich on the delicate mission of detaching Bavaria from Austria; while, at the same time, he was enjoined not to compromise France with the latter Power. On his return from a second mission, he had met with dangers scarcely contemplated in the routine of diplomatic service. He narrowly escaped being massacred in a rising of the peasants at Bregentz, on the Rhine. On arriving at Bâle he found the gates shut against him, and almost killed himself by a fall into the moat round the town. 'But the star 'of M. de Villars,' as, on his reappearance at Versailles, his master graciously observed, 'had not risen to set in a Swiss ditch.'

Villars found the Imperial ministers protesting, with all the pride of Castile, against the indignity of the Partition Treaty; but forward in their advances towards a separate negotiation between France and Austria. The Spanish ambassador himself was far from discouraging the latter project; and had the inconceivable impudence to entertain the drawing-rooms of Vienna with contemptuous parallels between the august legitimacy of the continental monarchies, and the mushroom, mercantile establishments at London and the Hague. M. Hope, the Dutch Resident, was alarmed at this growing intimacy; but as far as the French legation at Vienna was concerned, the Maritime Powers had no cause to complain. Louis had taken just measure of the Austrian court. He had plumbed and fathomed all the depths of its sloth, its pride, its meanness, and incapacity. He knew that the Emperor was less adroit than himself, and quite as faithless; and so, with an entire disregard of the offers made to Villars, he persisted in cultivating his own interests at Madrid and London.

We need not be detained by the famous catastrophe which Louis had prepared for the discomfiture of all these schemes; the triumph of Harcourt at Madrid; the memorable Council with which St. Simon has made us so familiar, where Madame de Maintenon overthrew the scruples which still lingered in the mind of Louis, by exclaiming, in the true spirit of dynastic Absolutism, 'What has the Duc d'Anjou done, sire, that you should 'deprive him of his inheritance?' nor by the stately ceremonial which attended the young monarch at Versailles; nor by the pageant which escorted him to the Bidassoa. But we shall not understand the conduct of England at this crisis, unless we turn aside for a moment to our own domestic politics.

Although the English Revolution had been carried by a union of many parties, the character of that movement had been too essentially Whig,—it had reflected too faithfully the authors

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of the Exclusion Bill and the victims of a long unsuccessful opposition, not to throw the government, for a time, and with a few personal exceptions, into the hands of the Whig party. They had governed generally well, and always honestly; above all, they had governed in the spirit of the institutions they were called on to administer, and had shown no backsliding on the great question which united the Liberal England of that day. They had supported the Dissenting interest at home; and manfully resisted the head of the Catholic system on the Continent. The remnant of the Tories, purged of avowed Jacobites, held, meanwhile, their principles of high monarchy necessarily in abeyance. They were restricted to the task of criticising and discrediting a government, upon which there rested the most arduous of all responsibilities, that of guiding a nation through a Revolution. And they laboured zealously in their vocation. It was easy to make the Land Tax an abomination to the future October Club; all of them, as sings Barry Cornwall, —

> 'Right jolly squires, with brains made clear
> By the irresistible strength of beer:'

It was easy to declaim against a war expenditure in time of peace; to contrast the advocacy by the Whigs of a standing army with the opposition of their grandfathers to Charles I. The unpopularity, thus fermented, steadily increased, till William actually prepared to abdicate his ungrateful charge. When he gave up this idea, he attempted to rid himself of the unpopularity of his ministers; and to bind the Tories over to the constitution, by bringing them into office. A few months later, the nation began to sigh for the administration they had lost, — and their sovereign, accordingly, to retrace his steps. Godolphin, the new Tory Lord Treasurer, was replaced by the Earl of Carlisle. But in little more than two months after this change, King William was laid in Henry VII.'s Chapel; and Godolphin resumed his office on the accession of Queen Anne.

The Tories had habitually been disposed to acquiesce in the projects of the court which was sheltering the banished Stuarts with the superb hospitality of St. Germain. But it is a signal proof of the respect paid to any policy which is recognised as embodying the deliberate convictions of the English nation,—we will add, too, that it illustrates the habitual fairness and moderation of English statesmen,—that, except in the case of Bolingbroke, in 1711, and of Mr. Pitt, in 1791, Tory governments have been generally more anxious to curb their supporters, than to attack their opponents. They have been either not bold enough, or not wicked enough, to answer the demands made on

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them for energy and strong action. The responsibilities of Opposition have often sat too lightly on them; but, in office, they have, on the whole, been true to their country, rather than to their consistency. Godolphin's administration was obedient to this tendency. Lord Rochester, it is true, at the head of the ultra-Tories, showed himself eager, if he could not prevent a war, at least to cripple its prosecution, by coupling it with an affront to the foreign refugees in the English service. But Godolphin's personal friendship for Marlborough bound his colleagues to the man who, in all Europe, was best fitted to appreciate our relations with the Continent. The recognition, too, by Louis, of the Pretender as King of England, had roused a strong burst of national indignation; and now, though gradually and with hesitation, the cabinet prepared for war. Already, a few days before the death of James II., William had concluded the Treaty of the Hague with the Emperor and the States. It is important to notice the provisions of this instrument, not only as the basis of the war which followed, but because we shall have occasion to refer to it in considering the subsequent negotiations. We agreed to obtain reasonable satisfaction for the Emperor, especially in regard to the Spanish Netherlands and Italy. *The West Indies were reserved for the Maritime Powers.*

Germany, again, had seldom been disposed so favourably for union against France. The Electorate of Brandenburgh depended on the Emperor for its transmutation into the Kingdom of Prussia; and there existed a Treaty, by which the Court of Berlin bound itself, in case of a dispute on the Spanish Succession, to support Leopold with 8,000 men. Hanover was secured by the creation in its favour of a ninth Electorate, and the hand of an Archduchess. The claims of the Prince of Conti on Poland ensured the accession of Augustus I. to the Grand Alliance. The mass of power concentrated in the hands of the French dynasty was formidable enough to suspend even the immemorial rivalry of Denmark and Sweden; the first of these states joined the Maritime Powers by the Treaty of Odensee (1701), and the latter by that of the Hague (1703).

War was scarcely proclaimed, when the few allies of France began successively to desert her. Portugal, the earliest power to recognise Philip V., had concluded, in 1701, an alliance with France and Spain, which provided, with ludicrous minuteness, for the distribution of the conquests to be made from England in the event of a war. But this was reversed by the negotiations which terminated in the Methuen Treaty. Even Victor Amadæus, Duke of Savoy, the *desultor bellorum*, after marrying one daughter to Fénélon's pupil, the promising and shortlived

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Duke of Burgundy, and another to the young King of Spain, was not ashamed to brave the contempt of Europe by offering his services to the Allies! and a peculiar interest attaches in our history to this accession, for it resulted in the Treaty of Crescentin, negotiated by Mr. Hill in 1704, by which the English crown gave its guarantee—a guarantee still appealed to—for the religious liberties of the Vaudois Protestants.

The war began in 1702; and for five years France gallantly maintained an almost single-handed conflict with Europe,—on the Po, the Danube, the Tagus, and the Rhine. But in the year 1706, the great disaster of Ramillies brought overtures for peace. We can pretend to give no analysis of the everlasting proposals, negotiations, ratifications, and rejections, which make Torcy's Memoirs, with all their invaluable minuteness of detail, one of the most unreadable books in the French language. We shall rather endeavour so to group the various stages of discussion, that the reader may carry away some scanty idea of the main points involved in the negotiations between France and the Allies.

These negotiations were four in number; the first was opened in 1706, through a correspondence between the Elector of Bavaria and the Duke of Marlborough. The offers made by Louis excited the alarm of the Confederates. He proposed that Philip V., or France in his name, should cede to the House of Austria whichever half of the Spanish inheritance the Allies might decide on,—either Spain and the Indies,—or the Italian provinces: these overtures were at once rejected.

A loud cry was raised, we think, unjustly, against this rejection. Dr. Hare, in one of his very sensible Letters to a Tory Member*, clearly pointed out the intention of disuniting the Allies by means of the alternative. It was obviously the interest of the Maritime Powers, that Spain and the Indies should fall to a connexion of the exclusively continental House of Austria; rather than that such an addition should be made to the naval power, already so considerable, of France. It was as manifestly the interest of the House of Austria, by standing out for the acceptance of the Italian provinces, to consolidate the disunited appanages of her family, and secure the battle-ground of the Milanese. Nor, in times when Livio Odeschalchi, a Pope's nephew, was conspicuous enough to compete for the crown of Poland, was the vast influence to be overlooked, which a Catholic power, in possession of Lombardy, Naples, and Sicily, would be enabled to exercise over or through the Holy See.

* Quoted at length in Tindal, xvi. 310.

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As it was, even the slight consideration given to the alternative was followed by injurious effects. From that moment, Austria determined to make sure at least of Italy. The very next winter was memorable for the Capitulation, by which, without the privity of the Maritime Powers, 20,000 French soldiers were allowed to evacuate the fortresses of Lombardy. These troops arrived in Spain in time to reinforce Berwick's army at Almanza, and to share in the consequent reduction of Arragon and Valencia. The next summer too, the siege of Toulon failed, mainly from the absence of General Dhaun's contingent on an expedition against Naples.

Bolingbroke always censured the English government for not having closed with these proposals. He compares them with the objects of the Treaty of 1701, which certainly contained no stipulation for securing the entire Spanish monarchy to Austria. But he forgot that it provided for indemnifying England and Holland in the West Indies; which, by *this* scheme, were to be ceded as an integral item of either the French or Austrian portion.

For two years more the war went on; and every where but in Spain, the Sun of the Bourbons (for such was the device assumed by Louis, with the vaunting motto *nec pluribus impar*) was eclipsed. Naples was reduced; Villars was driven behind the Rhine; Oudenarde was lost. Lille, Sardinia, Minorca, fell successively. One after another, the few allies that still remained to France, were crushed or silenced. Maximilian Emmanuel of Bavaria, had been stripped of his dominions, and degraded from his rank as First Elector of the Empire. The Gonzagas were driven from Mantua. The fall of Bologna compelled Clement XI. to recognise the Archduke as King of Spain.

The winter of 1708-9 fell with terrible severity on France. At Paris, in one night, the Seine was frozen so hard that people could pass on foot from bank to bank. The provinces had already suffered from scarcity; and now, the intense cold, immediately following a thaw, destroyed all the hopes of the next year's harvest. As spring returned, it became apparent that the rigorous season had been fatal to even the most sheltered and most fertile districts,—to the olive plantations of Languedoc, to the vineyards of the Rhone, to the rich southern vegetation, the jessamines and orange-gardens of Toulon and Hières. Contagious diseases, suddenly breaking out at the Hôtel Dieu and the Invalides, announced that the scourge of pestilence was to be added to that of famine. Voltaire has forcibly depicted the penury that compelled even the silken courtiers of

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Versailles to animate the people by a show of economy and retrenchment. The king sold his gold plate. Madame de Maintenon set the fashion of eating oat-cakes instead of bread. The population too was exhausted. The *ban* and the *arrière-ban* had long since been called out. In this extremity Louis selected the President De Rouillé to bear fresh proposals to the Allies.

The way for a second accommodation had been opened by one Pettekum, a personage who perpetually reappears in these negotiations as a kind of *amicus curiæ*, and whose suggestions and good offices scarcely met with the return that their busy diligence deserved. The days were no more when Louis exacted the rigid observance of every diplomatic formality; and nothing more remarkably illustrates his weariness of the war than his dispensing with even common security for the credentials of the Dutch Commissioners. They, on their part, insisted on the strictest secrecy. They even refused (as Torcy tells us,) to inform Rouillé, till he arrived at Antwerp, to what place he was to betake himself for the negotiation. At length he was apprised, that on the 17th of March he would find in the village of Streydensas, near Moerdyck, two men, of whose names even Pettekum, his informant, was ignorant. They turned out to be MM. Buys and Van der Dussen, the Pensionaries respectively of Amsterdam and Tergow. The Conferences were subsequently removed to Bodegrave near the Hague. The offers which Rouillé was empowered to make, were a considerable advance on those of 1706. Louis now consented to cede the whole Spanish Monarchy, with the exception of Sicily and Naples; and it is remarkable, that he expressly authorised Rouillé to pledge him to produce Philip of Anjou's consent to this arrangement.* But he had not yet given up his attempt to separate the Allies. This was evident on the face of the proposals. Their general character was that of concession to Holland of great commercial advantages; and resistance, especially, to the claims of the German powers. The Dutch were urged to close with these terms, and to sign a separate peace. They held out resolutely; and, indeed, they could scarcely help doing so, for the Conferences had become generally known, and, while the weaker allies were alarmed at the possible abandonment of their interests, Eugene and Marlborough received regular reports from the Commissioners. Under these circumstances, the winter was passing rapidly away, and the Dutch declared they durst not make any

* Torcy, i. 148. (in vol. lxvii. of the Collection edited by MM. Petitot and Monmerqué.)

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proposal of an armistice. Rouillé's despatch, containing the terms of the Allies, was read at Versailles in full council on the 28th of April.

There were present, with the addition of the Duke of Burgundy, of Chamillart, and Desmarais, the same statesmen who had formed the Council which, nine years before, came to the resolution of engaging in this disastrous contest. We are told that Beauvilliers and the Chancellor Pontchartrain, addressing Chamillart, the Minister of War, urged him to declare whether the resources of the kingdom were not reduced so low, as to make the conclusion of peace an absolute necessity. The Duke of Burgundy burst into tears, as Beauvilliers cited in detail the miseries of France. It was determined to cede everything; reserving for Philip the kingdom of Naples only. But as no time was to be lost in correspondence, Torcy, the Foreign Minister, with the unselfish devotion which has been the glory of Frenchmen of every party and under every règime, offered to go to the Hague, and undertake the thankless office of personally conducting a negotiation, which, in all human probability, was to connect every one involved in it with recollections of their country's deepest humiliation.

He reached the Hague on the 6th of May; but the business of the Conferences was scarcely begun till the 18th, when the Duke of Marlborough returned from London. On most of the points which Rouillé had referred to the court of Versailles, Torcy made concession after concession. At last the Allies delivered their *ultimatum* in the Instrument, which has become famous by the name of the 'Preliminaries of the Hague.' Their chief points were, 1. The perpetual exclusion of the Bourbons from the whole Spanish inheritance. 2. The satisfaction of the Emperor and the Empire by the cession of Kehl, Strasburgh, and Brisach; and the German interpretation of the article upon Alsace in the Treaty of Munster. 3. A revision of the fourth article of the Peace of Ryswick, regarding the religion of the Palatinate. 4. The security of the Protestant succession in England. 5. The satisfaction of the Dutch, in the shape of Barrier Towns and of commercial advantages. But, by the 37th Preliminary, the suspension of arms was to depend on the complete execution of these proposals, by the actual expulsion of Philip from the Spanish territory. Failing this, the war was to recommence. This is the Article on which Louis's refusal to ratify the Preliminaries was chiefly based; and there have been many attacks on the alleged absurdity of making France, exhausted as she was, responsible for the quiet submission of the Spanish nation.

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But no one tolerably acquainted with the absolute dependence in which Louis XIV. held his court and family can seriously believe that he would have been unable to ensure Philip V.'s abdication. It is possible, and, we think, probable, that Castile would not have submitted to the Austrian Archduke; but as far as Philip is personally concerned, there is no room for serious doubt. The Memoirs of Noailles are full of details, which show that Louis's influence over the King and Queen of Spain, in their most domestic arrangements, was as all-pervading as if Philip had never left Versailles. Nevertheless, during the progress of these very Conferences, the Cortes of Castile and Arragon were summoned to swear allegiance to the infant Prince of the Asturias, as next heir to the Spanish throne. Does any one suppose that, without the instigation of Louis, it would ever have been reported that, in the event of a peace between France and the Allies, the Duke of Berwick would exchange his Marshal's bâton for a commission in the Spanish army? Could Louis not have prevented the desertion of his own troops, and the free passage of the Walloon regiments through France? And in aid of all these grounds of distrust, there came the recollection of the similar engagements in which Louis had bound himself by the Pyrenean Treaty, to refuse any assistance to Portugal — which, we now have it under his own hand that, he had resolved to disregard.*

Again, to doubt that France was able to execute her offers of ceding the Spanish monarchy, was to disturb the whole basis of the negotiations. The war had been waged expressly to break up the dangerous accession of power which had fallen to the House of Bourbon by the will of Charles II. The rest of Europe had sought their security in re-distributing those possessions of that House, which had been most recently and most fraudulently acquired. And if, by her own act, France had created for herself an influence in Spain, which she was afterwards unable to uproot, a compensation ought to have been sought in other parts of her vast dominions. It should not have been a question of single fortresses like Kehl or Brisach, but the European system should have been re-adjusted by the dismemberment of whole provinces to be restored to their former allegiance. Why should not Artois have been ceded? and Roussillon? and Franche Comté? Why were the Bourbons to pretend so sacred a regard for an inheritance which, but half a century before, had been torn from the heir of the Austrian Cæsars? This solution of the question was indeed ultimately

* Œuvres de Louis XIV. i. 63.

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hinted at in the proposal to cede cautionary towns, to be held in pledge for the transfer of Spain to the Archduke. But the exception of Bayonne, Perpignan, Douai, Arras, and Cambray rendered the concession less valuable than it seemed. We know, too, that the Duke of Marlborough, to the signal confutation of the slanderers who charged him with prolonging the war for his own interests, was anxious that we should close with Louis even on these terms: — while, in support of the decision which the Allies came to, we may invoke the opinion of a judge so dispassionate, and so free from party bias, as Mr. Hallam. After the negotiation, the English and Austrian plenipotentiaries made a public acknowledgment of the good faith with which the Dutch Commissioners had treated the common interests. Yet, within four years an English minister was to inform the French Secretary of State that it was important the Allies of his own Crown should know nothing of his communications with the enemy; and Lord Strafford, the English Plenipotentiary at Utrecht, was to have the effrontery to palliate the disloyalty of his principals, by accusing the Dutch of keeping the English and Austrians in the dark about the French offers at the Hague!

The next year (1710) saw the third, and, till the Peace of Utrecht, the last attempt at negotiation. In the meantime the national enthusiasm had been excited to its height by the pathetic and right kingly language of Louis's Circular Appeal to the prelates and governors of France to support him in his resolution, of making war upon his enemies rather than upon his children. But it was in vain that Villars was able to open the campaign with 112,000 men. First, Tournay fell, and then Mons. Marlborough succeeded in turning the formidable lines, thirty leagues in length, which Villars had passed the last two months in fortifying; and at last Valenciennes was the only strong place that lay between the allied army and Paris. The murderous cannonade of Malplaquet spread desolation among the flower of the noblesse, who had crowded with Marshal Boufflers to serve as volunteers under Villars. It was not till the middle of May, 1710, that the new Plenipotentiaries, Marshal d'Uxelles and the Abbé (afterwards the Cardinal) de Polignac, arrived at Gertruydenberg, in Holland. Before the Allies admitted any discussion, they demanded a simple assent to all the Preliminaries of the preceding year, excepting those to which Louis was still repugnant. The excepted articles were the 4th, which provided that Louis should concert with the Allies for dispossessing his grandson; and the 37th, which we have been just considering. The former was put prominently forward in Louis's address of the preceding winter, but appears not to have been fully discussed

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till the year 1710. The only problem now was to agree on a modification of these clauses. At first it was hoped that Philip might have been induced to abdicate, on being ensured the Crown of the Sicilies, or of Sardinia. But this hope grew every day fainter, as he reiterated his protests against the whole system of disposing of his dominions at the Conferences. Louis rose higher and higher in his offers; he would yield Tournay; he would even pay subsidies for the maintenance of the armies that were to expel Philip from Spain. But further than this he would not go. The Allies, relying on each other, as it turned out, very imprudently, were inexorable. Knowing that this was the last occasion which was to be afforded them of concluding a favourable Peace, it is of course impossible not to lament their firmness. But the horror expressed at their proposals is an afterthought. A large party in the French court pressed the full acceptance of the Preliminaries; and we read that even Madame de Maintenon contemplated the eventual necessity of complying with the very harshest of the terms mentioned. The sentimental compassion with which both English and foreign writers have since inveighed against the inhumanity of these conditions, must be materially qualified by the discovery, that forty-two years before, Louis and the Emperor had mutually bound themselves to the observance of this very clause with respect to the actual succession in dispute. They agreed to maintain the Partition agreed on by the Treaty of 1668, of course against the pretensions of their own kinsmen,—'que 'reciproquement une partie secourra et aidera l'autre, de conseil, 'd'action, *de ses forces, de ses armes, de ses vaisseaux.*'* Later on, likewise, in the negotiations of Utrecht, Louis expressly offered to reduce Philip by compulsion, to Queen Anne's terms.†

But, in the meantime, a domestic change was in progress in England on which Louis had long kept his eye, and which did not disappoint him. The Tory Ministry, which we left in 1703, forced into war by the pressure of public opinion, had gradually, by the dismissal of some of its members and the conversion of others, been transmuted into the Whig Ministry of 1708. From the first, Marlborough and Godolphin had been thwarted by the violent Tories; but the system of Open Questions — which, as is now well-known, was, till very lately, the rule with English Cabinets — prevented, for a time, the disruption of the ministry. When the change became inevitable, the Queen contested it inch by inch; but, without the occurrence of any single crisis, the violent Tories had gradually been ejected. First, Lord

* Mignet, ii. 446.

† Torcy, ii. 157.

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Nottingham went; then Sir Charles Hedges, and finally Harley and St. John were got rid of. It was with the War of the Succession, as it has been with so many important questions. A course of policy is first bitterly attacked, and by degrees quietly abandoned. But soon any opposite policy is found impracticable by the admission of its ablest advocates; and then, the old principles, either in the hands of new converts or of their original professors, resume their undisputed supremacy, and are embraced, as just and necessary, by those who a few years before had seen nothing but ruin in their adoption. The triumph of the Whigs was complete in every department. Harley confined himself to making good his back-stairs influence with the Queen. St. John left Parliament, and lived at his country-house for three years.* Nothing but an occasional growl from Convocation reminded the world of Toryism. That wise assembly was now in flagrant rebellion against Archbishop Tennison; and seemed bent on again illustrating that which was written by the high churchman Lord Clarendon,—that of all classes which can read and write, the Clergy take in general the worst measure of affairs.

From that very quarter, however, the storm was gathering, with a fury which showed the deep fanaticism that underlies the uneducated English character. On the 5th of November, 1709, Sacheverel preached his paltry and ill-omened sermon; and from this wretched origin arose one of those tempests, of which our own generation has felt the feeble echo in the Education disputes of 1839; and which, it is a very inadequate consolation to think, are likely to become, at every recurrence, less violent and more amenable to reason. We regret that we cannot now pause upon this discreditable brawl; for there is not a more instructive chapter in our history. It is melancholy to reflect upon the composition of the victorious party; so coarse, so ignorant, so hopelessly retrograde in all things; and to remember how absolutely they swept aside a Government identified with the most progressive opinions of its day, with all that was most accomplished in its literature, with all that was healthiest in the new interests which have contributed to the present growth of our complex and multiform society. The Whigs meantime staggered from one blunder to another; and within two months after the French Plenipotentiaries had left Gertruydenberg, the Cabinet was entirely remodelled. For the first time, a real High-Church Ministry was established, with an enormous preponderance of court favour and popular support.

* Bolingbroke's Letters and Correspondence, i. 330.

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The very soul of this party, though neither its acknowledged leader, nor even its most trusted member, was Henry St. John, afterwards Viscount Bolingbroke,—one of the statesmen whose contemporary popularity can scarcely have equalled his reputation with posterity. The courage of his Toryism and the hearty zeal of his patronage, can hardly have induced such followers as his to forgive his imaginative conceptions and his high refinement. Public men, like Bolingbroke, never find their true place, till there are no longer dunces to be quizzed by them, nor competitors to be mortified. Then, indeed, the reaction comes; and generally does them far more than justice. It is, perhaps, fortunate for Bolingbroke's fame, that the press was the only vent left open to him by Walpole's prudence; and thus the 'Letters 'on History,' and the 'Letter to Sir William Wyndham,' have escaped the oblivion that covers the spirited eloquence which was heard for the last time in defending the Peace of Utrecht, and of which a traditionary recollection lingered so long among the survivors of his generation. The unusual disappointments of Bolingbroke's public life have increased the interest that attaches to his dazzling qualities; and posterity always presses mercifully on those who redeem in the field of letters their political misdoings. Bolingbroke has found worshippers who forget his unworthy desertion of Marlborough, his unscrupulous and often treasonable partisanship; and he lives in their indiscriminate admiration, as, perhaps, none else but Cicero and Canning have ever lived. The staunchest Whig will scarcely find his severe judgment proof against the enchantments of Bolingbroke's marvellous style,—so freshly redolent of life and of the world, so graceful in its abundant and perennial courtliness, always level to every occasion, adjusting itself evenly and without a strain to a vigorous argument with Torcy, to a budget of London gossip from 'The Brothers' for Matt Prior, to a sparkling compliment for Madame de Fériole, or to a skilful combination of politics and flattery for the Princess Orsini.

St. John despised the grosser absurdities of Toryism as much as was natural to a man of his brilliant intelligence; and next to them he probably despised nothing so heartily as the narrow, precise views, the *bourgeois* predilections, and the Presbyterian antecedents of his colleague, Lord Treasurer Oxford and Mortimer. He was nevertheless forced into a connexion with a party for which he was every way unfitted, by a theory, which harmonizes most of the irregularities of his life. His aim was to make England a great Monarchical and Ecclesiastical State; in the sense in which France was one,—and in which England has certainly never been. We do not mean that he deliberately

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thought of crushing the House of Commons; but he laboured constantly to bring the Monarchical element into a prominence, which, since the Revolution, it has never permanently held. We are convinced that no fragment of this policy could have been carried out, without the loss of our liberties and the alteration of our national character. But it was obvious that if it were to have a chance of success, it could only be by an application of present opportunities, so immediate and complete, as almost to have the character of a *coup d'etât*. The Queen was well disposed, and St. John must have known enough of the narrow obstinacy that distinguished the early Princes of the House of Brunswick, not to recollect that the Elector of Hanover was certain to avoid what, if a mistake in William, was at least a generous mistake — the seeking to employ the talents of every party in the service of the state. But the Queen's health was fast failing; and it was plain that whatever was to be done, must be done quickly. By a vigorous exertion of the prerogative, it was just possible that the Tory system might be so rooted in the country; and the Commercial and Dissenting interests so effectually crippled by concentrating power in the classes which most cordially detested them, that even the accession of a Whig King would fail to subvert such an organisation. And if the reaction could only be made strong enough to repeal the Act of Succession, as well as to exclude the Whigs, it is idle to suppose that any of the new Ministerial party would have regretted the result. The whole resources of the party were accordingly put in force for the occasion. A landed qualification was imposed on Members of Parliament. The Clergy were conciliated by the Act for building fifty new Churches. The Occasional Conformity Bill was passed. The Schism Bill received the Royal Assent on the very day of the Queen's death. Every means were employed to harass the Dissenters, and above all the Church of Scotland. But the great requisite was that with which alone we are now concerned, — the speedy conclusion of such a Peace as would deprive the English Whigs of Continental support, and ensure at least the Neutrality of France.

English interests were therefore abandoned at every step of the following negotiations; but even this is less painful to remember than the base treachery which compromised our honour with Holland and the Empire. Their true situation was not once fairly revealed either to the English people or to the Allies. Queen Anne began the dissimulation by volunteering an assurance that the Ministerial changes were not to go further than the removal of Sunderland; and the new Ministers were forward in professions of sympathy for the Allies, even on points which the French

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Government distinctly knew that we were ready to relinquish. For this was the original vice of the transaction. Our Ministers, from the first, treated the French Government, to which they were professedly hostile, with far more confidence and cordiality than they showed to the Allies, to whom our country was committed by its public acts. This system was carried so far as even to affect the relation between the Government and its accredited agents. The information which we now possess, proves clearly that St. John had never seriously thought of preserving Spain for the Archduke; or of doing more than preventing the union of the two Bourbon Crowns on one head. But when the Allies resented the scanty offers of the new Preliminaries, St. John was not content to soothe the Dutch with promises of co-operation: he even inserted in Lord Strafford's instructions an order for insisting on the cession of Spain and the Indies;—which, throughout his official correspondence with France, he had uniformly acquiesced in relinquishing. On the opening of the Conferences at Utrecht in January $17\frac{11}{12}$ his bearing was still more extraordinary. Zinzendorf, the Austrian Envoy, naturally referred to the terms of Gertruydenberg, as the obvious basis of the new negotiation. Alarmed at the possible consequences of this appeal, St. John remonstrated with the French Ministers, in the tone of a man who presumes on long friendship to persuade another to make concessions to an unreasonable adversary. The same tone is carried through the whole discussion; and the French Plenipotentiaries returned it by communicating to their nominal opponents their plans for delaying or embarrassing the Dutch and Austrian Ministers.

For the Conferences nominally held at Utrecht were nothing but a blind; and in spite of Queen Anne's repeated protestations that she would act only in concert with the Allies, the real business was carried on in confidential letters between Bolingbroke and Torcy. We are not aware of a single point which the Plenipotentiaries, originally accredited by France and England, were called on to decide. At last the confidence between the hostile Governments became so strict, that, with an abandonment of decorum more scandalous than is elsewhere to be found, even during this negotiation, the English Ministers informed Torcy of their intention to enforce a suspension of arms on the Duke of Ormond; while at the same time they actually insisted that the latter should conceal his instructions from those Allies who had shared with us the trophies of Blenheim and Malplaquet, and whom a struggle of ten years, and the friendship of their commanders had cemented into a more homogeneous mass, and

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kindled with more of a common spirit, than has, perhaps, ever existed in any other coalition.

The great feature in the Treaty of Utrecht was the establishment of the Bourbons on the Throne of Spain and the Indies. We must premise with respect to this Treaty, that it is one thing to find grave fault with its provisions, and another to echo every cry that was raised against it by the heated partisanship of the day. The cession of Spain and the Indies was, perhaps, more condemned than any other of its stipulations. But as far as Spain is concerned, we make no charge against Harley's Government. It was at best an ungrateful task to force a Sovereign on a country, and every day demonstrated more clearly the hopelessness of permanently reducing the Peninsula. Even the year that had elapsed since the Negotiations of Gertruydenberg, fertile of disaster to France in every other quarter, had brought her nothing but success in Spain. Except, however, with regard to Spain, there was no pretext for an English Government to yield one iota of the other terms of Gertruydenberg (terms, be it remembered, to which Louis had actually subscribed as a condition of opening the conferences), unless on the hypothesis of an allegiance, other than that due to the Queen and Parliament of England. A simple comparison of the Preliminaries of the Hague with the terms eventually obtained, will show the derelictions of the English Ministry on this point.

The Duke of Savoy was the only ally for whom our Government made any decent efforts; and even his interests were subordinated to the superior influence of France. Savoy was the one State whose claims were sure of a favourable consideration from the latter Power; for every addition to the existing Sardinian States went to form a counterpoise to Austrian ascendency in Italy. But as far as the Continental interests of England at the beginning of the eighteenth century were concerned, it would have signified nothing if Austria had held the whole of Northern Italy. Nay, considering the chronic opposition to England in which Louis's Catholic policy placed the Papacy, the most extreme Ghibellinism would have been purely to our advantage. But France was to be favoured—even though, at the same time, we were constrained to be faithful to an ally; and, at one time, we find Bolingbroke actually urging France to support Victor Amadæus against Austria* — a length to which the French Ministers themselves, in their cooler judgment, declined to follow him. The really important point for Savoy, as for every State between the Ocean and the Vistula, was a bar-

* Letters and Corres. iii. 487.

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rier against France; and this she was unable to obtain, except by ceding the Barcelonette,—a cession which had not been even named at Gertruydenberg.

But the abandonment of Spain to the House of Bourbon involved neither the abandonment of any compensation, nor the abandonment also of the Indies. On the first point a line had been distinctly traced for the Government by their predecessors; and it now was only necessary not to desert a path already entered on. When the Archduke Charles was established at Barcelona, the English Government had concluded with him a Treaty of Commerce, by a secret Article of which the trade of the Spanish Indies was to be opened to a mixed company of English and Spanish merchants. By the Barrier Treaty of 1710, a share of these, among other, advantages was given up to Holland. The ship in which the former treaty was sent home was taken by a French vessel; the letter-bags had been sunk, but were recovered, with their contents, by the skill and courage of a diver; and the French Government forthwith published the intercepted Treaty to all Europe. It is difficult to exaggerate, or even to conceive, the possible importance of this Treaty. Looking at the comparative energies of the three nations, at the small beginnings from which our Empire in Asia has grown to its colossal stature, and at the inexhaustible field opened in the virgin colonies of Spanish America, it is scarcely doubtful that the execution of this Treaty would have secured to England no small share in the dominions of Montezuma and the Incas. And, will any one pretend, that, if the Allies had been thoroughly united, Louis and Philip would not thankfully have ratified the treaty of Barcelona?

But, next, it is mere folly to say that the Indies must necessarily follow the fortunes of Spain. Few contrasts are more remarkable than that which subsisted throughout this war, between the obstinate patriotism that drove the Castilians and Arragonese to contest every defensible pass or stronghold, and the apathetic indifference of the American settlements.* They were perfectly careless to which of the parties they might be transferred; and the cordial co-operation of the Allied Powers (which nothing but

* Humboldt, Nouvelle Espagne, v. 62. According to the *Vernon Correspondence* (cited *Ed. Rev.* v. 75. p. 131.), the Spaniards of Peru openly avowed their inclination to France; while Montezuma, Viceroy of Mexico, would not suffer the orders from Spain to be obeyed, as long as Spain was looked upon to be under French influence. It was thought that Montezuma, whose countess was of Indian extraction, might set up for himself. A.D. 1699—1702.

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the existence of a Tory Ministry prevented) would assuredly have assigned those Colonies to the House of Austria; and secured to us the privileges which that House had already stipulated to grant. It was the union of the Indies with the formidable marine of France that our ancestors principally, and with good reason, dreaded; and the indemnity for the Protestant interest which we are discussing, was by no means an Utopian scheme, taken up on the moment by the violent adversaries of the Peace. It was pointed at by Sir William Temple, the most philosophical of our diplomatists, who, in the 'Constitutions of the Empire,' &c., so long ago as 1671, had noticed the opening for English influence in Spanish America.* We are speaking only in the spirit of Defoe†, the most temperate of the Whigs, whose single heresy was an anxiety to give Harley the credit for good measures, which nothing but his own conduct in Opposition had rendered difficult or impracticable. We are speaking, finally, in the language of the Treaty of 1701, which Bolingbroke, with singular shamelessness, quoted as the model for the negotiations of Utrecht. If all these lessons had been regarded, Mr. Canning's daring policy would long ago have been anticipated; and the New World would have been called into existence a century before, to redress the balance of the Old.

We insist the more anxiously that there was a necessity for compensating Europe for the absorption of Spain by the House of Bourbon; because, while we acknowledge the necessity of that sacrifice, we are not the less conscious that it has been an irreparable misfortune. To urge against this, that occa-

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* Temple, ii. 216.

† 'No man can say that I ever once said in my life that I approved the Peace ... I printed it openly ... that the Peace I was for, was such as should neither have given the Spanish monarchy to the House of Bourbon, nor to the House of Austria; but that this bone of contention should have been broken to pieces; that it should not become dangerous to Europe, and that the Protestant Powers, viz. Britain and the States, should have so strengthened and fortified their interest by their sharing the commerce and strength of Spain, as should have made them no more afraid of France or of the Empire. So that the Protestant interest should have been superior to all the Powers of Europe, and been in no more danger of exorbitant Powers, whether French or Austrian. This was the Peace I always argued for; pursuant to the design of King William in the Treaty of Partition, and pursuant to that article of the Grand Alliance which was directed by the same glorious hand at the beginning of this last war, viz. that all we should conquer in the Spanish West Indies should be our own.'—*Defoe's Appeal to Honour and Justice*, p. 21.

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sions have arisen in which France and Spain have been at variance, is simply to repeat that the two Crowns were not actually on the same head. The great fact remains unassailable, that thrice from the Treaties of Utrecht to the French Revolution—in the war of 1740, in that of 1756, and in that of 1775—France and England were hostilely opposed, and that on each occasion France was joined by Spain; and that during the revolutionary war itself, from St. Vincent to Trafalgar, the naval strength of the allies greatly outnumbered ours.* It is true that Louis XIV. imagined a vain thing, in dreaming that this union could crush the empire of the English fleets; but it is not less true, that we never emerged from any one of these conflicts without having suffered deadly wounds. It is not less true, that but for this fatal Alliance, we should have triumphed at Havannah and Finisterre, at a cheaper price in blood and gold; and that when Paul Jones disgraced civilised warfare with his buccaneering butcheries, when De Grasse was ravaging Tobago, and a fleet of seventy Spanish and French vessels spread terror along the shores of Cornwall and Hampshire, we were paying the penalty for the treason of our rulers at Utrecht. The quarrel between Philip V. and the Regent Orleans is rather an illustration of, than an exception to, the steady policy which linked the two Bourbon Houses: for it resembled a civil, more than an international, struggle; and was simply an effort, by the nearest connexion of the minor Louis XV., to arrest the reaction which followed the death, and subverted the policy, of Louis XIV. This policy found its consummation in the Family Compact of 1761,—a league in which political interests had their share, but the inner cypher of which is brought to light by the remarkable circumstance, that when Maria Theresa was most closely allied to France, she begged to be admitted to a share in the new Treaty—and was distinctly refused, on the plea of her non-participation in Bourbon blood! The Family Compact survived the Revolution; and though nominally renounced in 1814, has never been abandoned by French Statesmen. It was but nine years ago (to come down no later), that the first blow was struck at Espartero's Regency, when M. de Salvandy, as Family Ambassador at Madrid, refused to hold himself accredited to that Minister. Even now, the Revolution of last February and the recent declaration of M. Bastide will scarcely warrant our listening with unconcern, to Mr. Hallam while he gravely recapitulates the charges against the Peace of Utrecht. 'In distant ages, and after fresh combinations of the European

* Alison's Life of Marlborough, 480.

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'commonwealth should have seemed almost to efface the recol-
'lections of Louis XIV. and the War of the Succession; the
'Bourbons on the French Throne might still claim a sort of pri-
'mogenitary right to protect the dignity of the junior branch,
'by interference with the affairs of Spain; and a late posterity
'of those who witnessed the Peace of Utrecht might be en-
'tangled by its improvident concessions.'*

M. Mignet winds up the historical introduction to these negotiations, with an exposition of the geographically dependent character of Spain, and of the benefits she has derived from her connexion with France. The first point is argued with a disregard for national rights, which, from the pen of an official writer, contrasts remarkably with the Polish paragraph in the annual addresses of the late Chambers; and on this, it may be enough to say, that the severest blow ever dealt to the independence of the Peninsula was the aid which Louis afforded to Portugal, thereby forcing Spain on the Pyrenees. For the second point, when M. Mignet looks to his own great and famous country, with its organised society, its unrivalled army, the elastic spirit of its statesmen, and the majestic unity, in spite of every convulsion, impressed on all its splendid civilisation, we can scarcely think he will seriously challenge a comparison between what France has developed for herself, and what she has crippled and thwarted in Spain. The dependent helplessness of Philip V. has clung, like a curse, to the dominions which his posterity have ruled. It has been equally fatal to their Monarchy of the last century,—to their Revolution of yesterday,—to their Constitutional Government of to-day. Not only has the spirit of the Family Compact infatuated and compelled Spain to be the handmaid of every French aggression, and to bear a heavy share of the losses incurred in every war with England; but it has worked yet more fatally in reducing Spain to a condition of diplomatic tutelage, in which the destinies of the nation are not entrusted to its own energies, but made dependant on the struggles of rival ambassadors for influence. To the imbecility of the Austrian, the Bourbon Princes superadded the corruptions of French despotism; but they imported no admixture of its high spirit, its national pride, or of its vigorous centralisation. Hear M. de Marliani, himself a Spanish Diplomatist, and an official of the House which M. Mignet delights to glorify. "'Partout ailleurs, la mauvaise or-
'ganisation sociale a vécu à côté d'un gouvernement mauvais
'aussi, mais agissant régulièrement dans le cercle de principes
'organiques d'administration, tels que la civilisation des temps

* Const. Hist. iii. 293.

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'les comprenait. En Espagne, au contraire, à aucune époque 'et sous aucune forme, il n'a existé de gouvernement, autre que 'l'arbitraire et ses erreurs. L'administration publique n'a ja- 'mais eu d'autre règle que le caprice de ceux qui commandaient. 'Ce mal invétéré n'a subi aucune modification; et il atteint 'l'époque actuelle avec l'autorité que donne la force des tra- 'ditions.'* Nor did the national character gain in gentleness what it lost in independence. While French manners, and art, and literature were eating at the very roots of Spanish nationality, in the single reign of Philip V., the victims of the Inquisition were no fewer than 9992, of whom 1032 were burnt alive.†

With the outlying portions of the Empire it has fared yet worse. Humboldt gives us a memorial from the Bishop and Chapter of Mechoacan, presented to the Spanish Court in 1799, which singularly illustrates the misgovernment of Mexico.‡ The Viceregal Administration was mainly bent on separating the various races of inhabitants; as if it sought actually to train them for such ferocious feuds and outbreaks as disgraced Peru at the end of the 18th century. With Naples and Sicily, which, though not ceded by the Treaty of Utrecht, have been governed by Bourbon Princes for a hundred years, it is the same. 'The Government here 'is only an additional cause of disorder,' writes the President Du Paty in 1785. Count Orloff, a warm admirer of the Bourbons, dwells at length on the accumulation of all those abuses which a moderately wise Administration has in its power to remove; on the fetters which the concurrent claims of the Crown and of the feudal proprietors imposed on agriculture; on the flagrant system of the corvées; on the baneful ingenuity with which the tithe system reached even to the instruments of labour.§ It is curious that the only benefits which the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies received from its French Government, were derived from its revolutionary rulers, and infringed by the House of Bourbon. The Governments of Joseph and Murat did much towards organising the administration, reforming the law procedure, and abolishing feudal rights. The only alteration introduced by the restored Bourbons formally authorised a secret trial on a Secretary of State's warrant.‖ M. Mignet was writing in 1835; and it would be unfair to quote against him more recent in-

* Marliani, Histoire Politique de l'Espagne moderne, i. 8.

† Ibid. i. 116.

‡ Nouvelle Espagne, i. 435.

§ Orloff. Mémoire Politique, &c. sur le Royaume de Naples, iii. 179.

‖ By the new code of 1819. See Lord Brougham's Political Philosophy, i. 617, 618.

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stances of Neapolitan misgovernment: but the testimonies we have already referred to are at least those of not unfavourable witnesses; and we are content to rest on them for a decision of the question which M. Mignet has raised. They will enable us to estimate justly that system of dynastic suzerainship on the part of France, and of subserviency on that of her Allies, the revival of which it has hitherto been the scarcely concealed aim of M. Mignet's book to advocate.

It is difficult for men of other countries to speak calmly of that system. To our mind it possesses fewer redeeming features than any other policy that, like it, has sacrificed individuals, and trampled on nationalities. The civilisation, for example, which the heroic genius of Alexander suddenly created, or that which was steadily advanced by the majestic line of Roman Consuls and Dictators, pleads irresistibly in defence of its promoters. For posterity feels nothing of the throes and struggles which usher every new form of society into being. We are accustomed again to relent, in judging the Mahomedans of the 7th century, the Crusaders at the close of the 11th, or the Revolutionary armies of France at that of the 18th, when we remember the absorbing fanaticism, the high faith in their mission, with which all of them in their turn triumphed over the powers and dominions of the ordinary world. But there are no such compensating points in the remorseless policy which built up the magnificent fabric of the Bourbon Monarchy. That policy derives its sole interest from its consistent unity of scheme, and from the spell which bows our imagination before any display of an unflinching, individual will. In these, indeed, no period is richer than that which we have been examining; nor shall we find them any where more completely illustrated than in the great King whom we have followed nearly to his grave. However History may have qualified the profuse adulation of his contemporaries, enough remains, after every deduction, to secure him a position among the ablest Rulers of his country,—by the side of Henry IV., of Richelieu, of Napoleon. And whatever political or social changes France is destined to undergo, we do not anticipate that she will ever cease to look back with respectful admiration upon Louis XIV. as alone representing and embodying a very brilliant epoch of her development,—an epoch, however, which has passed utterly away, and which, fortunately for mankind, it is for ever impossible to recall.

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ART. V. — 1. *The Case of Mr. Shore.* London: 1848.

2. *Apostacy. A Sermon in reference to a late Event at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.* By the Rev. W. J. E. BENNETT. London: 1847.

3. *A Reply to 'A Statement of Facts' made by Mr. Alexander Chirol, B.A., in reference to a late Event.* By the Rev. J. E. BENNETT. London: 1847.

HENRY VIII., who spared neither man in his anger nor woman in his lust, had not intended to spare that child of the Church of Rome—the Canon Law. He silenced its professors at the universities, forbade the granting of degrees in it, and nominated a commission for its reform. But, *beati possessores!* is a maxim of the law. Its masters of the science of defence have always been excellent in their own behalf. 'Hal, 'thou knowest my old ward!' Westminster Hall wore out Cromwell; and Henry VIII. was baffled by Doctors' Commons. For commissions sometimes came to nothing, even under the Tudors. If ecclesiastical law had been looked into once in a hundred years for that most important of all reforms — the purpose of accommodating it to the intelligence and spirit of the times—it would have been impossible that there should have existed at this day such a case as that of Mr. Shore. And, even in the present state of things, such a law would never have rushed out like a spider from a cobweb upon its prey, in case episcopal authority had always the good fortune to be placed in prudent hands.

Mr. Shore was a clergyman of the Church of England—and, unluckily for him, in the diocese of Exeter. He seceded from the Church: and on his proceeding to officiate as a dissenter, his bishop turned the tables on him, proceeded against him as a deserter, and put him in the Ecclesiastical Court.

Under these circumstances, the Delphic oracle of Doctors' Commons has been consulted; and the following response in the name of the advocate-general, Sir John Dodson, has gone the round of all the newspapers.

'1. I am of opinion that a priest in holy orders of the Church 'of England, although styling himself a seceder from that 'Church, and being, in fact, a voluntary seceder therefrom, may 'be *committed to prison* for contempt of court in preaching as a 'dissenting minister, contrary to the lawful monition of the 'court. 2. It is quite obvious that neither deposition from 'holy orders, degradation, or excommunication, can confer on a 'clergyman a legal right to officiate or preach as a dissenting

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'minister. 3. I think that if the bishop were to degrade and 'depose a clergyman from holy orders, he might be liable to 'the penalties imposed by the statute 41 Geo. 3. c. 63., if he 'attempted to sit in the Commons House of Parliament. 4. I 'am of opinion that excommunication would not entirely release 'a clergyman from his priestly character, so as to give him the 'status of a layman. — Doctors' Commons, Aug. 24, 1848.'

Nobody who has read the parliamentary proceedings in the case of Horne Tooke will question this opinion. The debates upon his eligibility to sit in the House of Commons, and afterwards on the bill to prevent persons in holy orders from sitting there, appear conclusive. (Parl. Hist. vol. xxxv. 1349. 1542.) But, what the law is, is one thing; what it ought to be, is another. On the legal question we willingly accept the authority of Sir W. Scott and of Lord Eldon. (1395. 1414. 1544.) On the political question we infinitely prefer the authority of Fox, Lord Grey, and Lord Holland, as intimated on that occasion.

The reasonable part of the clergy will not thank the Bishop of Exeter for reviving a discussion of this description — under circumstances so much resembling intolerance and oppression. Lord Thurlow objected, we think unreasonably, to the bill for preventing clergymen from sitting in the House of Commons. He called it a bill of disfranchisement. But in his disapprobation of the law of indelibility we cordially agree. Lord Thurlow observed, that — 'if it were the law that the character of a 'clergyman was indelible, it was a little hard because a person 'had been in orders thirty years ago, but had ever since left 'off discharging the functions and enjoying the privileges peculiar 'to priests or persons in orders, to tell him that he should belong 'to no other profession, but should still remain a clergyman; 'although he might from conscientious motives have felt it re-'pugnant to his feelings to continue a clergyman any longer. 'That several persons who had been ordained clergymen in their 'early days, and were in possession of lucrative benefices, had 'at a subsequent period conscientiously laid down those benefices 'and quitted the profession, was a fact which must have come 'within the knowledge of most of their lordships.'

The same indulgence which their diocesans have shown to clergymen falling off into Unitarianism, and latterly to clergymen relapsing into the Church of Rome, why could not the zeal of Dr. Phillpotts extend to Mr. Shore? Mr. Lindsey* was allowed

* Mr. Lindsey having resigned the living of Catterick, in Yorkshire, was the minister of Essex Street Chapel for about fifteen years.

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peaceably to officiate in Essex Street Chapel: and Dr. Armstrong is officiating at present, as a Unitarian, at Bristol. Are Dr. Phillpotts and Mr. Bennett prepared to institute proceedings against Mr. Newman, and the flock of unhappy curates who, after the example of Mr. Newman, have attempted to divest themselves of their Anglican Orders? Or have they a sympathy for the Church of Rome, which they refuse to our Presbyterian ministry or to other forms of Protestant dissent? That the Church of England technically acknowledges the validity of the Orders of the Church of Rome, makes no difference in the present question. Since a Church of England clergyman cannot become a Roman Catholic priest, without treating his Anglican Orders as waste paper or something worse.

We could have been content that the mystery of Holy Orders should have remained a mystery of the closet and the profession. But Dr. Phillpotts has thought it fitting to force it to an issue; and has so chosen his ground as to make it a case of conscience and religious liberty. What endless oppression and hypocrisy, what a sacrifice of the inside of the platter to the outside, is comprised in the maxim — 'once a clergyman always a clergyman,' applied to a thinking age! A passage from Dr. Campbell's 'Lectures on Ecclesiastical History,' may assist us in forming some sort of notion of the kind of reasons upon which these sacramental pretensions were originally founded, and on the con-

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He was succeeded by the Rev. Dr. Disney, who had been the rector of Panton and vicar of Swinderby, in the diocese of Lincoln. The Rev. Theophilus Browne, formerly a tutor of one of the colleges at Cambridge, was afterwards the minister of the Unitarian congregation, first at Warminster and next at Norwich. Another clergyman of the name of Stephen Weaver Brown, was for some time minister of the Unitarian congregation in Monkwell Street, London. The Rev. Thomas Fyshe Palmer, a fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge, was for some time the minister of a small Unitarian congregation at Dundee. In 1793, the law of sedition was cruelly perverted against Mr. Palmer, one of the Scotch 'martyrs' to parliamentary reform. But no intolerant prelate had thought of persecuting him for withdrawing his spiritual allegiance. We have confined ourselves to a single case—that of clergymen converted into Unitarian ministers. The list might undoubtedly be enlarged; but it is long enough to entitle us to ask with what decency can the moral ignominy of perjury and apostacy be sought to be affixed by reasoners like Mr. Bennett, to a conscientious change of opinion—take for instance the history of Blanco White; — or under what colour of justice or discretion a law can be maintained, by which men like these may be sent to prison by bishops like Dr. Phillpotts, on the charge of contempt of court and of the Church of England?

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sequences which their originators supposed them to involve. The decrees of the Council of Trent are among the authorities quoted by Lord Eldon in support of the doctrine, of which Mr. Shore is now about to be made the victim. The Popish pedigree of the doctrine is quite correct. The Church of England took it bodily from the Church of Rome: where it had been debated as a sacrament, and as a point of school divinity — never as a question of Scripture, or public policy or common sense. What passed at the Council of Trent upon the subject, we will sum up in the words of Dr. Campbell.

'In regard to the indelibility, all agreed; insomuch that 'though a bishop, priest, or deacon, turn heretic or schismatic, 'Deist or Atheist, he still retains the *character;* and though 'not a Christian man, he is still a Christian bishop, priest, or 'deacon; nay, though he be degraded from his office, and ex-'communicated, he is, in respect of the *character*, still the same. 'Though he be cut off from the Church, he is still a minister in 'the Church. In such a situation, to perform any of the sacred 'functions would be in him a deadly sin; But these would be 'equally valid as before. Thus he may not be within the pale 'of the Church himself, and yet be in the Church, a minister of 'Jesus Christ. He may openly and solemnly blaspheme God, 'and abjure the faith of Christ. He may apostatize to Judaism, 'Mahomedanism, or Paganism — he still retains the *character.* 'He may even become a priest of Jupiter or a priest of Baal, 'and still continue a priest of Jesus Christ. The *character*, 'say the schoolmen, is not cancelled in the damned, but remains 'with the wicked, to their disgrace and greater confusion. So 'that even in Hell they are the ministers of Jesus Christ, and 'the messengers of the New Covenant. Nor is it cancelled in 'the blessed; but remains in Heaven with them, for their greater 'ornament and glory.'

The English Parliament will surely enter upon the subject in a different spirit, and settle it on other grounds.

ART. VI. — 1. *The Saxons in England; a History of the English Commonwealth until the Norman Conquest.* By J. M. KEMBLE, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1848.

2. *Codex Diplomaticus Ævi Saxonici.* Operâ JOHANNIS M. KEMBLE. 5 vols. Londini, 1839-48.

FIFTY years have elapsed since Gibbon, reposing under the laurels he had won in the fields of Roman history, attempted to revive the interest of his countrymen in the annalists and

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muniments of their forefathers. His appeal to the labours of the Camdens, the Savilles, and the Spelmans, was at the time ineffectual; for it was addressed to an age which regarded history as a vehicle for eloquence, rather than as a science with laws and objects of its own. The author of the appeal had himself indeed in his great work wedded philology to narrative; but his single example could not counteract a prevailing fallacy; and the provinces of the antiquary, the jurist, and the historian were then and long afterwards believed to be distinct. The track, however, which had been opened by Gibbon, was followed up by continental scholars. Wolf discerned that Bentley had contributed nearly as much to historical studies as to philology itself. Heyne perceived that the agrarian laws of Rome had still living relations to political economy; and Niebuhr, combining almost unprecedented resources with practical experience, treated ancient history with the enthusiasm of a scholar, the science of a jurist, and the sense of a contemporary statesman. The example of Gibbon and the German philologers, was at first more readily adopted in France than in our own country. When statesmen like Guizot, or men engaged in administration like Sismondi, sat down to write history, it was scarcely possible they should overlook its deeper and more comprehensive relations, or postpone the matter to the form. In the 'History of 'Civilisation,' and in that of 'the French,' accordingly, are united the functions of the antiquarian, the jurist, and the political economist. The reception of their works, both at home and abroad, was an indication that juster notions of history were becoming prevalent; and that readers would now require something more than skilful groupings and portraitures, or than graceful disquisition and agreeable narrative. The intrinsic virtues of the earlier school of historians were not indeed abrogated, but raised upon a firmer basis and applied to more catholic purposes.

With all the adjuncts of the press, of public libraries, of cathedral and corporate muniments, of government patronage, and of private enterprise or speculation, it must be admitted that, since the close of the 17th century until a comparatively recent period, very little advance had been made in the study of early English annals. One at least of our universities has a professorship of Anglo-Saxon, to say nothing of other chairs more or less connected by the design of their founders with legal or historical archæology. But endowments of this kind are only a security for scholarship when their subjects have a value already, in the university or the world. As soon as the opinion of a society has been sufficiently pronounced, its

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principal places of education must obey the call. Accordingly, the recent enlargement of the educational system at Cambridge by the creation of new Triposes, and by calling the Professors into more active service, is evidence, we hope, of the commencement of a new era. An acquaintance with the legislation of Alfred and Edward I. will probably be esteemed ere long as worthy of academical honours and rewards as a knowledge of the constitutions of Solon and Cleisthenes: and he who can tell the difference between the *Demus* and the *Boulè*, will also be aware of the distinction between an alodial estate, and land held by copy of court roll. But the public ought to understand, that the change, to be effectual, must be carried further. It will not do to widen the bed of the main stream only, leaving its feeders and tributaries, the public schools, in their ancient state: And we expect that the eminent scholars who now preside over those nurseries of the future citizen will be soon induced to subtract at least a few hours in every week from longs and shorts, in favour of the laws, the history, and the literature of the English people.

The sappers and miners are seldom of much account in the bulletins of a campaign; yet their services are not less essential than those of the fighting men. The readers of Dr. Henry and Mr. Sharon Turner are probably diminishing daily in number: their materials were indifferent, their style was worse; but their industry and good intentions cannot be mentioned without praise. The names of Dr. Lingard and Mr. Hallam occupy a much loftier and more permanent position. Their works, indeed, embrace a far wider range than mere archaic history; but even in the latter department their labours have an integral worth, as well on their own account as for what they have stimulated others to undertake. It is, indeed, delightful and encouraging to younger students, to find that the researches which occupied the earlier vigils of these distinguished writers continue to employ them still. Forty years intervene between the first and the third editions of Dr. Lingard's 'Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon 'Church,' or rather between its original and its present form—for the third edition is almost a new work. A similar period has elapsed since the early chapters of Mr. Hallam's 'Middle Ages' were composed. The 'Supplementary Notes,' which he has recently published, are as honourable to the author as they are instructive to the reader; nor are any portions of them more valuable or more gratifying than those in which he acknowledges his obligations to later or more mature inquiries. The spirit displayed in this last work of Mr. Hallam's reminds us of a fine trait in Virgil's character, recorded by Donatus. 'Refert Pe-

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'dianus, benignum, cultoremque omnium bonorum atque erudi-
'torum (Maronem) fuisse, et usque adeo invidiæ expertem, ut
'si quid eruditè dictum inspiceret alterius, non minus gauderet,
'ac si suum fuisset.' It would be superfluous to enlarge upon the merits of those writers whom Mr. Hallam, in his preface to the Supplementary Notes, distinguishes with especial mention as legal or historical antiquaries. Yet it is impossible, treating of Anglo-Saxon learning, not to recall the services of Mr. Thorpe, Mr. Allen and Sir F. Palgrave. At the same time the very names Mr. Hallam has enumerated leave us something to regret. In no country exist more elements for an historical school, equal, if not superior, to those of Germany or France, than in England. In our laws, our customs, our records, and even in our daily phrase and associations, we have the materials; and both in the passing and the rising generation of Teutonic antiquaries and philologers we should also have the men. In the archæological societies which are springing up, even in our second-rate provincial towns, we have the machinery for correspondence and collaboration; yet it cannot be said at present that England possesses an Historical school. We have church-restorers in abundance, and editors more or less competent of old ballads, old plays, and old divines. But an Historical school is something else and something higher than archæological societies, than antiquarian societies, or than special societies, however comprehensive, or however efficient. We will not fling another stone at the defunct Record Commission: we will only express our mortification at a lost opportunity. That commission, in fact, failed as much from the want of historical organisation in the age, as from its own shortcomings or faulty construction. But what government patronage could not effect, private or associated enterprise bids fair to accomplish. 'The English Historical' and 'Ælfric Societies,' among others we might name, are supplying the antiquarian with texts on which he can rely, and with materials and prolegomena, digested and elucidated with exemplary care and diligence. We are advancing, however slowly, in the right direction. The idea of what history should be, what auxiliaries it should enlist, what alliances it should court, is daily becoming clearer and more complete. And it is now our agreeable task to welcome a publication which combines much of the learning of the seventeenth century, with the more critical and scientific spirit of the present time.

We have purposely placed together at the head of this article Mr. Kemble's Collection of the Anglo-Saxon Charters and his history of 'The Saxons in England.' They are too intimately

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connected with each other to be considered apart. The prefaces to the 'Codex Diplomaticus,' and the careful edition of the text of these muniments, would alone raise that work far above the level of a compilation, even if it did not contain so large a proportion of hitherto unpublished materials. To the 'Saxons in 'England,' the 'Codex Diplomaticus' stands nearly in the relation of cause to effect; while the historical volumes, in their turn, are the fruits of scientific philology applied to copious and original resources, and supported by various and pertinent auxiliary knowledge.

It is curious to compare the contents of the 'Codex Diplo-'maticus,' and the authorities cited in the 'Saxons in England,' with the following passage from the fourth book of Milton's History of England:—

'Left only to obscure and blockish chroniclers, whom Malmes-'bury and Huntingdon (for neither they nor we had better 'authors of those times), ambitious to adorn the history, make 'no scruple ofttimes, I doubt, to interline with conjectures and 'outlines of their own: them rather than imitate, I shall choose 'to represent the truth naked—though as lean as a plain journal. 'Yet William of Malmesbury must be acknowledged, both for 'style and judgment, to be by far the best writer of them all: 'but what labour is to be endured, turning over volumes of 'rubbish in the rest, Florence of Worcester, Huntingdon, 'Simeon of Durham, Hoveden, Matthew of Westminster, and 'many others of obscurer note, with all their monachisms, is a 'penance to think. Yet these are our only registers; tran-'scribers one after another for the most part, and sometimes 'worthy enough for the things they register. This travail, 'rather than not know at once what may be known of our 'ancient story, sifted from fables and impertinences, I volun-'tarily undergo; and to save others, if they please, the like 'unpleasing labour: except those who take pleasure to be all 'their lifetime *raking the foundations of old abbeys and cathe-'drals.*'

If history ought to deal with conspicuous men only, and the deeds which made them so, the chronicler of early periods will often echo Milton's complaint: and whether he represent them 'as lean as a plain journal,' or garnished with mythical ornaments and accretions, he will be unable, however willing, 'to sift his story from fables and impertinences.' But if, turning from the individual to the race, he build, not upon the shifting surface of personal character, but on the firm ground of recorded law, surviving custom, and ethnical analogies, even the 'obscure and blockish chroniclers' will be found fraught with

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interest and instruction. By that very 'raking the foundations 'of old abbeys and cathedrals,' which Milton thus deprecated, Mr. Kemble has not only given a solid basis to his own work, but has also supplied all future antiquarians with a series of muniments which afford us authentic glimpses of the actual life of our forefathers.

A reader, accustomed to Anglo-Saxon history as treated by Turner, Lingard, or even Lappenberg, may at first experience some surprise, and perhaps discouragement, at the rare occurrence of personal names and anecdotes in the present volumes of the 'Saxons in England.' In place of kings and stirring incidents, we are introduced to the laws, ethnical or local, which prepared this one of the many homes of the Teutonic race for becoming the theatre of great developments. We are presented with the phænomena of the nation rather than with the accidents of the individual. Mr. Kemble's method is however scientifically correct. For this is the order which nature prescribes to itself in developing the germs of national life; and it is in accordance with the practice of eminent historical philologers. The main disease which affects early history universally, is the conversion of social laws and phænomena into personal symbols. It is this which, in Roman history, for example, has been the source of so much confusion; which has embodied the acts of the Ramnes in the concrete Romulus, and disguised the expansion of the race under a legendary bede-roll of its kings. By reversing the ordinary process, and by analysing, first the elements of the polity, and allowing the symbols of them only their probable value, Niebuhr imparted precision and permanence to what before was indistinct and fluctuating. 'Tollitur persona, res manet,' is a maxim of archæological science, as well as of civil law. By a similar inversion of the common method, the author of the 'Saxons in England' deals with the *physical* characteristics of the land so far as they modified the *social* development of the race; with the social development of the race, so far as it educed *the idea, the law,* and *the institution;* and with these, lastly, as they moulded the individual either in his corporate functions or his personal life. Kings and incidents are but the casual, and sometimes the exceptional results of these deep-seated fontal causes.

We should, however, be doing Mr. Kemble great injustice if we led our readers to suppose that instruction only, and not entertainment, would be found in his pages. We have but slender tolerance for antiquarian discussions which deal with details irrespectively of some central law or connecting principle, and are not enlivened by their relations either to past or present

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life. Mr. Kemble's book is vital and practical; and therefore instructive and picturesque. We are not presented, for the twentieth time, with legends which have occupied nearly every historian of Saxon England, from Echard and Guthrie to Pinnock and Mrs. Markham. But in place of Hengist and Horsa, of Æthelbehrt's conversion, of Edwy and of Edgar, we have an animated picture of our now densely peopled and actively civilised England, in an age when man contested the marsh, the forest, the moorland, with their ancient inhabitants; when he preferred the hill side or the clear spring to 'towered cities,' or, as the pioneer of civilisation in our western Thulè, laid the foundations of the Kingdom, in the narrower circles of the Mark, the Shire, and the Federation. Mr. Kemble has a quick perception of the identity of the substance, under the variations of the form; of the import and application of ethnical analogies in cognate or in dissimilar races; and of the palpable or secret processes which, in successive generations, affect the progress without impairing the permanence of a state. 'Too much 'ignorance,' as he has before observed in an earlier work, 'prevails in England respecting the habits of our Saxon an-'cestors; too many of our most polished scholars have conde-'scended to make themselves the echoes of degenerate Greeks 'and enervated Romans, and to forget the amphibology that 'lurks in the word *Barbarous:* while want of power to compre-'hend the peculiarities of the Saxon mind — without which no 'one will comprehend the peculiarities of the Saxon institutions '— has led others to describe the ancestors of the English 'nation as savages half reclaimed, without law, morals, or reli-'gion.' But the true mission of the Germanic people was to renovate and re-organise the western world. In the heart of the forest, amid the silences of unbroken plains, the Teuton recognised a law and fulfilled duties, of which the sanctity, if not the memory, was nearly extinct among races who deemed and called him a *barbarian.* He felt and he reverenced the ties of family life, chastity in woman, fealty in man to his neighbour and his chief, the obligation of oaths, and the impartial supremacy of the laws.* And it is the portraiture of the Teuton doing his appointed work, in re-infusing life and vigour and the sanctions of a lofty morality into the effete and marrowless institutions of the Roman world, which is drawn in the volumes before us.

It is almost superfluous to observe that Sir Francis Palgrave, in his learned and brilliant essays on the 'Rise and

* Leges, rem surdam, inexorabilem. Liv. ii. 3.

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'Progress of the English Commonwealth,' has preoccupied some of the ground now re-surveyed by Mr. Kemble. We have no wish, nor is it indeed within our province, to draw a parallel between these learned and accomplished scholars. It is the sciolist only who endures no brother near the throne; and who dreads and grudges the fame of a successor. The 'Saxons in 'England' differs materially in its idea, its plan, and its purpose, from the 'English Commonwealth;' but the same libraries will contain both works; and some future historian of Anglo-Saxondom may enter upon the labours of both his predecessors, with equal gratitude for the difficulties they have removed, and the light they have shed upon his path. The annals of a state so fully, and indeed so systematically developed as England, afford ample scope for independent and successive research. It has been said, with nearly equal point and truth, that, in English history, since the revolution of 1688, 'every character is 'a problem; and every reader a friend or an enemy.' The remark may be modified and applied to periods of much earlier date. The materials for archaic history also are abundant; the questions numerous and intricate; and the theories based upon them are, and will long continue to be, eagerly discussed. But discussion tests and disseminates truth; and the most earnest inquirers are ever the readiest to admit new elucidations, or even corrections of their own views, — to welcome the discovery of new resources, and the results of further investigations. We remember, when Niebuhr's doctrines on Roman history were first published, that an American journalist lamented that such an innovator had ever been born, to unsettle the established faith in Romulus and Publicola. We cannot sympathise with this Transatlantic distress. To us it is rather a subject for gratulation, that one age and one nation have produced two such guides and explorers of the past, as Sir Francis Palgrave and Mr. Kemble.

It would be easy, by merely tabular references, to state the points of coincidence between them; but it would speedily exhaust our limits to note their respective divergencies. Both treat of the incunabula of the English nation and commonwealth; and both, therefore, necessarily traverse much ground in common. Both, however, have a genuine stamp of originality, whether they differ or agree. Perhaps we cannot do better than refer to Mr. Hallam's 'Supplemental Notes' for an authentic tribute to the diligence and accuracy of these richly endowed archæologists. From his award few persons will dissent — the award of a writer of almost unexampled candour and of a discernment and erudition as rarely surpassed.

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The following synopsis of Mr. Kemble's chapters may, however, assist the reader who desires to compare the recent publication with its predecessor. The first book of the 'Saxons 'in England' is appropriated to the Saxon and Welsh traditions of the Teutonic invasion and occupation of this island; to the divisions of the land under the several forms of the Mark, the Shire, and the smaller sections of territorial estates — the Eðel, Hid or Alod — and to the distinctions of rank, in its primary sense, of the free and unfree, and in its secondary attribute — the gradations of the free, from the king to the ceorl. A survey of Saxon Heathendom, as the religious bond of the Teutonic race generally, or as the particular creed of its English representatives, completes the first of the two volumes now published. The chapters of the second book group themselves around the introduction of Christianity, and the progressive consolidation and extension of the regal power. The offices of the duke or ealdorman, of the gerefa and the bishop, the functions of the witenagemót, the privileges of the royal court and household, the municipalities, the poor laws, and the church, are examined under their respective heads, and are the principal points of nominal rather than actual contact with Sir Francis Palgrave's History of the English Commonwealth.

Mr. Kemble himself describes his book as 'a series of essays 'on the progressive growth of the English monarchy till the 'time of the Norman Conquest.' In a subject where a multitude of questions are to be answered, and perhaps nearly as many fallacies to be dispersed, the form of essays is preferable to that of continuous narrative. While treating of a somewhat similar period in a nation's annals, Dr. Arnold has seasonably remarked, that 'explanations and discussions must occupy a 'large space in this part of our history; for when the poetical 'stories have been once given, there are no materials left for 'narrative or painting; and general views of the state of a 'people, where our means of information are so scanty, are little 'susceptible of liveliness, and require at every step to be defended 'and developed. The perfect character of history in all its 'freshness and fulness, is incompatible with imperfect knowledge: no man can step boldly or gracefully while he is groping 'his way in the dark.'

The first chapter of the 'Saxons in England' gives a rapid sketch of the Saxon and Welsh traditions of the occupation and conquest of Britain, by immigration or invasion from the coasts of Germany and the shores of the Baltic Sea; and of the miserable condition in which the land was found by these invaders. The exhaustion of vitality in the Roman empire has, perhaps, no

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livelier exponent than the fact that on the withdrawal of the legions, Britannia Romana, — so long the nursery of Roman armies, the prize of Roman capitalists, and the home of more than one Cæsar, — sank at once beneath the invader. Neither Gruter nor Boeckh, nor any collectors of inscriptions, have been able to throw much light on the internal government of Britain as a Roman province. From the Itineraries, from extant remains of colossal masonry, from the names of many of our most flourishing cities, from military earthworks and other impressions on the face of the land, and from tradition general and local, we infer that few provinces of the empire were more completely *Romanised* than this island. Yet all that had been acquired during four centuries of civilisation vanished, not merely before the sharp axes and longs words of the Teutons, but before the undisciplined rabble which, on the retreat of the legions, poured down from the Grampians, and broke through the walls of Antoninus and Severus. In the writings of the later Romans — in Apulcius and Sidonius Apollinaris especially — and in many ecclesiastical records, we are made acquainted with the partial depopulation of the provinces south of the Alps and the Balkan. Provincial capitals, like Pella and Larissa, soon came to be separated by wide tracts of land thrown out of cultivation; and it reveals a fearful internal decay, when Marcus Aurelius, recruiting from every part of his wide dominions, could barely raise 30,000 men to oppose the Marcomannic league. But the decline of the southern provinces was gradual; and was suspended from time to time by the necessary or the politic infusion of new colonies of *adopted* barbarians. Were our information more copious or precise, we might probably trace a similar gradation of decay in Britain. As it is, the historian is involved in inextricable perplexities. The Roman occupation of this island certainly was not merely military. The few *civil* inscriptions we possess speak of Triumvirs, Quatuorvirs, and other municipal or fiscal magistrates. As the personal strength and discipline of the soldier degenerate, more care and labour are bestowed on material fortifications. Yet how or wherefore crumbled away the 'Cyclopean walls' of Chester, Leicester, and many other sturdy encampments, before tribes unprovided with even the rudest artillery? Into what bottomless undiscernible gulf were precipitated the Roman municipia and their institutions? 'The oracles are dumb!' — and we know really more of the Britons whom Cæsar invaded and Agricola subdued, than of the Britons whom Honorius left exposed to the savages of the Grampians and to the adventurers from the Elbe and the Baltic.

The details of a long and doubtful struggle between the

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Saxons and the Britons are unsupported by credible authority. The dates and the events are alike traditional; and it has ever been the melancholy consolation of the vanquished, to record the prowess of their ancestors and the defeats of the victors. Such stories, indeed, belong to the Epical side of history; and the only pretext for repeating them is that assigned by Milton, who — 'bestowed the telling over even of these reputed tales, in 'favour of our English poets and rhetoricians,—who by their art 'would know how to use them judiciously.' Milton himself meditated at one time a British Epopeia; but his intended hero, king Arthur, fell under the heavy hands of Sir Richard Blackmore. There is, however, no reason to suppose that the island was prostrated at one blow, like Prussia by the single battle of Jena. Neither the force of the invaders, the physical circumstances of the land, or the known dispersion of the victors for some generations afterwards, indicate a simultaneous, or even a rapid conquest. Here and there a courageous leader or a favourable position may have really enabled the aborigines to obtain temporary successes over the intruders; and the pressure of calamity have even imparted vigour to the degenerate provincials. At the same time it is probable, that the advance of the Saxons would be much facilitated by the earlier-settled Teuton tribes in Britain. These might at first oppose, but they would ultimately coalesce with kindred invaders against the alien Kymri, and embrace the opportunity of wresting new settlements for themselves. That the eastern coast of Britain, long before the supposed landing of Hengist and Horsa, was resorted to by adventurers from the mainland, had been already suggested by Thierry. A Roman procurator, with the title of *Comes Littoris Saxonici per Britannias*, certainly commanded the sea-board from the site of Portsmouth to Wells in Norfolk. But, as Mr. Kemble remarks, neither analogy nor criticism allow us to interpret *Littus Saxonicum* as the district ravaged by the Saxons, rather than the district occupied by them. Indeed it has never been questioned that the Littus Saxonicum on the mainland, took its name from its Saxon occupants; and with a fair wind the voyage from the mouth of the Elbe to Yarmouth Roads or the North Foreland, might be performed by far less hardy navigators than our Saxon progenitors. But there are other reasons for discrediting the received story of the first arrival of the Saxon on our shores.

'It strikes the inquirer,' remarks Mr. Kemble, 'at once with suspicion, when he finds the tales supposed peculiar to his own race and to this island, shared by the Germanic populations of other lands; and with slight changes of locality, or trifling variations of detail,

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recorded as authentic parts of *their* history. The readiest belief in fortuitous coincidences and resemblances gives way before a number of instances whose agreement defies all the calculation of chances. Thus, when we find Hengist and Horsa approaching the coasts of Kent in three keels, and Ælli effecting a landing in Sussex with the same number, we are reminded of the Gothic tradition which carries a migration of Ostrogoths, Visigoths, and Gepidæ, also in three vessels, to the mouths of the Vistula, — certainly a spot where we do not readily look for that recurrence to a trinal calculation, which so peculiarly characterises the modes of thought of the Kymri. The murder of the British chieftains by Hengist is told *totidem verbis* by Widukind and others, of the old Saxons in Thuringia. Geoffry of Monmouth relates also how Hengist obtained from the Britons as much land as could be enclosed by an ox-hide; then cutting the hide into thongs, enclosed a much larger space than the grantors intended, on which he erected Thong Castle — a tale too familiar to need illustration, and which runs throughout the myths of very many nations. Among the Old Saxons the tradition is in reality the same; though recorded with a slight variety of detail. In their story, a lapfull of earth is purchased at a dear rate from a Thuringian; the companions of the Saxon jeer him for his imprudent bargain; but he sows the purchased earth over a large space of ground, which he claims, and by the aid of his comrades, ultimately wrests from the Thuringians.

The decay which affected Britain in common with other provinces of Rome, the ravages of the Pictish hordes, and the immigration of the Teutons, without exterminating, or even in many districts expelling, the old Keltic inhabitants, were necessarily accompanied by many violent or gradual changes in the tenure of property and the social features of the country. The towns which the first rush of war had spared were deserted, and slowly disappeared; bridges, roads, and the other means of internal communication with which the thoughtful policy of Rome always supplied its provincials, being no longer state-property, fell into ruin or disuse; and the surface of the island was covered with the deserted vestiges of a premature and impotent civilisation. The few districts, which through the valour of their occupants or the strength of their position, remained comparatively unaltered, were now isolated from one another by wide and desolate tracts; over which the forest, moor, and marsh, and their gregarious or solitary tenants resumed their ancient sway. But as soon as the stream of Saxon immigration subsided in its first channels, the midland and eastern districts of England were overspread by a network of communities, each containing in itself the germ of a new political and social life. Even at this early stage the distinction manifested itself between the civilisation of the past and the future. Among the Greek and Roman races, the city with its municipal institutions was always the germ: with the

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Teutonic tribes the formative principles were tenure of land and distinction of rank; and, not until the elements of their civilisation had lost their primal character, did they adopt rather than develope proper municipal institutions. From this difference resulted directly opposite effects. As soon as a municipium enlarged its territory by war or amalgamation, its central power began to oscillate. The instinct of expansion undermined the narrow and exclusive basis on which the municipal polity rested. In Greece, indeed, the readiness with which its migratory people poured itself forth in colonies, averted these immediate effects: while at Rome, war, by absorbing and occupying the superfluous population, and by suspending from time to time the ordinary forms of government, prolonged the existence of the state. But the ultimate result was in both cases alike. For neither could the Grecian republics, from the first, resist the inward pressure of their own factions, — nor afterwards the assault of the feudal and military kingdom of Macedon: nor could republican Rome wield the increasing burden of its dependencies, without submitting to the necessity of a Sulla or a Cæsar. The looser and ampler dimensions of the Teutonic system of government were better fitted to reconcile and employ these conflicting tendencies. Up to a certain period of development they could at once obey their expansive instincts, and retain their central vigour.

The primitive germ or unit of an Anglo-Saxon kingdom then, was the Mark or march (mearc). It was a miniature state: the principle of whose being, as regarded other similar communities, was separation; as regarded itself, was an intimate union of all its individual members. As its name denotes, it is something marked out and defined, by settled boundaries, by peculiar and systematic laws and symbols of distinction. As an essential condition, the mark comprises both arable and pasture land; or, in other words, land which individuals occupy under certain relations to the community, and land which the community itself occupies, without allotment or severance to individuals. We can only present the general features of the system: the details and the evidence must be sought in Mr. Kemble's pages. But, at no period, however remote in the records of our forefathers, do we lose the traces of this organisation. Even the Romans, who regarded the Teutonic tribes as *barbarous*, never represent them in a purely nomadic state; but as deriving their livelihood partly from agriculture, and partly from the breeding of cattle. Had travellers or maps existed at that early period, they would have afforded us a picture of numerous isolated communities, whose contiguous homesteads were surrounded by broad patches

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of corn land and pasture, and whose arable and meadow land were fenced in by dark rings of forest, or by heaths pastured in common by the herds and flocks of the small republic. No 'wandering merchant bending beneath his load,' no adventurous stranger smitten with the desire of roaming from land to land, brought his wares or his tidings to those remote villages. A stranger was an enemy: commerce was unknown: and such precautions were taken against danger or innovation from without, that the laws imposed on every one who crossed the forest the burden of proving the harmlessness of his intentions. But although the outer world was thus excluded, the inner world of each mark was a busy and thriving scene. The cares of agriculture, particularly in an age when implements were rude and drainage imperfectly practised, were constant and onerous. There were neither roads to convey, nor markets to receive, the produce of the mark. The Saxons must, therefore, have been themselves the consumers as well as the raisers of bread corn; and their early documents prove that the labourer and even the serf was as well fed as the Hampshire or Norfolk ploughman of our own days. The wealds of oak and beech, which covered so large a proportion of the land, and the unenclosed meadows which formed at least a moiety of the ager publicus of each mark, supported large herds of oxen, sheep, and especially swine. To each serf and domestic servant were allowed two loaves of bread daily, besides a certain portion of flesh; and the large quantities of ale which are reckoned among the dues payable from land, or as gifts to religious establishments, presume a copious supply of cereales for the purpose of malting. The boundary forest or marsh was appropriated both to the uses of man and to the worship of the gods,—especially to the guardians of the boundary and the land-mark. In the wood and on the moorland dwelt (such was the popular and not unsalutary creed) the monster and the dragon, 'more talked about than seen.' Beneath the dark and silent umbrage, wood spirits bewildered and decoyed the wanderer to his destruction; and the sacred centre of the forest may even have had its *Diana Taurica.*

Two causes are perpetually at work at the root of society, to disturb its movements and to alter its relations. Not only do the passions of man incite him to surpass and supplant his neighbour, but the progress of population also compels him to exertion and adventure. The state of society which we have now briefly sketched could not therefore be of long endurance. Its importance to history consists in its being the archetypal form which developed a series of systematically expanding communities. The process, by which two or more marks combined, and

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the gradual conversion of all the several communities into one commonalty or kingdom, are thus described by Mr. Kemble: —

'The natural tendency, however, of this state of isolation is to give way: population is an ever-active element of social well-being; and when once the surface of a country has become thickly studded with communities settled between the marks, and daily finding the several clearings grow less and less sufficient for their support, the next step is the destruction of the marks themselves, and the union of the settlers in larger bodies and under altered circumstances. Take two villages, placed on such clearings in the bosom of the forest, each having an ill-defined boundary in the wood that separates them, each extending its circuit woodward, as population increases and presses upon the land, and each attempting to drive its mark further into the waste, as the arable gradually encroaches upon this. On the first meeting of the herdsmen, one of three courses appears unavoidable: the communities must enter into a federal union: one must attack and subjugate the other: or the two must coalesce into one on friendly and equal terms. The last-named result is not improbable, if the gods of the one tribe are common to the other: then perhaps the temples only may shift their places a little. But in any case the intervening forest will cease to be mark, because it will now lie in the centre, and not on the borders of the new community. It will be converted into common pasture, to be enjoyed by all on fixed conditions; or it may even be gradually rooted out, ploughed, planted, and rendered subject to the ordinary accidents of arable land: it will become *folcland*, public land, applicable to the general uses of the enlarged state, nay, even divisible into private estates, upon the established principles of public law. And this process will be repeated and continue, until the family becomes a tribe, and the tribe a kingdom; when the intervening boundary lands, cleared, drained, and divided, will have been clothed with golden harvests, or portioned out in meadows and common pastures, appurtenant to villages: and the only marks remaining will be the barren mountain and moor of the frontiers, the deep unforded rivers, and the great ocean that washes the shores of the continent.'

The term Mark had three distinct meanings, connected, however, by their common relation to land. It was the territorial district itself, some of whose features we have described; it was the boundary of such district; and it was the member of a state, in the collective personality of the dwellers within its precincts—the mark-men. These, like the members of every other political body, had rights and privileges, either as respects themselves, or as respects all other outlying communities, whether a rival nation or a rival village. In its two former senses, at least for all practical purposes of local or central government, the mark is now extinct. Mr. Kemble, it will be seen hereafter, thinks it possible that even now, a knowledge of the metes and bounds of these ancient territorial divisions might be recovered. In many places perhaps it might. But the thing itself has passed

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away. The original villages have merged into larger divisions, into counties, into a kingdom,—into 'the great kingdom of 'England, having wood and desolate moorland and mountain 'as its *mark* against Scots, Cambrians, and Britons; and 'the sea itself as a boundary against Frankish and Frisian 'pirates.' But of the third import of the term, there will be some traces in the law of our landed tenures, until the manumission of manors is made compulsory. 'According to the custom 'of the said manor,' is a phrase well-known to copyholders who pay, and to stewards and lords who receive fines and fees. Much light might still be thrown upon this branch of the subject if, as Mr. Kemble suggests, the *very early* customs found in the copies of court-roll in England were collected and published. This, 'if 't were done, 't were well that it were done quickly;' for the custodiers of manorial archives are seldom sufficiently on their guard against damp and worms. And since it has long been the practice to go no further back than three lives in drawing admissions, such a collection could not possibly affect the interests of lords of manors or their stewards; while it would furnish invaluable materials for law and history. There is great variety, we know, in the customs of manors; and there was probably the same diversity in the customs of marks. And as one manor is now wholly independent of any other in its usages, insomuch that the process of admission even to contiguous fields, if holden under different manors, is sometimes wholly unlike, so with the custom of one mark another mark had no concern; and the markmen, within their own limits, were seised of full power and authority to regulate their own affairs, to provide for their own support and their own defence, as seemed most conducive to their own advantage. In an age which sanctioned the right of private warfare, and possessed neither a central capital nor a national church, such independence made each mark an integral state, in which the principal markman —subsequently represented by the manorial lord—was either by inheritance or election the patron and defender of the simple freemen—their envoy to correlative communities when the affairs of one or all required adjustment, and, unless otherwise disqualified, their leader in the field. The *mearcbeorh* appears to denote the hill or mound, where in modern phrase 'the court was holden,' and where at stated periods the free settlers met to do right between man and man. It mattered not whether these communities were small or large. The isolation and independence of each were not affected by the area included. Some marks, indeed, were probably of considerable extent, contained large occupations, and were capable of bringing a respectable force into the field. A hundred heads of

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houses, protected by trackless forests, and in an age nearly void of the means of internal communication, would constitute a body politic, well able to defend its rights and privileges.

The deeper we explore the history of tenure in land, the further we recede from any traces of equalisation of rank or property, and from any grounds for a theory of communism. The political condition of the Teutonic freeman was indeed determined by the amount of his landed property. And herein is one of the many services which the philologer renders, not merely to history but to society in general. He dispels the phantoms which theorists ever and anon conjure up. Rousseau's 'noble savage' and a people of communists, are as extravagant fictions as what 'poets fabling tell' of the spirits of flood and fell, or of the malignant tenants of the mine and the forest —and are much more mischievous. Even philosophers of a graver cast, when they attempt to devise what man may have been, or what he would be in some untried condition of society, instead of ascertaining by research and induction what he has been actually, are not exempt from these mistakes. We would undertake to compile from Plato's Republic, a pamphlet which a communist would applaud; and take perhaps for a plagiarism from his own dogmas. Since, indeed,—except we admit Mr. Sewell's dreams, that 'such things are an allegory,'—we see little reason why, in political matters at least, Plato should be accounted a sage and Fourier a sophist. It is not the least among Mr. Kemble's merits that he is exempt from this spirit of theorising. His positions are a chain of consecutive inductions, from which we may, indeed, dissent; but we cannot deny to their author the praise of having based them on facts, and of having arrived at them by the legitimate processes of logic and practical experience. In the picture he has drawn of these old markmen, and of their wise jealousy regarding rights and duties, we have an example of healthy instincts and applicable principles, worth whole libraries of speculative legislation.

The subject of cognatio or *sibsceaft* is another interesting feature in the history of the Marks. We can merely afford to refer to it and to the very valuable Appendix (A) in the first volume, in which the patronymical names of the marks and the dispersion of their families and eponymi, are considered in detail. There are few more costly works than county histories: and there are perhaps few, as they have been executed hitherto, in general more worthless. The local antiquary, however, possesses in the hints and materials supplied by Mr. Kemble the means of rendering this branch of archæological research as fruitful of results as it has hitherto been, for the most part, barren. For the benefit of persons engaged in such inquiries—and if conducted on a

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right system none would be more useful — we subjoin a striking passage, which, being contained in a note, might possibly be overlooked. It refers, indeed, to the 'Codex Diplomaticus,' but it is connected with the history of the mark: — 'Many 'modern parishes may be perambulated with no other direction 'than the boundaries found in the "Codex Diplomaticus." To 'this very day the little hills, brooks, even meadows and small 'farms, bear the names they bore before the time of Alfred; and 'the mark may be traced with certainty, upon the local informa-'tion of the labourer on the modern estate.'

We are inclined to think that the following suggestion also might be profitably adopted by the committees and contributing members of archæological societies. It is good to have correct notions about church architecture and symbols; but it would surely be desirable to extend the machinery of corporate working, to the elucidation of historical and legal, as well as ecclesiastical antiquities.

'It is more than one could now undertake to do, without such local co-operation as is not to be expected in England as yet; but I am certain that the ancient marks might still be traced. In looking over a good county map we are surprised by seeing the systematic succession of places ending in *-den*, *-holt*, *-wood*, *-hurst*, *-fald*, and other words which invariably denote forests and outlying pastures in the woods. *These are all in the mark*, and within them we may trace with equal certainty, the *-hâms*, *-tûns*, *-wordigs*, and *-stedes*, which imply settled habitations. There are few counties which are not thus distributed into districts, whose limits may be assigned by the observation of these peculiar characteristics. I will lay this down as a rule, that the ancient mark is to be recognised by following the names of places ending in *-den*, which always denoted *cubile ferarum*, or pasture, usually for swine.'

The second and final form of unsevered possession in land is the Gá, or the union of two, three, or more marks in a federal bond, for religious, judicial, and even political purposes. In England the ancient name Gá has been almost universally superseded by that of scír or shire; although in Germany the technical term *gau* or bant has been retained. The natural divisions of the country are for the most part the divisions also of the gá or shire; and the size of the gá consequently depends partly on the accidental limits of hills, waters, or moorlands, and partly on the peculiar circumstances of the marks themselves at the time of their federal union.

We give the following outline of the Gá in the author's own words, both for its own sake and because it displays a curious analogy between the practice of our Teutonic ancestors, and that

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of a people generally dissimilar in their territorial and federal arrangements:—

'As the Mark contained within itself the means of doing right between man and man, *i. e.* its Mark-mót; as it had its principal officer or judge, and beyond a doubt its priest and place of religious observances, so the county, Scír or Gá, had all these on a larger and more imposing scale: and thus it was enabled to do right between Mark and Mark, as well as between man and man, and to decide those differences the arrangement of which transcended the powers of the smaller body. If the elders and leaders of the Mark could settle the mode of conducting the internal affairs of their district, so the elders and leaders of the Gá (the same leading markmen in a corporate capacity) could decide upon the weightier causes that affected the whole community; and thus the Scíregemót, or Shiremoot, was the completion of a system of which the Mearcmót was the foundation. Similarly as the several smaller units had arrangements on a corresponding scale for divine service, so the greater and more important religious celebrations, in which all the Marks took part, could only be performed under the auspices and by the authority of the Gá. Thus alone could due provision be made for sacrifices which would have been too onerous for a small and poor district, and an equalisation of burdens be effected: while the machinery of government and efficient means of protection were secured.

'At these great religious rites, accompanied as they ever were by the solemn Ðing, placitum or court, thrice in the year the markmen assembled unbidden; and here they transacted their ordinary and routine business. On emergencies, however, which did not brook delay, the leaders could issue their peremptory summons to a bidden Ðing: in this were decided the measures necessary for the maintenance and well-being of the community, and the mutual guarantee of life and honour. To the Gá then probably belonged, as an unsevered possession, the lands necessary for the site and maintenance of a temple, the supply of beasts for sacrifice, and the endowment of a priest or priests; perhaps also for the erection of a stockade or fortress, and some shelter for the assembled freedmen in the Ðing. Moreover, if land existed which from any cause had not been included within the limits of the Mark, we may believe that it became the public property of the Gá, *i. e.* of all the Marks in their corporate capacity; this at least may be inferred from the rights exercised at a comparatively later period over waste lands, by the constituted authorities, the duke, count, or king.'

Strike out from this account of an Anglo-Saxon Gá a few technical terms and some local peculiarities,—the accidental and not the essential properties of the institution,—and it might serve for a description of the Latin confederation, which at different periods was the rival, the ally, and the equal or subject member of the Roman commonwealth. The thirty townships of Latium correspond to the original marks; the senate, or curia of burghers,

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who alone, either as occupants in person or as subletters, enjoyed the ager or markland, answer to the markmen. The annual or extraordinary meetings of the delegates of the markmen at the solemn Ding, placitum or court, had also its Latin pendant. For the Latins, at least, in the earlier periods of the League, met beside a fresh spring and in an inviolable wood, — the spring and the wood of Ferentina. They transacted business in the open air, and in the presence of their fellow-townsmen, who were not, indeed, competent to speak or to vote in the federal assembly, but who, as members of particular curiæ, observed and scrutinised the sentiments and the suffrages of their delegates. Subsequently, a temple, erected by the league, served as a council chamber. It was dedicated to Jupiter or Diana; to the one as the guardian of oaths and federations, to the other as the guardian of marks or boundaries. The temple and its *temenos* — its shireland — was the public property of all the townships; and the terrors of the law, or of a convenient superstition, guarded the shrine and its enclosure from profane encroachment. The curia of each township sufficed for its own municipal government, unless perhaps in cases of migration from one section of the league to another, with its ever-appendant questions of intermarriage and reciprocal trade. But the disputes of two or more townships were discussed at the ordinary or special meetings of the league, which also regulated such wider and more complicated questions as might arise with foreign states, the cognate communities of the Volscians and Rome.

The interest attached to the subject of the Gá and its phænomena is much increased by the circumstance that 'some of 'the modern shire-divisions of England have in all probability 'remained unchanged from the earliest times.' The general proportions of the Gá to the shire have, however, been much obscured by the policy or pedantry of the Norman chroniclers; who refer to our shires by the names they still bear, and superciliously pass over, what they might have told us, the names of the ancient divisions. Our limits are so far from allowing us to follow Mr. Kemble in his minute dissection of this subject, that they restrict us to a strong recommendation of his chapters on the Eðel, Híd, or Alod; which, resting principally on numerical calculations, are less capable of a brief and partial survey.

We have seen a regular principle of evolution pervading the system of landed-tenure among the Anglo-Saxons. The Mark is incorporated in the Gá, without altogether foregoing its proper attributes; the Gá expands into the Kingdom without surrendering all its original functions. A similar principle operated upon the distinctions of rank — the second element of a Teutonic

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state. The freeman was the stem from which sprang immediately the noble, and ultimately the king. The noble was one with the freeman in respect of the rights, privileges, and duties of the latter; but he was more than the freeman, in respect of his ampler rights and privileges, and his more honourable duties. Both noble and freeman were landowners; since tenure of land was the condition of full freedom; but the estate of the noble was probably larger, his mark-rights more extensive, and his exemptions from predial services more numerous. Both noble and freeman were members of the Ðing, or general meeting: but the noble directed, and finally executed the resolutions of that deliberative body. The simple freeman could vote at elections: the noble might be elected priest, judge, or king; and because his life was valuable to the state, as well as to the family, his wergyld was higher than that of the ceorl. Lastly, and as a consequence of his ampler privileges and peculiar functions, the noble had a generic appellation — Ėorl, Æðele, or Ríce: and if to his birth-rank were added official dignity, he was entitled Ealdorman (*princeps*), Wita, Wuota (*consiliarius*), or Optimas (*senior* or *melior*).

The following extract is a portion of Mr. Kemble's description of the freeman, the basis of all the superior social gradations.

'His rights are these. He has lands within the limits of the community, the eðel or hereditary estate (κλῆρος, hæredium, hýde) by virtue of which he is a portion of the community, bound to various duties, and graced with its various privileges. For although his rights are personal, inherent in himself, and he may carry them with him into the wilderness if he pleases, still *where* he shall be permitted to execute (exercise?) them depends upon his possession of land in the various localities. In them he is entitled to vote with his fellows upon all matters concerning the general interests of the community; the election of a judge, general, or king; the maintenance of peace or war with a neighbouring community; the abrogation of old or the introduction of new laws; the admission of conterminous freemen to a participation of rights and privileges in the district. He is not only entitled, but bound to share in the celebration of the public rites of religion, to assist at the public council or Ðing, where he is to pronounce the customary law by ancient right, and so assist in judging between man and man; lastly, to take part, as a soldier, in such measures of offence and defence as have been determined on by the community. He is at liberty to make his own alliances, to unite with other freemen in the formation of gilds or associations for religious or political purposes. He can even attach himself, if he will, to a lord or patron, and thus withdraw himself from the duties and the privileges of freedom. He and his family may depart, whither he will, and no man may follow or prevent him; but he must go by open day and publicly (probably not without befitting ceremonies

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and a symbolical resignation of his old seats), that all may have their claims upon him settled ere he departs.

'The freeman is born to arms, schildbürtig: he wears them on all occasions, public and private; he is entitled to use them for the defence of his life and honour; for he possesses the right of private warfare; and either alone or with the aid of his friends, may fight, if it seems good to him. If he be strong enough, or ill-disposed enough, to prefer a violent to a peaceful settlement of his claims, he may attack, imprison, and even slay his adversary — but then he must bear the feud of his relations.

'Beside the arms he wears, the sign and ornament of his freedom is the long hair which he suffers to float upon his shoulders, or winds about his head.

'His proper measure and value, by which his social position is ascertained and defended, is the wergyld, or *price of a man*. His life, his limbs, the injuries which may be done to himself, his dependants, and his property, are all duly assessed; and though not rated so highly as the noble, yet he stands above the stranger, the serf, or the freedman. In like manner his land, though not entirely exempt from charges and payments for public purposes, is far less burdened than the land of the unfree. Moreover, he possesses rights in the commons, woods, and waters, which the unfree were assuredly not permitted to exercise.

'The great and essential distinction, however, which he never entirely loses under any circumstances, is that he aids in governing himself — that is, in making, applying, and executing the laws by which the free and the unfree are alike governed: that he yields, in short, a voluntary obedience to the law, for the sake of living under a law, in an orderly and peaceful community.'

From our conceptions of the Anglo-Saxon king and noble it is essential to exclude most of the associations and phraseology derived from Norman feudalism. Not only had they little in common; — but the Anglo-Saxon king and earl held their dignity as well as their land, in the character of freemen, or representatives of freemen, without reference to, or derivation from, a lord paramount. The later maxims of feudalism have been a stumbling-block to some of our most distinguished archæologists in their researches into Anglo-Saxon history. The earlier system, indeed, gradually converged into its opposite; but the change was wrought, not through the territorial noble, but through the noble by service.

The age of Charles I. was remarkable for the zeal with which antiquity was explored, and legal or political precedents scrutinised. The interests and the passions of the time gave zest to the inquiry — whether a constitutional monarchy or right divine were to be upheld as the doctrine of our Teutonic progenitors? But in truth the idea of royalty entertained by Anglo-

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Saxon legislators corresponded with neither the Cavalier nor the Puritan theory; and the modern practice of shifting the responsibility of the monarch upon his ministers would hardly have found favour in their eyes. The limited and ceremonial king, who was actually neither priest, judge, nor soldier, they would have regarded as a roi fainéant;—a king, after the pattern of the Basilicon Doron, they would have deemed no better than a Greek *tyrannus*. The possible virtues of the man could not, in their estimation, have atoned for the vicious principle of his title and pretensions. Yet, whatever may have been the practice of particular tribes, kingship, in a certain sense and even with something of a *jure divino* import, seems rooted in the German mind and institutions. The office arose partly out of the nature of a Saxon community, and partly out of the military and migratory habits of the earliest Teutons. Each mark or gá, being in itself a state, was at times involved in war with its neighbours; while it was constantly occupied at home with the public offences or the private suits of its members. Each had also its several or its federal temple, for its peculiar or its national forms of worship. The soldier, the judge, and the priest were, therefore, as essential to its political existence, as the forest or moorland of the border to its territorial completeness. What convenience dictated, religious faith and civil tradition confirmed. The early colonists had been led by supposed descendants of the divine Opinn. They were his children, and knew his will: they were informed by his spirit, and protected by his power. Hence, in every community was implanted a Sacerdotal germ, and—since the priestly and judicial offices were at first combined—the germ also of the civil functions of kingship. The warrior stands in a different relation to the community. 'Peace is the natural or normal 'state, that for which war itself exists; and the institutions 'proper to war are the exception, not the rule.' But in a period of imperfect settlement, when the neighbouring mark might be hostile—and the Keltic perioeci or borderers, were always objects of suspicion and precaution—the exceptional state would differ but little from the natural, and the warrior be no less indispensable to society than the priest or the judge. Mr. Kemble has stated many more preliminary causes and conditions of kingship in a Teutonic community. For these we must refer to his text; while we pass on to the distinctive attributes of an Anglo-Saxon king.

In the late Mr. Allen's 'Rise and Growth of the Royal Pre-'rogative,' the subject of Anglo-Saxon kingship is handled with unrivalled learning and acuteness. But he has not exhausted the question; because, at the time he wrote, some of the docu-

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ments, which Mr. Kemble has since procured, were not accessible. Most readers of English history may have yet to learn that royalty was much more widely spread than even over the eight kingdoms which once existed together in Saxon England. The 'Codex Diplomaticus' furnishes many names of kings unmentioned by the general historians, but who were reigning at the same time with the eight, seven, or six predominant kings. The functions of these inferior kings were, however, rather sacerdotal and judicial than, strictly speaking, regal — they were, in fact, judges of a small circuit. Of all the constituents of kingship, those which appertain to war are most readily detached from the rest. The power of the sword may be delegated to younger, more adventurous, or more popular claimants; but between the pronouncer of the dooms of man and the interpreter of the will of the gods, there long prevails an intimate, though not an essential connexion. War, too, is migratory, while the temple and tribunal are the visible centres and fixed resorts of the community. The priest-judge, therefore, may easily exist beside a more powerful or enterprising 'brother of the throne,' without either sacrificing his own powers, or encroaching upon those of his superior. When, however, many smaller districts are combined into one, when both the tribunal and the temple or church embrace a wider circumference, and even the ordinary leader in war yields to the superior skill or valour of some fortunate competitor, the merely judicial and sacerdotal king sinks also into a subordinate rank, and becomes a subregulus, or, in Anglo-Saxon phrase, an ealdorman. From this period — the time of the military, judicial, and priestly powers having each become partially depressed — we may date the establishment of kings, at once hereditary and elective, and of the kingdom in its complete Teutonic type, representing the freemen, the nobles, and the *folcriht*, or public law of both estates.

The position of the Anglo-Saxon king in his relations with the nobles and the freemen, was a lofty one; and even to modern conceptions his privileges were extensive. But there were many stringent and salutary checks upon a capricious or systematic abuse of power. The elective principle, though generally in abeyance, was never wholly abandoned. The territorial nobles were not dependent on the king for their lands, their arms, or their rank; they were inspired by the love of freedom, and they retained the habit as well as the right of making and administering the laws. In his mearcmót and his shiremót the freeman possessed the machinery for combination; the pursuits of agriculture invigorated his physical powers, and both the traditions of his ancestors and the example of his neighbours fostered

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in him a passion for independence. Moreover there was one bulwark against arbitrary rule, which both expressed and implied in the people that raised it, an invincible purpose to resist despotic encroachments. The notion of territorial title was never involved in the idea of an Anglo-Saxon king. 'The 'kings were kings of tribes and peoples, but never of the land 'they occupy,—kings of the West-Saxons, the Mercians, or 'the Kentings, but not of Wessex, Mercia, or Kent.'

'So far, indeed,' continues Mr. Kemble, 'is this from being the case, that there is not the slightest difficulty in forming the conception of a king totally without a kingdom:

'"Solo rex verbo, sociis tamen imperitabat,"

is a much more general description than the writer of the line imagined. The Norse traditions are full of similar facts. The king is, in truth, essentially one with the people; from among them he springs; by them and their power he reigns; from them he receives his name: but his land is like theirs, private property: one estate does not owe allegiance to another, as in the feudal system; and least of all is the monstrous fiction admitted, even for a moment, that the king is owner of all the land in a country.'

A full description of the rights of Royalty will be found in the Second Chapter of Mr. Kemble's Second Book. But the following are a few of the rights claimed, the privileges enjoyed, and innovations imperceptibly introduced by the Anglo-Saxon monarchs.

The king possessed the right of calling out the national levies, the *posse comitatûs*, for the purposes of attack or defence. He could recommend the more important causes, at least, to the consideration of the public tribunals, and might take the initiative in public business. Like all other freemen, he was a landed proprietor, and depended for much of his subsistence on the cultivation of his estates. His means as a land-owner were, however, so disproportionate to his station that his principal expenditure was supplied from other sources. In the first place he was entitled to gifts in kind from his people; and in course of time, by an easy process, these freewill offerings were converted into settled payments or taxes. Like the Roman patrician and the feudal baron, the Anglo-Saxon king received also from the freemen customary aids; as, for instance, on his own marriage or that of his children, and on occasion of a progress in his kingdom, or a solemn festival at his court. As conservator of the public peace, he was entitled to a portion of the fines inflicted on criminals: and if the lands of a felon were forfeited, they fell to the king as the representative of the

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whole state. His share of booty taken in war was suitable to his rank; and as the sole protector of the stranger, he was probably entitled to a portion of the stranger's wealth or service. Tolls on land and water-carriage, the settling of the value and the form of the medium of exchange, as well as fiscal regulations generally, were among his original or acquired privileges; and treasure-trove was his, because where there is no owner, the state, of which the king is the representative, claims the accidental advantage. In the second place, he was possessed of rights which, though not directly contributing to his revenues, augmented his power and resources. He might demand the services of the freemen for receiving and conducting heralds, ambassadors, or distinguished strangers from one royal vill to another: forage, provisions, or building-materials for the royal residence were conveyed for him: accommodation was due to him when hunting or fishing, for his hawks, his hounds, and servants. The Duke, the Gerefa, perhaps even the members of the Witena-gemót, were appointed by him: and as the head of the Church, he had considerable influence in the election of bishops, and in the establishment or the abolition of sees. Finally, the king had the right to divest himself of a portion of these attributes; and, by conferring them upon delegates, he might conciliate the reluctant or reward the compliant.

'But the main distinction,' Mr. Kemble observes, 'between the king and the rest of the people, lies in the higher value set upon his life, as compared with theirs. As the wergyld or life-price of the noble exceeds that of the freeman or the slave, so does the life-price of the king exceed that of the noble. Like all the people, he has a money value, but it is a greater one than is enjoyed by any other person in the state. So again his protection (mund) is valued higher than that of any other; and the breach of his peace is more costly to the wrong-doer.'

The right to entertain a comitatus, or body of household retainers, became, in process of time, the source of other and more extensive attributes of royalty,—in the end establishing a new order of nobles, whose origin was in the crown itself. The institution of nobles by service was indeed the principal cause of the decline and downfall of the nobles by birth and property, and therefore of an organic change in the whole system of Anglo-Saxon polity. Had the patricians of the Roman commonwealth agreed, at an early period, to convert their clients into a comitatus, the plebeians would never have made their way to the superior magistracies; and the history of Rome, like that of Veii and Volsinii, might have been read in the annals of some rival and conquering state.

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One problem is at the root of all the revolutions of society, from Gracchine reforms to revolts of Jacquerie, viz.; how to reconcile the established divisions of property with the demands of an increasing population. Under almost any circumstances of social being, men possessed of sufficient food and clothing multiply too rapidly for their increase to be balanced by the average of natural or violent deaths. But nations which, like the Anglo-Saxon invaders of Britain, establish a given number of households upon several estates, will probably so much the sooner experience the difficulty of providing for a surplus population. In modern parlance, hands are thrown out of work; and in communities of this description, where agriculture is confined to a simple routine, and commerce does not exist, war and adventure are the resource of the unemployed. The consequence is, that the community, which cannot cast them off upon the wastes or the frontiers, will be imperilled by a floating population of the young, the hardy, and the necessitous. Manufactures are performed by household labour; emigration has its own heavy charges; the land is already divided; so that, except on the large estates of the nobles, the poor freeman cannot live without forfeiting whatever makes life valuable. Some sort of service he must perform for bread; and the most honourable and congenial is military service,—which, at the same time, is the most likely to require and to recompense him. The hall of the noble and the court of the prince are seldom without incentives and encouragements to dependence and ambition.

'The prince,' we proceed in Mr. Kemble's words, 'enriched by the contributions of his fellow-countrymen, and the presents of neighbouring states or dynasts, as well as master of more land than he requires for his own subsistence, has leisure for ambition and power to reward its instruments. On the land which he does not require for his own cultivation, he can permit the residence of freemen or even serfs, on such conditions as may seem expedient to himself or endurable to them. He may surround himself with armed and noble retainers, attracted by his liberality or his civil and military reputation, whom he feeds at his own table, and houses under his own roof; who may perform even servile duties in his household, and on whose aid he may calculate for purposes of aggression or defence. Nor does it seem probable that a community would at once discover the infinite danger to themselves that lurks in such an institution. Far more frequently must it have seemed matter of congratulation to the cultivator, that its existence spared him the necessity of leaving the plough and harrow to resist sudden incursions or enforce measures of internal police; or that the strong castle, with its band of ever-watchful defenders, existed as a garrison near the disputable boundary of the mark.'

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From the intimate relation between the prince and the gesiŏ or comites there arose certain reciprocal rights and duties:—these sanctioned by custom or adopted from convenience, gradually formed themselves into a code of laws, which ultimately affected the condition and even the social existence of the freemen. In the earlier development of the comitatus, the idea of freedom is supplanted by the more questionable motive of honour, or, to speak more strictly, of rank and station. The comes may become, by gift from his employer, possessed of land, even of very large tracts. But he could not be the possessor of a free hyde, nor consequently bound to service in the general *fyrd*, or to suit in the folcmot. Wealth, honour, and rank were his abundantly, but not freedom. However, in exchange for freedom he escaped from the toilsome duties of the farm, and the irksome routine of the popular court and judicature, to the plenty of the castle, to its stirring adventure, and occasional repose. The markmen might raze him from their roll, and give his land to a worthier holder; but the very erazure would recommend him to a lord who regarded the mark with no favourable eye, and the loss of his portion in the free land would secure his dependence, and perhaps be compensated to him fifty fold. The tokens of his servitude were numerous and palpable. The comes, however endowed or advanced, was a menial; housed within the walls, fed at the table and clothed at the expense of his chief. His life was not his own; it had been bought with a price. He could not contract marriage, nor bequeath his property, nor exchange his master, without special permission. He might not, like the freeman, atone for his offences by a pecuniary mulct; but was liable to degradation, expulsion, and even death itself. These, however, were the casualties of his position, which he might easily avoid, and which the interest, if not the humanity, of his chief would rarely enforce. In return for his sacrifice of freedom, and his liability to disgrace, the comes obtained a maintenance, a life of adventure, and with it the chance of preferment and his prince's favour. He had his portion of the spoil; he was admitted to the festival: for him and his fellows, as partaking the joys and sorrows of their chief, were the triumph and the banquet, the pleasures of the chace and the minstrel's song, the remembrance of danger shared and of fealty gallantly redeemed. As the royal power advanced, the place of the comes advanced also; and while the old noble by birth, as well as the ceorl, sank into a lower rank, the noble by service won for himself lands and horses, arms and jewels, and titular distinctions, ecclesiastical and civil. 'Finally, 'the nobles by birth themselves became absorbed in the ever-

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'widening whirlpool. Day by day the freemen, deprived of 'their old national defences, and wringing with difficulty a pre- 'carious subsistence from incessant labour, sullenly yielded to 'a yoke which they could not shake off; and commended them- 'selves (such was the phrase) to the protection of a lord; till 'a complete change having thus been operated in the opinions 'of men, and consequently in every relation of society, a new 'order of things was consummated, in which the honours and 'security of service became more anxiously desired than a needy 'and unsafe freedom; and the alods being finally surrendered, 'to be taken back as beneficia, under mediate lords, the founda- 'tions of the royal, feudal system were securely laid on every 'side.'

The concluding chapter of the first volume is occupied with a general survey of Anglo-Saxon heathendom. The historian of 'an outworn creed' should be neither a missionary nor a polemic in his feelings. He may admit the creed and the legends of his forefathers to be dark, inconsistent and unsatisfying, when compared with revealed truths and with the more critical and humane spirit of a later era. But he misunderstands his office if he treats them with intolerance or disrespect. He is not an iconoclast, but an artist who, while restoring some dilapidated shrine, can never forget that it was once hallowed and is still beautiful. It is an opposite but equally grave error, to view the symbols and doctrines of an extinct faith through the medium of Pantheism. Earnest they once were, and held by earnest men; or they had never been rooted in the heart of generations, to whom nature was a living presence, and notional abstractions nearly unknown. Mr. Kemble has avoided both these mistakes, in his synoptical view of the Anglo-Saxon Pantheon. Although obliged by his limits both to condense and omit, he has illustrated the subject from many sources hitherto unexplored or unemployed; and has treated it throughout with an imaginative and philosophical vigour, which renders this chapter perhaps the most original and interesting in the volume. We have already noticed the firm tread and wide excursions of Mr. Kemble in the provinces of the jurist and the political economist. In the present chapter he has breathed into the dry bones of antiquarian research so true a spirit of poetry and eloquence, that he presents us with the theology, the ceremonies, and the superstitions of our ancestors, invested with much of their simple and earnest faith, as well as their robust, and, at times, sublime thoughtfulness. The prudence or contempt of the first Saxon Christians, indeed, has left but a sparing notice of the state of things which Augustine and his brother mission-

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aries superseded. The early period at which Christianity prevailed in England, adds to the difficulties which beset the subject. The fall of heathendom and the commencement of history in this island, were contemporaneous; and the missionaries or the monks who could have recorded the errors they overthrew, sought rather to destroy the remembrance of a belief and ritual, which in their eyes were impious; but which yet might have retained too strong a hold on their half-converted neophytes. The materials still available for a history of Saxon heathendom are, therefore, chiefly indirect, casual, and widely scattered. Incidental notices in the annals of the Teutonic races generally, minute and isolated facts preserved not always in writing, but orally or symbolically, in popular superstitions and local customs, in legends, in provincial adages, and even nursery tales, are among the best sources of information now remaining to us. The pœnitentials of the Church and the acts of the witena-gemóts are full of prohibitions against the open or the secret practice of heathendom; yet neither these, nor Beda, nor the various works to which Beda gave rise, supply the sacred names in which the fanes were consecrated, nor the peculiar attributes of the objects of worship. The historian is, therefore, obliged to resort to other authorities, founded on traditions even more ancient, and which yield more copious, if not more definite, accounts. Mr. Kemble's earlier labours as the editor of Beowulf have been of great service to his later and more voluminous work. He had already broken ground in this obscure and unfrequented region, in a little treatise written in German, and entitled '*Die Stammtafel der Westsachsen.*' Sir Francis Palgrave had before discerned the importance of the genealogies of the Anglo-Saxon kings as materials for the history of Anglo-Saxon mythology. 'These,' Mr. Kemble observes, 'contain 'a multitude of the ancient gods, reduced into family relations, 'and entered in the grades of a pedigree, but still capable of 'identification with the deities of the North and of Germany.'

With his peroration of this most important chapter we close our analysis of the first book of the 'Saxons in England.' The extract is long, but it is a specimen of the author's clear and cogent style, and of the equally philosophical and reverent spirit in which he regards a solemn and imaginative creed.

'I believe in two religions for my forefathers: one that deals with the domestic life, and normal state of peace; that sanctifies the family duties, prescribes the relations of father, wife and child, divides the land, and presides over its boundaries; that tells of gods, the givers of fertility and increase, the protectors of the husbandman and the herdsman; that guards the ritual and preserves the liturgy; that pervades the social state and gives permanence to the natural, original

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political institutions. I call this the sacerdotal faith, and I will admit that to its teachers and professors we may owe the frequent attempt of later periods to give an abstract, philosophic meaning to mythus and tradition, and to make dawning science halt after religion.

'The second creed I will call the heroic; in this I recognise the same gods, transformed into powers of war and victory, crowners of the brave in fight, coercers of the wild might of nature, conquerors of the giants, the fiends, and dragons; founders of royal families, around whom cluster warlike comrades, exulting in the thought that their deities stand in immediate genealogical relation to themselves, and share in the pursuits and occupations which furnish themselves with wealth and dignity and power. Let it be admitted that a complete separation never takes place between these different forms of religion; that a wavering is perceptible from one to the other; that the warrior believes his warrior god will bless the produce of his pastures; that the cultivator rejoices in the heroic legend of Wóden and of Baldr, because the cultivator is himself a warrior when the occasion demands his services: still, in the ultimate development and result of the systems, the original distinction may be traced, and to it some of the conclusions we observe must necessarily be referred; it is thus that spells of healing and fruitfulness survive when the great gods have vanished, and that the earth, the hills, the trees and waters retain a portion of dimmed and bated divinity long after the godlike has sunk into the heroic legend, or been lost for ever.

'We possess no means of showing how the religion of our own progenitors or their brethren of the continent, had been modified, purified, and adapted in the course of centuries to a more advanced state of civilisation, or the altered demands of a higher moral nature; but, at the commencement of the sixth century we do find the pregnant fact, that Christianity met but little resistance among them, and enjoyed an easy triumph, or at the worst a careless acquiescence, even among those whose pagan sympathies could not be totally overcome. Two suppositions, indeed, can alone explain the facile apostacy to or from Christianity, which marked the career of the earliest converts. Either from a conviction of the inefficacy of heathendom had preceeded a general indifference to religious sanctions, which does not appear to answer other conditions of the problem, or the moral demands of the new faith did not seem to the Saxons more onerous than those to which they were accustomed; for it is the amount of self-sacrifice which a religion successfully imposes upon its votaries, which can alone form a measure of its influence. The fact that a god had perished, could sound strangely in the ears of no worshipper of Baldr; the great message of consolation,—that he had perished to save sinful, suffering man,—justified the ways of God, and added an awful meaning to the old mythus. An earnest, thinking pagan, would, I must believe, joyfully accept a version of his own creed, which offered so inestimable a boon, in addition to what he had heretofore possessed. The final destruction of the earth by fire could present no difficulties to those who had heard of Surtr and the Twilight of the Gods, or of Allfather's glorious kingdom, raised on the ruin of the intermediate

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divinities. A state of happiness or punishment in a life to come was no novelty to him who had shuddered at the idea of Nástrond: Loki or Grendel had smoothed the way for Satan. Those who had believed in runes and incantations were satisfied with the efficacy of the mass; a crowd of saints might be invoked in place of a crowd of subordinate divinities; the holy places had lost none of their sanctity; the holy buildings had not been levelled with the ground, but dedicated in another name; the pagan sacrifices had not been totally abolished, but only converted into festal occasions, where the new Christians might eat and drink, and continue to praise God: Hréðe and Eóstre, Wóden, Tiw and Fricge, Ðunor and Sætere retained their places in the calendar of months and days: Erce was still invoked in spells, Wyrd still wove the web of destiny; and while Wóden retained his place at the head of the royal genealogies, the highest offices of the Christian church were offered to compensate the noble class for the loss of their old sacerdotal functions. How should Christianity fail to obtain access where Paganism stepped half way to meet it, and it could hold out so many outward points of union to paganism?'

We have unwillingly passed over many of the sections in the first book of the 'Saxons in England;' and with even more reluctance we pause on the threshold of the second. But if our preceding analysis and its accompanying extracts suffice to show that an important and in many respects an original contribution has been made to the history of our Laws, our Race, and our Commonwealth, we may securely commend the remaining and more interesting portions of these volumes to the reader. The Mark, the Ealdorman, the Faehde and the Wergyld, the Hi'd and the territorial noble, the distinctions of the free and unfree, are now either swept down the gulph of generations, or so modified as to have lost nearly every original feature. But in the commonwealth of England, there yet remain the king, the peer and the house of representatives, the shire and the municipalities, an aristocracy descending to a middle class, and a middle class rising towards an aristocracy:—these are still left intact, after all the mutations of time, and amid the present concussion of races akin to ourselves in blood, in feelings, and in institutions. We have little scruple, therefore, in merely referring the reader to the chapters in the second volume, which treat of the 'Growth of the Kingly Power,' 'The Rights of Royalty,' 'The King's Court and Household,' 'The Gerefa,' 'The Ealdorman or Duke,' and 'The Witena-'gemót.' These questions have been handled also by preceding antiquaries and historians; and to the topics comprehended in them the reader acquainted with the works of Allen, Hallam, and Palgrave, will be less in want of an introduction.

Our conviction of the value of Mr. Kemble's researches is not, however, affected by the pre-occupation of the ground by others.

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His work bears throughout the marks of original investigation, both as regards its materials and the employment of them. He has indeed legitimately availed himself of the aid of his predecessors in Anglo-Saxon history, but he has also drawn largely on manuscript sources. He has had the benefit of Mr. Thorpe's collection of the Anglo-Saxon laws,—one of the few good deeds of the Record Commission—has rescued from neglect nearly a thousand charters, and thus stands upon a vantage-ground in great measure provided and consolidated by himself. The sixteen years which have elapsed since the 'English Commonwealth' was published, have advanced the study of archaic history more than all the labours of the previous half century. We have, in the interim, naturalised Niebuhr, familiarised ourselves with the philological and legal science of Grimm and Savigny, and resumed Anglo-Saxon studies with a zeal and an intelligence never before exemplified in this department. Not only is the language itself made more accessible by Dr. Bosworth's dictionary and Mr. Thorpe's excellent grammar and analecta, but enterprising publishers, like Mr. Bohn, have found it worth their while to print in cheap forms the Anglo-Latin Annalists and the Saxon Chronicle. In the preface to his 'English Commonwealth' Sir F. Palgrave mentions his obligations to Mr. Allen. We remember Sir James Mackintosh observing, at the time, that the combined investigations of two such men would discharge all future writers from the necessity of repeating them. But the bounds of our knowledge, even in history as well as physical science, may be still incalculably advanced; and the publications of Allen, Palgrave, Thorpe, Petrie, and Kemble, are probably the stepping-stones only, and not the final bridge, between the days of our progenitors and our own.

We cannot, however, bid farewell to Mr. Kemble without a few observations, which apply to his historical labours generally. We began our review of 'the Saxons in England' by pointing out the dependence of archaic history on philology, and with the wish and the hope that the example of Gibbon and the German antiquaries might be more sedulously followed. The perusal of what Mr. Kemble has accomplished on this occasion, both gratifies and strengthens the feeling we there expressed. As critics, indeed, we might complain that he has left us so little of our proper functions to exercise. We have vainly attempted to abridge his various essays without marring their contents or their connexion: And we are sensible that every omission imposed on us by our limits removes some necessary link or weakens some appropriate illustration. That Mr. Kemble has so generally subjected his narrative powers to the statement

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or discussion of new or controverted points, shows him more zealous for his subject than for immediate reputation. With half the materials he has here amassed, he might have been a brilliant theorist: he has chosen the straighter and more arduous path of elucidation and induction. Anxious as Montesquieu or De Tocqueville to systematise phænomena and to establish laws of universal application, he is as minute and scrupulously patient in collecting and sifting his authorities, as if he were a herald engaged in making out the title to a peerage. His positions, on the present occasion, will doubtless be many of them controverted. For his book has vitality enough to provoke assaults, before it can hope to assume its rightful station among historical works. But the assailant must provide himself with various and well-tempered weapons for the encounter. The mere antiquary, jurist, or etymologist, will not succeed single-handed. We have nothing to suggest, except for the general reader's sake, that in a future edition some at least of the Anglo-Saxon and Latin citations be translated. They will lose little in Mr. Kemble's version. Also, the narrative would be at times improved if some matters at present incorporated in the text were transferred to the notes or appendices. Where they now stand, the crude authorities or extracts sometimes obstruct the argument or mar the clearness of the statement. With these suggestions our official murmurs cease. In renewing our acknowledgments to the author for his full, lucid, and very learned exposition of Saxondom in England, we need scarcely say, that we shall gladly hail his entrance upon the later periods of his story; — when dramatic interest in persons will accompany his commentary on institutions, and our Teutonic ancestors be represented in their rise, maturity, and decline, by Æthelbert, Alfred, and Edward.

ART. VII.—*Papers relating to the Treaties of Lahore.* Presented to Parliament by her Majesty's Commands, 1847.

WE wish that some more agreeable occasion than an impending war had suggested the following observations on a portion of Indian History possessing considerable interest and value. We take, however, the opportunity as it occurs, and will endeavour to convey some information respecting the brief career of a state which in singularity of origin and constitution is second to none even in the wonderful records of Oriental revolutions.

Like all the other kingdoms of Hindostan with which from

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time to time we have been brought into contact, the Sikh State, considered as one of the substantive powers of India, is of very recent formation. It may perhaps surprise some readers to be told that the forces of the English were never engaged with those of any prince who had possessed for a century the power which he pitted against us. We never met an army of the Mogul. His name and authority were occasionally employed, it is true, for the purpose of imparting some dignity or substance to the pretensions of an enterprising leader; but there was no force really representing the Imperial authority. Our antagonists were either lieutenants of provinces which had been converted in the last or even in the present generation into independent principalities; or military adventurers who were battling their way to greatness through the political chaos around them. To this general character of our adversaries the Sikh state offers no exception. On the contrary, its history illustrates with unusual clearness the singular conditions of Oriental dominion; at the same time that the incidents of its original constitution explain many of the difficulties of our present position and many of the embarrassments which await us hereafter.

Though the Punjab—the country of the 'Five Rivers'—presents, on the map of India, the appearance of a peculiarly compact and well-defined territory, yet it possesses in reality fewer of the characteristics of a consolidated and durable state than even that straggling principality of Malwa, which still represents the territorial acquisitions of Scindiah. The Punjab may be more truly defined as a 'geographical expression' than any country to which that depreciating phrase has been yet applied. A certain recognised district was always comprised between the natural boundaries of the Sutlej and the Indus; but this territory never gave birth to a distinct nationality or constituted a separate kingdom, or an independent state. There was never, in short, during any known period of Indian history, a king, or prince, or people of the Punjab, as distinguished from the rulers and tribes of Delhi or Affghanistan. The province was never known in any integral form except under that denomination of 'Runjeet Singh's dominion,' which it acquired about forty years since; and which its present title still represents. Before this time it served as a channel for that stream of conquest which was perpetually flowing from west to east, and was alternately incorporated, more or less completely, either with the kingdom of Candahar or the kingdom of Delhi.

Even with this unsubstantial locality the Sikhs are not nationally identifiable. They have neither dynastic nor terri-

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torial traditions. They do not exclusively belong to the Punjab, nor does the Punjab exclusively belong to them. There are more of them to be found on the east of the Sutlej than on the west of the Chenab. They have now, however, for more than half a century, maintained a possession and exercised a dominion extraordinary even among the anomalous events of Oriental history; and though the very recent struggles in these parts must have necessarily abated the misconceptions usually prevalent on Indian affairs, and introduced to general notice some of the leading characteristics of the Sikh State, yet we still think it advisable to record so many of the facts as may furnish the best materials for general conclusions.

About the middle of the fifteenth century, there was born in the Punjab a Hindoo of respectable caste named Nanak. He assumed the office of religious teacher, in which capacity he endeavoured to demolish the distinctive and unsocial institutions of Hindooism; and, after breaking down the barriers of caste, to reconcile Hindoos and Mahometans in the acceptance of a common creed, formed of a popular combination of both religions, though leaning more nearly to his own. This task he so far accomplished, that he was enabled to bequeath to a selected successor, together with certain recognised duties, a numerous and faithful class of followers. So steadily was this office of Gooroo, or spiritual teacher, perpetuated, that it gradually communicated a substantial form to the new sect, who soon constituted a distinct, though not influential, element in the population of those parts. The succession to this Theocratic leadership appears to have been irregular; being determined sometimes by bequest, sometimes by nomination, sometimes by descent, and sometimes, as we learn from an Imperial decree of Aurungzebe's, by legalised election. Nanak, like most such teachers, had left certain written precepts behind him, which, with other similar documents, were compiled by the Gooroo fifth in descent from the founder, into the Adi-Granth, — the present religious book of the Sikhs, which, amidst offerings of flowers and jewels, and throngs of martial devotees, lies daily open before the Gooroo on the ground-floor of the great gilded temple of Umritsir.

In its origin, and throughout a considerable period of its progress, the doctrines and disposition of the new community had been essentially peaceable and inoffensive. Its members had sunk their various denominations in the common title of 'Sikhs,' or disciples; under which name they began to muster strongly in the Upper Punjab, though there is no reason to suppose that they were formidable either in numbers or capacity; and many of the wonderful events related of this early period

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of their career may be reasonably attributed to the afterthoughts of prouder times. At the beginning, however, of the seventeenth century, that famous Gooroo above mentioned as the compiler of the Sikh Koran, was thrown into prison by the Mahometan governor of the province—and in this confinement he died. From the general bearing of the traditions on the subject, it seems clear that nothing had occurred in the demeanour or position of the Sikhs themselves to change the pacific relations hitherto subsisting between the sect and the Imperial government; but that the catastrophe alluded to was caused by the private machinations of a rival zealot, who had been offended by the rejection of his own contributions to the canonical volume. Be this, however, as it may, a rupture immediately took place between the Sikhs and their Mahometan rulers; and the former were henceforth subjected to that persecution, which so proverbially effects the reverse of the purpose intended. It is not to be presumed that the Sikhs had at present acquired any of that power or character which they afterwards displayed,—though the seeds of both were doubtless sown at this early period. But the circumstances of the times were against them. The Mogul empire was then in the zenith of that power which for so very short a period was really its own; and although the Rajpoots of Ajmere might already defy the crusading zeal of the Mussulman emperor, yet no such resistance was to be expected from the small and as yet unwarlike community which was silently growing up on the banks of the Ravee. There is no doubt that at this period the doctrines of the Sikhs began to disclose that animosity against other forms of religion by which they were afterwards distinguished. Still it may be inferred, as well from the scanty notice of the facts contained in Mahometan histories, as from that particular decree of Aurungzebe to which we have just referred, that the very weakness of the sect protected them from the violence which they soon after incurred.

Fifth in descent from the murdered priest, and tenth from Nanak, came the celebrated Gooroo Govind; who communicated to his followers the spirit in virtue of which they have since been exalted to antagonism even with British power. Retaining the original tenets of the sect, he practically changed its character, by transforming its distinctive quietism into a traditional spirit of ambition and revenge. To strengthen his ranks, he admitted proselytes of all classes, to a perfect and immediate equality with the tribe of original disciples. To secure the force of unity and consolidation, he added the external characteristics of apparel, to common tenets of faith. The hair and beard of a Sikh were to be unshaven; he was to be dressed in blue, and,

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in some shape or other, was always to carry steel about his person. These precepts of their first military chief are still rigidly observed by the fanatic *Akalis* or *immortals* — a sect professing to maintain in peculiar purity the true doctrines of Govind. When Govind proclaimed that all Sikhs should be equal, his wisdom foresaw that the level should be no abasing one. To denote at once the martial character, and exalt the general pretensions of his disciples, he assumed for himself and his followers the denomination of *Singh* — or lion — which had been previously appropriated by the military class of Hindoos — the high-born tribes of Rajpootana. The results of these changes were not long in disclosing themselves. What is chiefly remarkable is, that in little more than a century such provisions as these, suggested by the necessities of a crisis, should have actually communicated to a religious sect recruited from all races, countries, and creeds, the physical characteristics of a distinct nation. Though few in number, and as we shall presently see, holding their local habitation by no title but that of the most recent conquest, the Sikhs were yet found, upon our first relations with them, to exhibit a common national type, as distinguishable as that of any people of India. Taller than the swart Sepoy of the Deccan, or the sturdy Goorkha of the hills; thinner than the robust recruit of Oude or Allahabad; and darker than his immediate neighbours of Cashmere and Cabul; the Sikh presents an outward figure no less peculiar and cognisable, than that military temper and character which generations of persecution and resistance have contributed to form.

It seems probable that Govind took the initiative in his movements, and that he directed them indiscriminately against all around him. But the Mogul was still too strong, and the Gooroo too weak, — and his first struggle ended only in discomfiture. After a brief career of desperate deeds and hopeless enterprises, Govind fell a victim to private assassination, — leaving his disciples enriched by nothing but his spirit and his example. This inheritance, however, was by no means neglected. After the fall of Govind the Sikhs had settled under a new chief named Bandu; who availed himself of the confusion ensuing upon the death of Aurungzebe to lead his followers to actions more resolute than any they had yet attempted. Bursting suddenly from their last retreat, they crossed the Sutlej, defeated the Imperial troops in a pitched battle, and ravaged the country with the most horrible ferocity up to the very waters of the Jumna. Though checked for a moment, they again returned to the charge, and soon displayed their rebellious standards even at the gates of Delhi. The eldest son and successor of Aurung-

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zebe, who was then reigning as Bahadur Shah, was suddenly summoned from his campaigns in the Deccan and Rajpootana, to oppose the incursions of an obscure community of religionists, who had already mastered the province of Sirhind, and were actually represented as threatening the conquest of Hindostan. The presence of the Emperor, however, now arrested the torrent, and the Sikhs were driven back to their hills; but they again issued from their fastnesses six years later, under the same leader, though with views less of conquest than of revenge. After ravages exceeding in atrocity even those of their previous irruption, they were overpowered by one of the Imperial generals; and in 1716 Bandu, with some hundreds of his followers, was sent in triumph to Delhi, where their offences were expiated by a cruel and ignominious death. The blow was followed up by a most rigorous persecution. The sect of the Sikhs was publicly proscribed, and they were hunted and destroyed like wild beasts of the hills. That they were not exterminated will be evident enough; but such was the merciless character of the proscription, that they appear no more on the stage of Indian history for nearly thirty years.

What is historically important in these details is the change in the political character of the Sikh community. Their first relations with the government of Delhi, as we have seen, were peaceable and unobtrusive; and even when called to order by the lieutenants of Aurungzebe, they were treated more as heretics than as rebels — more as infidels than as enemies. But the precepts of Govind fundamentally altered the constitution of their body. By one of those incidents so common in Eastern history, in which a tumultuous assemblage of fanatics or freebooters is suddenly metamorphosed into a compact community, bent on founding a dynasty and a dominion, the Sikhs were transformed from inoffensive religionists into formidable invaders; and we have seen that a design of conquest was openly avowed on the first occasion of their irruptions. Their pretensions demanded even the presence of the Emperor; and not without good reason, for less terrible hordes than that of Bandu had before now subverted thrones in Hindostan. From this period their proceedings receive a notice not previously accorded to them in the pages of the Mahometan historians. What their numbers were we cannot precisely tell; but they could hardly have been great, — since at this moment, when they are making head against the British arms, and when the persecutions of their early days must have been amply compensated by fifty years of triumphant nationality, the whole Sikh population is probably below half a million of souls. Nor is their local habitation at the time of which we

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are speaking more exactly defined. Their first collision with the Mahometan government drove them from Umritsir and the banks of the Ravee, to the foot of the hills. After crossing the Sutlej on their first foray, they seem never entirely to have quitted the left bank, but to have seated themselves generally on the upper course of that river, — between the mountains and the present British post of Loodianah. They extended their incursions, unchecked, on one or two occasions, to the walls of Lahore, their present capital; but without retaining any permanent possession of the country. The hill rajahs, who were partly Mahometans and partly Rajpoot Hindoos, they managed to keep in submission; and the subjugation of these petty chiefs was a common preliminary to their more important operations. 'Tell your master,' said a lieutenant of the Emperor to a Sikh envoy before a battle, 'that this army is not one of Rajas and 'Ranas, but that of the great Aurungzebe.'

To carry away a general impression of the facts, the reader should bear in mind that, throughout the first half of the last century, the Punjab was an integral part of the Mogul empire; and more immediately indeed and practically subjected to the court of Delhi than either the province of Bengal or the intervening district of Rajpootana, where the martial tribes of Hindoos still asserted a kind of independence. But in the Punjab there was at that time no warlike class or ambitious 'nationality' to gainsay the Imperial will. Lahore and Mooltan had been among the very earliest prizes of the Mahometan conquerors of Hindostan; and it would be difficult to point out among the nominal departments of the Mogul empire, any single one which was and had ever been more completely and uninterruptedly an Imperial possession than the Punjab. It was not even, as now, an outlying or border province: for Affghanistan was to the Moguls what Calcutta is to us; and though their most splendid seats of power were at Agra and Delhi, yet their *point de depart*, at least in earlier days, might rather be placed at Candahar. Cabul and Lahore supplied the Mahometan emperors with places of coronation and sepulchre; and the high road from the latter city to Delhi, is to this day distinguished by a succession of pillars for the convenient measurement of the distance between one royal seat and another. 'The Agra and Lahore of great Mogul,' which Milton supposes Adam to have seen in vision, was the political fact of Milton's time. In the upper part of this province, then, clustering at the foot of the hills, in which they took refuge one day, and from which they sallied the next, there dwelt a small body of religious fanatics; bearing no kind of numerical proportion to the rest of

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the population, but formidable from their unity of purpose and from the military character which their asceticism had recently assumed. Eastward they even stretched beyond the strict limits of the Punjab, though not reaching its extremities towards the West; and perhaps it would be more accurate to say that their habitation lay along the off-shoots of the Himalaya chain, between the Upper Jumna and the Upper Chenab. This cis-Sutlej settlement, however, should not be overlooked; since it figures significantly in subsequent transactions.

More memorable events were now impending over the empire of the Moguls; and it is amidst this tumult of revolutions that we first see the Sikhs rising into rank among the substantive powers of India. They were thought to have been virtually extirpated; but when Nadir Shah (A. D. 1739) crossed the Punjab, on his return from the conquest of Delhi, among the tribes who hovered about the flanks and rear of his heavily laden army, and whose forbearance and aid the sagacious Persian did not disdain to purchase, were certain fugitive Sikhs. The terror, too, of Nadir's name had driven many of the peaceable inhabitants of the Punjab from the plains to the hills — where they found in the exasperated relics of Bandu's following a worse enemy than those from whom they had fled. Strengthened by these acquisitions, and encouraged by that keen perception of opportunities which seems never to have forsaken them, the Sikhs seized the occasion of general dismay to descend again into the plains; and though they did not as yet recover their ancient settlement, they constructed a new stronghold on the Ravee, where their numbers were rapidly recruited by converts either as desperate or as ambitious as themselves.

It was at this period that the several powers of this portion of Asia began to assume that relationship to each other which conduced so signally to our own advances upon the scene. The Mogul empire was virtually at an end; indeed the Persian invasion had been rather the signal than the cause of its dissolution. Irrespectively, however, of its three great lieutenants, who, in Bengal, Oude, and the Deccan, were severally contemplating the establishment of their own independence, and two of whose representatives survive to this day, there were other powers of distinct origin and rapid growth, all of which coveted, and some of which might have possibly seized, the imperial supremacy of India. The kingdom of Cabul, instead of an obedient province, had become a hostile and a threatening state. The long oscillations of fortune between Affghanistan and Persia, after consigning each country alternately to the horrors of barbarous conquest, resulted, on the death of Nadir Shah, in the undis-

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turbed superiority of Ahmed Shah Abdallee — the founder of the shortlived Dooranee empire, and the progenitor of the reigning House of Cabul. Thus, on the right bank of the Indus, there was now a powerful kingdom, the frontiers of which were likely enough to be extended at the expense of the Punjab. A still more formidable cloud was gathering in the South. The Mahrattas, a local tribe of the Malabar coast, comprising among their members all the four ordinary castes of Hindoos, and distinguished mainly by a restless and warlike spirit, which had been fostered by the steady successes of three quarters of a century, were gradually pushing their way into the province of Rajpootana, and drawing nearer and nearer to the Sutlej. At the time of Nadir Shah's invasion, the successor of Aurungzebe was actually paying tribute to the chief of these freebooters; and it seemed possible enough that if Ahmed Shah should not found a third Affghan dynasty at Delhi, the sovereignty of Hindostan might at length revert to Hindoos. There were other minor powers, with no insignificant prospects of dominion, but of whom it is less necessary to speak at present. Practically, it may be said, that at the date of the battle of Plassey the supremacy of India appeared to lie between the Mahrattas and the Abdallee Affghans.

In this way was the Punjab isolated between two powerful antagonists — though it was still nominally governed, as before, by a Mahometan viceroy, keeping court at Lahore. But affairs were soon to be changed. Ahmed Shah crossed the Indus, overran the Punjab, and captured Lahore. And though the viceroy struggled against him for a time, yet, in the year 1751, the province of Lahore, that is to say the Upper Punjab, and that of Mooltan (which was always distinct), were, by Imperial cession, finally severed from the dominions of the Mogul, and united to the new empire of Cabul. The Sikhs were now brought into collision with a more formidable power than one wielded by any of the lieutenants of a decrepid empire. At the commencement of the confusion they had contrived to possess themselves of the Jullundar Dooab, between the Beeas and the Sutlej — the very territory which they ceded the other day to ourselves in ransom of their whole dominion. As Ahmed Shah himself rarely remained long in the Punjab, the Sikh forces, either alone or in temporary alliance with the Mahometans commissioned to recover the Imperial domains, made repeated and successful attacks upon the garrisons left behind. Their strength was augmented at this period by an unusual accession of proselytes: For as one of the rules of the sect prescribed the maintenance of its poorer members by the richer, a vast number of those whom war had

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ruined, resorted to a community which offered so tempting a refuge. On one occasion they succeeded in compelling the Affghan commander to evacuate the capital of the Punjab, and retire to Cabul; and thus, for the first time, they became possessed of the city of Lahore — in virtue of which ephemeral sovereignty they coined rupees, with an inscription expressive of the conquest of the Punjab by the Singhs. Their triumph, however, was of short duration. They had enlisted in their cause the ever-ready hordes of the Mahrattas; and these rapacious and enterprising adventurers were rapidly proceeding to annex the whole province to their own possessions, when Ahmed again crossed the Indus, and, at the great battle of Paniput, decided for the moment the question of the supremacy of India. After dealing this terrible blow to his principal antagonists, he turned upon the turbulent Sikhs, and almost exterminated them by a successful surprise. Nevertheless, their vitality and enterprise still survived in invincible vigour: so that at length, when the Dooranee chief was summoned westward by disorders in his own kingdom, they showed themselves in force enough to reoccupy their ancient strongholds, and to possess themselves of others, until, at Ahmed's death, they became the acknowledged masters of the province of Lahore. Upon this final establishment of their 'nationality,' if such a term may be here employed, we speedily find them discharging the accepted functions of Oriental states — that is to say, tendering their alliance to all parties indiscriminately, to serve the prospects of the moment. In 1776 they appear leagued with the Mahrattas and Rohillas, under the name of the Emperor, for the invasion and partition of Oude, — a project which Mr. Hastings considered serious enough to call for a little counter-plotting. A few years afterwards we find them attacking the Rohillas at the instigation of the Mahrattas; and they are mentioned, in 1785, among the states to which Shah Alum was likely to betake himself, for the purpose of recovering, by a combination of the Imperial pretensions with some more substantial power, the dominion and territories which had passed from his hands.

It is now time to say something concerning the form of government adopted by this singular people: For the consideration of their institutions in this respect, will be found no less explanatory of their present position and relations with ourselves, than what we have recorded of their origin and progress is calculated to throw light on their national disposition and character. We have mentioned that no Gooroo, or spiritual leader, was elected after the death of Govind. This is said to have been in fulfilment of a prophecy which limited the number of Gooroos to ten. A tem-

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poral authority, however, probably not very different from that of the Gooroo, was exercised by Bandu, and, in all likelihood, by others after him; but there are, of course, no means of correctly ascertaining what form of government was observed by the fugitives from the Mogul and Affghan swords. When, however, they finally emerged from their hiding in the hills, and descended in triumph upon the plain, an entirely new constitution was brought into operation. Habituated by their late dispersion to act in separate detachments, and under a variety of leaders, the Sikhs were now clustered in small bodies round several Sirdars, — each of whom declined to acknowledge a superior. Towards the close of the last century, this state of things passed into a kind of military oligarchy, or federative republic. The territories under their control were divided into twelve principal districts, termed *Misuls*, of unequal extent and power; each of which was presided over by its own chief or Sirdar. The general affairs of the commonwealth were debated in a national council; in which the supremacy was successively assigned to the most powerful chiefs of the time. This was the constitution of the country on our first being made acquainted with it. Ample opportunities of observation were afforded to the British officers, when Lake crossed the Hyphasis in pursuit of Holkar, in 1805; and the attention of our most intelligent countrymen was attracted to the habits and institutions of a people at that time new to them. It was found that every Sikh's hand was against his brother. Now that the scourge of external persecution had been stayed, there was no union or common purpose among them. Their villages and towns were all walled and fortified against the every day incidents of civil warfare; and Sikh chiefs were constantly making applications either to the Mahrattas or ourselves for aid against their nearest neighbours. We declined entertaining these proposals; while Holkar lent a willing ear to them, though without avail. The most important fact is, that at this time the Sikhs, though in full and complete possession of the Upper Punjab, were not so powerful but that two hostile armies could enter their country, without giving themselves any serious concern about their reception. Before General Lake withdrew, he exhibited to the astonished Sikhs the wonders of his artillery practice, — a lesson in which they were afterwards to acquire a fatal proficiency.

At this moment, however, there was slowly rising into notice a chief who was destined to play the most conspicuous part in the history of the Sikh state. A small and inconsiderable *Misul* had been under the direction of Churut Singh; who bequeathed it to his son Maha Singh, after having greatly enlarged it by

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intrigue and violence. Maha Singh trod successfully in his father's footsteps; and left a son, RUNJEET SINGH, who speedily outstripped both in the same track. At the time when our armies were in the Punjab, as above referred to, Runjeet, though marked as a rising and ambitious Sirdar, was reckoned to be master of no more than eight thousand horse; and the effectiveness of this force was much damaged by the discontent and turbulence of the half-subdued chiefs out of whose retainers it had been formed. Yet this calculation, though made by a most competent observer, Sir John Malcolm, seems hardly reconcileable with the attitude assumed by Runjeet towards the British government, only a few months later. Having established a more or less definite supremacy over all the Sirdars west of the Sutlej, — that is to say, over all the Upper Punjab, — Runjeet Singh turned his eyes towards those minor Sikh states, which we have mentioned as representing some of the earliest settlements of the sect between the Sutlej and the Jumna. Such an interference with states still conceived to be under British protection, was deemed not a little presumptuous; although as scarcely a twelvemonth had elapsed since Sir George Barlow had proclaimed, at the sacrifice of our own engagements, that the Jumna must be the boundary beyond which the British could not attempt to act, Runjeet might not unfairly assume a protectorate which we had chosen to decline. A different character, however, was now on the Viceregal throne of British India. Lord Minto demurred at once to the pretensions of the Sikh rajah; and after Runjeet had satisfied himself by deliberate and cautious examination of the nature of our force, he prudently withdrew his claims; and concluded a treaty of friendship, which was never very seriously disturbed throughout the remaining thirty years of his life. By simultaneous conventions, these cis-Sutlej Sikh states passed definitely into our protection — under which they have ever since remained. They comprise the districts of Sirhind and Malüa, between the Sutlej and the Jumna, and include upwards of thirty rajahs of various rates of power. The most substantial was the rajah of Patialah, who possessed a revenue of some six lakhs, (60,000*l.*) and a force of three thousand horse and foot. The others muster from a thousand to five hundred horse each, with which they are bound to join a British expedition when called upon; and to give every facility for the passage of troops to what was now our north-western frontier, the Sutlej. These levies were found substantially serviceable to us in the Nepal war; perhaps, a private dread of the encroaching Ghorkas was instrumental in stimulating their zeal on this occasion. Although as purely Sikh in constitution as any rajahship of the Punjab, these protected states have usually

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been well content to receive for our unobtrusive authority in exchange for the mischievous institutions of their brethren. The most memorable instance to the contrary, is that of the Patialah rajah; who, — when the Durbar of Lahore, in 1845, followed the example of Runjeet in selecting the affairs of those states as a pretext for a collision — was found to have been seduced from his allegiance, and, as will be recollected, was hanged for his pains.

From these times down to so recent a date as 1839, the representation of the Sikhs and of the Punjab was centred in the person of Runjeet Singh. It is to be remarked, that our relations with north-western India and central Asia have invariably been influenced by considerations of European policy. Our Indian governments appear to have cherished a kind of traditional repugnance to any native connexions in this direction. Nor was any important intercourse ever established between British India and the Mahometan states on the Indus. The Ameers of Scinde were utterly without influence on the early politics of Hindostan; and although, as we have observed, the Punjab under the Moguls was always an integral part of the kingdom of Delhi; yet, since its severance in the middle of the last century, it had been in no way connected with the new empire which was rising on the Ganges. On two occasions only was this reserve interrupted; on one, from the dread of France, which entailed no serious consequences; on another, from apprehensions of Russia, the results of which, though they led to the expeditions to Affghanistan and the conquest of Scinde, have hardly yet, perhaps, been fully disclosed. The first of these occurred in 1808, when, in order to counteract the presumed designs of Napoleon upon our Indian empire, the famous quadruple embassy was devised — and Mr. Elphinstone, Sir John Malcolm, Mr. Hankey Smith, and Sir Charles Metcalfe, were despatched to the courts respectively of Cabul, Teheran, Hyderabad on the Indus, and Lahore — with instructions to enter into treaties of amity and mutual defence with the several sovereigns. We are not immediately concerned with the issue of the first three of these missions; and the particulars of that more directly under notice have been pretty well anticipated in our previous remarks. What it is desirable, however, to observe, is the character which was thus communicated to the Sikh state by this its impersonation in such a chief as Runjeet. The Punjab was now distinctly recognised as a sovereign and independent state, and on a footing of equality with the older powers of the country; and as it was in the undisputed possession of the Sikhs, they reaped the full credit and advantage of the nationality thus derived. The commanding talents and indomitable energies of Runjeet

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had amalgamated the discordant interests of an inconsiderable federation into a respectable state, — of which, at the same time, he had constituted himself the recognised head and representative. Nor was there anything strange, on a stage like India, in such a self-created and extemporised dynasty. Hyder Ali's title to power had been weaker; those of Scindiah and Holkar in no degree stronger. The characters of Indian history indeed, were commonly supplied by similar creations, until our supremacy ruined the favourite profession of founding kingdoms: — and to this day we, as lords paramount, recognise the claims and guarantee the possessions of more than one representative of a Mahometan trooper. Runjeet, after establishing his sovereignty over the other Sirdars, turned his attention to the outlying districts of the Punjab, and successively brought them under his control. Hitherto, though the Sikhs were undoubtedly the dominant race in those parts, yet the actual boundaries of their dominion were but very indistinctly defined.* The great bulk of the population of the Punjab was still unconnected with them, either by creed or race; and in several provinces, both of the hills and the plains, Mahometan governors retained a kind of independence. All, however, now fell before Runjeet's arms, by a succession of victories, which it is not necessary to enumerate. He had definitely possessed himself of Lahore as early as 1799; and had then lost no time in directing his force against that very fort which is now the scene

* In Rennell's Map and Memoir (1788), the 'Dominions of the 'Seiks' will be found represented as extending far beyond the utmost frontiers ever reached by Runjeet. They reach from Attock to below Bukkur on the Indus, towards the west, and to the Jumna, within a short distance of Delhi, towards the east; including portions of Scinde and of Rajpootana, and the whole province of Mooltan, excepting a small district round the fort. In fact, the larger moiety of these 'dominions' lies east of the Sutlej. But the reader must be very cautious in considering the boundaries laid down in this excellent map as equivalent to the well-ascertained limits which figure in modern charts. Indeed, it would have been impossible, in those days, to delineate exactly the territories of such a state as the Sikh Federation.

The present divisions of the Punjab, and the distribution of its population, are nearly as follows: — Lahore and its immediate dependencies contain about 2,000,000 inhabitants, in which the bulk of the pure Sikhs is included; Jummoo and its dependencies about 1,000,000; Cashmere and its dependencies (now united in the same state with Jummoo), 500,000; Peshawur and its dependencies, 600,000; Deera Ismail Khan, with the districts west of the Indus, 450,000; Mooltan and its dependencies, about 750,000.

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of war—Mooltan. This city, the capital of the province of the same name, forming the southern angle of the Punjab, was then governed by a Mussulman named Moozuffer Khan, who sagaciously propitiated the Sikh chieftain with tribute and professions, — while he reserved to himself the means of resisting any more serious encroachments on his independence. This practice met with no more than its ordinary success; and though the fatal day was postponed for several years by a repetition of the device and on more than one occasion by a resolute defence, yet at last Runjeet appeared before Mooltan determined on a conclusive conquest. This was in 1818. The siege cost him three months of desperate campaigning, notwithstanding the extraordinary excellence to which he had already brought the Sikh artillery; but in the end the fort fell—and Mooltan was finally incorporated in the new kingdom of the Punjab.

Our relations with the new power thus created on our north-western frontier were, as we have said, uninterruptedly amicable. The truth is, that Runjeet affords an example, almost unique in Indian history, of precisely the kind of neighbour which British interests require. To say that his character was devoid of Oriental faithlessness or duplicity, would be to pay it too high a compliment; but it was at least not deficient in that sagacious policy which supplies the want of a higher sentiment prompting to honesty of conduct. He had no peculiar friendship or esteem for us. On the contrary, his darling pretensions had been circumscribed by our interference, at a moment when there was little else that could have checked them. But the Sikh chieftain, unlike the princes of Hindostan, deliberately and by careful observation, had assured himself, first, of our power, and, after a longer interval, of our good faith and forbearance. His earliest notions of our prowess were collected from Holkar, when the Mahratta chief retired before Lake's dragoons into the country of the Sikhs; and they were confirmed by his own personal observation, on the advance of the British army in pursuit. Still he was not yet fully satisfied of our strength; and the retrograde policy of Sir George Barlow was well calculated to unsettle the impressions respecting our character which Clive and Cornwallis had left. Coincidently with that experimental movement against the cis-Sutlej principalities which we have mentioned above, he entered into communication, as has since been ascertained, with the native powers of the Peninsula, to discover whether any league or alliance offered good promise of the restoration of Hindostan to rulers of its own race. But his wary intelligence soon detected the relative weakness of our antagonists, and convinced him that he had nothing to hope, as

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against ourselves, either from Mahometan or Mahratta. His measures were taken accordingly. Queen Elizabeth did not defer to the rising spirit of her Commons, with more opportune sagacity than Runjeet to the attitude of Lord Minto. Though originally bent on pushing his dominion eastward, and warranted in his purpose, as we have seen, by pretexts of unusual plausibility, he yet, at the Governor General's bidding, retired beyond the Sutlej, — retaining but a nominal authority in a few petty states; and from that moment the relations established between us were never disturbed. Uneasy and suspicious at first, and naturally unable to persuade himself that a power which could do so much should abstain from doing more, — he for some time regarded us with anxiety; and this indefinite distrust was reciprocated by the British government, which had been impressed with an undue idea of his latent power. But such mutual misapprehension, though sufficient to retard a perfect cordiality, was no obstacle to a relationship with the Punjab as serviceable as our authorities could desire. How Runjeet Singh might have conducted himself had any serious misfortune befallen us, it is unnecessary to conjecture. It is enough to say that he was superior to that temptation, so irresistible to most Eastern minds, of considering the first reverse of fortune as an instantaneous justification for treachery and assault. In the ruler of the Punjab we always found an ally sufficiently tractable and compliant, and readily available for any of those defensive leagues by which we occasionally sought to protect our north-western frontier. Above all, he was a monarch competent to control, not only himself, but his subjects. He held the fierce spirits of the Sikhs well in hand; and could always be trusted for the tranquillity of his own dominions. Left at leisure to pursue his own conquests across the Indus and in the hills, he returned the compliment by religiously observing the limit of the Sutlej. A long and prosperous reign co-operated with the opportunities derived from our alliance in enabling him to raise his military force, by means of European arms and discipline, to a pitch of excellence never before witnessed among the native powers of India; but this, so far from troubling us, came at length to be thought conducive to our security. By these means were we furnished, on our most exposed frontier, with an ally whose prudence was guarantee for his fidelity; whose firm grasp of power enabled him to debar others from attempts which he had discarded himself; and who secured us in that blessing which we have never before or since enjoyed — a settled boundary and a neighbour who was master of his people.

The consolidation of the Punjab into such a compact and

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definite inheritance as it has lately exhibited, was owing no less to the lengthened reign than to the personal prowess of its first sovereign. For nearly forty years the country of the Five Rivers was identified in the eyes of the British government with the sceptre of Runjeet Singh. So narrow are the limits within which the history of mutual intercourse is thus reduced, that the very state of things which attracts our notice at present succeeded almost immediately upon the death of the monarch with whom our first relations had been commenced. On the 30th of June, 1839, the old 'Lion of Lahore' expired; to the great affliction of his people, and the serious concern of all who looked beyond the moment. A few weeks showed on what sure grounds these apprehensions were based; for no Bedlam of nations broken loose could ever have been precipitated into more desperate freaks of crime and madness than such as now became the order of the day between the Sutlej and the Indus. We will cut these tales as short as possible, but the narrative is so characteristic of the people with whom we have to deal, and of the country which we are still engaged in settling, that it would be unwise to omit some recital of the principal incidents.

At the death of Runjeet Singh there survived the following real or putative claimants to his crown and dignity. The eldest and undoubted descendant of the late monarch was Khurruk Singh, who also had an adult son, named Nonehal Singh. Besides these true representatives of his blood, there were others whose legitimacy appeared less questionable in the eyes of the Sikhs than it may probably do in those of the reader. Shere Singh, though never acknowledged by Runjeet himself, was held to be his son by many people, and was highly popular with the soldiery. Cashmeera Singh and Peshora Singh had been formally adopted, when young, by the capricious old chieftain; and named after the respective expeditions against Cashmere and Peshawur, in which he chanced, at the moment, to be engaged. Over and above this miscellaneous assortment of representatives, there was a reputed son of a woman who had acquired some little renown as a dancing-girl, and such favour with the old Maharajah, that he is alleged, in the last years of his life, to have actually married her. Whether this boy was really descended from either the mother or the father assigned to him by interested reports, is extremely doubtful; but so conspicuous have his claims been rendered by the extinction of others, that at this moment he is Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, under British protection the recognised sovereign of the Punjab; while his mother, better known as *The Ranee*, has only recently

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exchanged the royal palace of Lahore, for the almost equally dignified abode of a state prison.

To these facts must be added, in order to facilitate the comprehension of what is to follow, some specification of persons and parties at Lahore when Runjeet expired. The iron rule of the old monarch had effectually disarmed all the chiefs who might have been his rivals in power; nor was there any competition in the Punjab for any favours but his. There were, however, several families which had risen along with his own, either by connexion or patronage, and his death left them the most important in the kingdom. The family of Runjeet is said to be traceable up to the latter period of the 15th century; but, without entering into the credibility of this genealogy, we may state that, about four generations ago, it split into three lines—one of which produced Runjeet's stock, and the other two the stocks of Majeetia and Scindinwallah respectively. The numerous members of these houses now supplied the most conspicuous personages in the politics of the Punjab, as will be easily discovered by a reference to the signatures appended to the recent treaties. It may be remarked that, since the name of Singh is common to the whole race of Sikhs, and the *prænomina* are not much diversified, the proper name of an individual is usually distinguished by the addition of the family title, as Lena Singh Majeetia, Lena Singh Scindinwallah, Uttur Singh Scindinwallah, and so forth. Next to these great houses comes that of Attareewallah; not connected indeed by kinship with the late royal line, but allied to it by marriage—a daughter of the house having been selected for the wife of Nonehal Singh, by whom, however, she left no issue. To this family belongs Chuttur Singh, the Sirdar now in open insurrection against us in the Hazareh district; and whose son, Shere Singh, so recently deserted from our ranks to those of the enemy, with the troops under his command.

But, besides these, there is another family which, although neither royally connected nor even of Sikh extraction at all, deserves, for several reasons, more consideration than any of those yet mentioned. We must ascend a little in history to tell the story properly, but we are sure that its singularity will be held to warrant the digression. Nearly six hundred years before the Christian era, two Rajpoot brothers are said to have migrated from Ayodhya, or Oude, to the banks of the Sutlej. One of them claims to have founded the ancient principalities of Rajasthan; from the other descended the less dignified dynasty of Jummoo. Omitting the records of seventy-nine intervening generations, we may say that in 1742 the reigning Rajah of

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Jummoo died, leaving three sons. The little principality had grown in strength and repute under the rule of successive chiefs; and its independence was, somewhat contemptuously, recognised even by the Mogul Emperors themselves. The line of Rajahs was perpetuated by the eldest of the three princes above mentioned, but at length, in 1809, it failed. Runjeet had long set his eyes upon this little hill fortress, and had even made some attempts upon it, which, by the usual mixture of bribery and resistance, had been hitherto averted. Now, however, he seized the promising opportunity, and advanced against it in force. The family of the deceased Rajah fled across the Sutlej, and the town of Jummoo passed definitely, like so many other districts, into the hands of the Sikhs. But though the eldest line had failed, yet of the youngest there survived issue three brothers: Gholauboo, Dehanoo, and Suchetoo; who, after various adventures in search of a fortune, took service with Runjeet Singh himself; and, in their several capacities, gradually rose, through his especial favour, to the highest honours of the state. At last, in 1818, they were all created Rajahs together: Rajah Soohet Singh held high command in the cavalry; Rajah Dhyan Singh was all powerful as vizier; and Rajah Gholab Singh regained, on feudal tenure, the old family principality of Jummoo.

This is not, however, the only point of view from which the Jummoo family deserve to be regarded. In addition to their court interest, they were the representatives of a distinct class of the population of the country. The highlanders of the Punjab have little in common with the inhabitants of the plains. Living under the jurisdiction of their own chiefs — either Rajpoot or Mahomedan — they include but few Sikhs; and thus supply an element which, more easily than any other, can be brought into antagonism with the dominant race of the Punjab. Of the people, indeed, — that is to say, of the great bulk of the population of this kingdom, — we hear absolutely nothing at all; they seem prepared to acquiesce in any dominion under which they may fall. But, at the period of which we are speaking, the Sirdars and chiefs were divisible by religion and politics into three classes; the Mahomedans who were the most numerous, but the least influential; the Rajpoots of the highlands, called also 'Dogras,' or hill-men, who compensated for the smallness of their numbers by their great wealth and peculiar sagacity; and the Sikhs, still the ruling caste, but whom long dominion had made improvident and careless. Now, at the death of Runjeet, the circumstances which we have related had vested all the powers of the state in the Dogra party, represented, as we have described, by the three brothers of Jummoo. Gholab Singh was the most

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powerful chief in the kingdom; Dhyan Singh was firmly established in the all-important office of vizier; and Soochet Singh was next to his brother in favour and command. It is unnecessary to state that this ascendency of the Dogra party was vehemently attacked: indeed the clearest idea of the coming catastrophes will be obtained by conceiving that the two factions of the Dogras and the Sikhs were struggling for the possession of power. At the time that these events occurred, Gholab Singh had several sons, but Dhyan Singh, the vizier, only one — who was named Heerat Singh, and who will presently become a very conspicuous personage indeed.

Khurruk Singh succeeded in peace to his father's throne; but signalised his accession by superseding Dhyan Singh, in favour of one of his own courtiers, Cheet Singh. Hereupon Dhyan Singh burst into the palace and poinarded the new minister and other cabinet officers, before the eyes of his sovereign. Khurruk Singh on this adopted the Oriental practice of shutting himself up, — in which seclusion he soon died a death either natural or otherwise. The next step in the succession was no less regular than the first. Nonehal ascended the throne of the Punjab without dispute; but as he was returning through the north gate of Lahore, from his royal father's funeral, a stone dropped, either accidentally or otherwise, from the crown of the arch, and killed both him and the eldest son of Gholab Singh, who was sitting in the same howdah.

Hitherto the crown had descended in the undoubted lineage of Runjeet; and if the succession had been extraordinarily rapid, its course had at least not been quickened by any overt acts of regicide. Now, however, there was a struggle for the vacant throne. Shere Singh was said to have been long destined by the Vizier, and was certainly looked to by the people, as the next representative of the deceased sovereign: But the mother of the late Nonehal Singh was unwilling so soon to part with power; and she found ready allies in the Scindinwallahs, of whom the chief at that time was Uttur Singh. The contest thus developed between the two parties lasted several days: it involved a regular siege of Lahore, and was attended, in its details, with an almost incredible carnage. Victory at length declared for Shere Singh and the Dogra faction. Uttur Singh and Ajeet Singh, two of the leading Scindinwallahs, were driven across the Sutlej into the British territories; and a third, Lena Singh, was captured and imprisoned. Shere Singh now mounted the throne of the Punjab, and, after an interval of simulated reconciliation, caused his late rival, the Queen Mother, to be stoned to death by her own slaves. The Dogras thus recovered the vizierate; and,

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indeed, all the preliminary catastrophes are sometimes imputed to their own intrigues for this purpose. As the new monarch had a son and heir, Pertaub Singh, and as he was himself highly popular and not wanting in talent, there was now some reasonable prospect of a quiet settlement.

But Shere Singh was the slave of the national vice of his countrymen — drunkenness*; and so far was his reason overcome by his excesses, that he slighted the party which had raised him to power, in favour of that which had opposed his elevation. He released Lena Singh, recalled Uttur Singh and Ajeet Singh from banishment, and consigned himself so wholly to their guidance and advice, that the ministry of Dhyan Singh became merely nominal. Distrusting, however, the durability of this anomalous favour, the Scindinwallahs resolved to clear all doubts, by murdering the besotted monarch. But they hesitated at attempting the deed without the privity and concert of Dhyan Singh, who was still powerful enough to have turned the catastrophe to his own benefit, if not admitted to the plot. In pursuance of their scheme, they are said to have obtained from their drunken and insensible master an order for the death of Dhyan Singh under the royal hand and seal, — which they produced to the minister, and with the expected result. Dhyan Sing signed

* No stories ever told of the northern nations can bear comparison with the description of Sikh habits in this particular. The reader will probably recollect that just before the ferocious outbreak of 1845, our minister was unable for days together to obtain an audience, in consequence of the helpless and prolonged intoxication of every individual of the Durbar — queen and all. On one occasion, when he attended with despatches of unusual urgency, he found Jowahir Singh (then vizier) dressed as a dancing-girl, and performing a drunken minuet before the court. On another, he met the whole Durbar going out on a gipsy-party, with a cavalcade of elephants, each of which carried a lady, a gentleman, and a large bottle of spirits. It was the same in old times. When Sir John Malcolm was in the Punjab with General Lake, he perceived that a highly respectable old sirdar, with whom he had been for some time conversing, at a review, seemed low and uneasy. On looking to an attendant for the cause, it was intimated that 'Fatteh Singh wanted his dram, 'but was ashamed to drink before the English sahib.' He was begged to follow his usual custom, which he accordingly did, with instantaneous relief. 'It was rare,' adds Malcolm, 'to see a Sikh soldier 'quite sober after sunset.' Runjeet commenced his calculations of Sir Harry Fane's abilities by asking how much he could drink; and it was said that the 'old lion's' own death was hastened by his breaking through his prescribed limits in this respect in order to appear to advantage before the British officers in 1838.

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a counter-warrant for the death of his sovereign; and preparations were immediately made for the crisis. Shere Singh was enticed from his palace to a review; when he arrived at the spot, Ajeet Sing — who was walking about the garden repeating a Persian distich to the effect, that 'his affairs were disordered, 'and he was no longer able to pay his soldiers,' — turned round and shot him through the heart with an English rifle; meanwhile Lena Singh had cut off the head of the heir apparent Pertaub Singh, whom he found at prayers. Dhyan Singh soon joined the assassins; and displayed some concern at the literal execution of his warrant. As he was muttering something concerning the measures to be next taken, Ajeet Singh, who was behind him, fell back a step or two, and shot him through the shoulders, with the same rifle which had slain his master.

The reader may here remark, that though there was so bloody a contest for the management of affairs, there was no dispute about the order of succession, — that is to say, no scheme of transferring the crown from the recognised or even reputed line of Runjeet to any other. After the assassination of Shere Singh and his son, the succession was immediately held to devolve on the boy Dhuleep Singh — nor did either of the two factions choose to disparage his claims. This child had been always a *protegè* of the Jummoo family; among whose people, in the hills, he had been in fact brought up during the reign of Runjeet; and, indeed, it was strongly suspected that he owed his introduction into the royal family at least as much to Gholab Singh himself, as to his reputed father or mother. Dhyan Singh had died with Dhuleep's name upon his lips. And all that the Scindinwallahs objected to, was the continued monopoly by Dhyan Singh of the high offices he had exclusively enjoyed under former sovereigns. Thus at this crisis both parties acknowledged the same claimant to the throne — but fought among themselves for the exercise of authority under his name.

No sooner had Ajeet Singh dispatched his victims, than he proclaimed the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh by beat of drum through the streets of Lahore — installed the Ranee in her palace, and invested himself with the administration of affairs. Dhyan Singh, however, had left a son named Heera Singh, who was resolved to strike a bold stroke to recover his father's honours and avenge his death. He betook himself accordingly to the house of Monsieur Avitabile, Runjeet's European general; whither he summoned certain of the Sirdars, and made a successful appeal to their feelings. Backed by his uncles Gholab Singh and Soochet Singh, and supported by the powerful aid of Avitabile and Ventura, he advanced to the struggle; and, after

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another most murderous siege, remained master of the city. On this he hastened to pay his homage to the little Dhuleep Singh, whose feet he kissed with all becoming reverence; but the Ranee's house was pillaged; and Ajeet Singh, Lena Singh, Uttur Singh, and every member of the Scindinwallah family who had not fallen in action, was murdered in cold blood.

Considering the respectable abilities of Heera Singh, and the removal of his opponents, it might again have been thought that these bloody Saturnalia would be for a while suspended; and, in fact, the administration was really conducted for a time with somewhat more vigour, though with little less barbarity. But Heera committed the error of Shere Singh, in lending himself to the designs of an unworthy favourite. Under the influence of this person, a Pundit named Julla, he treacherously assassinated his uncle Soochet Singh, to whom he was under great obligations. The natural consequence of this atrocity was the estrangement of his other and more powerful uncle Gholab, and the defection of many of his adherents; so that he at last found his only chance of safety to lie in flight. Of this chance he endeavoured, in company with Pundit Julla, to avail himself; but they were overtaken, and both put to death on the spot. So complete had been the sweep of these exterminating reprisals, that there now remained no representative of Runjeet but Dhuleep Singh; and no leading member of either faction except Gholab Singh of Jummoo. There were many more murders than we have thought it necessary to specify; though it may be right now to add three to the list. Cashmeera Singh, and the surviving son of Gholab Singh, had been both killed by Heera Singh; and Peshora Singh had been killed by Jowaheer Singh — a personage hitherto unnoticed, but who will strut his own brief hour upon the stage immediately.

It must now, however, be observed, that the general recognition of Dhuleep Singh had conspired with the extinction of the old competitors for power, to introduce upon the stage a faction entirely new — that, namely, of the personal favourites of the Ranee. Hitherto the contending parties had been composed of persons of some previous figure in the Sikh state, but the highest offices of government were now conferred upon men of the lowest character and extraction. Jowahir Singh, the Ranee's brother, was the first of these, and Lall Singh, her paramour, was the second. The former had been originally a muleteer, the latter an itinerant pedlar. On the death of Heera Singh, the vacant place of Vizier was immediately filled by Jowahir Singh, who continued for a while to manage, after his own fashion, the affairs of the country; but having affronted

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the army, which, had now become the most influential element of the Sikh constitution, he too was very soon murdered before the eyes of his mistress. It is remarkable, that the fatal charge against him was his instrumentality in procuring the death of Peshora Singh, as above described. Though this prince and his brother had notoriously no blood connexion with Runjeet, yet they were admired and reverenced by 'the Khalsa' * as the images of their ancient chief, — in much the same fashion that another prince has been just exalted by a more civilised nation as the genuine representative of Napoleon. When, however, their deaths had been thus promptly avenged, there was literally no man of note left but the old chief of Jummoo; whose conduct up to this moment and whose position at the present day, render it very desirable that we should convey as clear an account of him as possible — since we are much mistaken if he does not yet play the most conspicuous part in the modern history of the Punjab.

The connexions and descent of Gholab Singh we have already stated, as likewise the death of two of his sons — one of whom was killed on the elephant with Nonehal Singh, and the other murdered by Heera Singh. Virtually independent (since the death of Runjeet) in his own rajaship of Jummoo, he had hitherto kept discreetly aloof from the actual strife of parties; and had contrived to turn to his own aggrandisement all the various changes of fortune. Though the members of the Jummoo family appeared occasionally to be divided against themselves; yet it was surmised that this apparent difference was but a feint to secure, in any event, their own interests, and to arrive with greater certainty at their common object. It was remarked, even during Runjeet's life, that the younger brothers, though standing personally higher in the favours of their sovereign, always deferred to the elder, and willingly sacrificed their peculiar opportunities for the advancement of the House.

* This word, which is of constant recurrence in narratives of Sikh affairs, is rather curious in its signification. It has been described as meaning sometimes 'the State,' and sometimes a 'select body' of troops or other functionaries. But the truth is, that both interpretations are derived from one and the same signification of the word. *Khalsa* literally implies something 'select' or 'chosen;' and in this sense it meant the 'Sikh state,' with reference to its religious origin and constitution. Inasmuch, however, as every Sikh is a born soldier, the title has been not unnaturally monopolised by the troops; and 'the Khalsa' now means the body politic of the Sikhs as represented by the trained battalions of their regular army. The Sikh soldiery, indeed, style themselves 'the Khalsa,' much as the mob of Paris styles itself 'the people,'— and with a great deal more justice.

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The Vizierates of Dhyan Singh and Heera Singh gave the wary old chieftain great facilities for enriching himself; and it is calculated that at least one half of the treasures of Runjeet have from time to time been transferred to Jummoo. At one period, when the murder of Heera Singh had given the Ranee's party a brief ascendency over the Dogra faction, an expedition was actually despatched to Jummoo, for the purpose of recovering some of the appropriated hoards; but Gholab, after loading the envoys with treasure, waylaid them at a short distance from the gates of his fortress, put them to death, and recaptured his spoil. Subsequently, when the walls of Jummoo were actually invested by the Sikh army, he found opportunity to mingle with the troops, and by a judicious use of bribes and compliments, actually superseded the authority of their own commanders, and marched back to Lahore at their head. It was but a few months after these events that he was again summoned to the capital, as we have observed, to conduct affairs at the moment of the rupture with the British; but after coquetting awhile with so serious a charge, he wisely declined it. Enterprising and audacious in his personal character, yet shrewd, calculating, and patient, he more nearly than any of the Sikh Sirdars resembles his patron Runjeet. Of his disposition towards ourselves, it is enough to say that he has always found it to his interest to keep on good terms with us; and the prudent forbearance of the Rajpoot adventurer has been already rewarded with a royal title, and with the independent sovereignty of more than one fourth of the old dominions of the Sikhs.

Now, however, a new power was soon to precipitate the solution of all these politics in its impetuous career. It is for the purpose of exhibiting a picture of Sikh nature when left to its uncontrolled development, that we have recounted this series of crimes; for it is to be remarked, that all these butcheries were enacted without any one of the ordinary provocations to civil war, as soon as the iron pressure of Runjeet's despotism was once removed.

Before turning, however, to the *Sikh army*, we must say a few words respecting the attitude, which the British Government maintained throughout all these atrocities towards the Durbar of Lahore. The uniform smoothness, if not cordiality, of our relations with Runjeet has already been noticed. At our first connexion with this chieftain in 1808, it had been thought advisable to establish a military station among the protected Sikh states on our own side of the river; and Loodianah was accordingly occupied as a British outpost. When, at a later period, some glimmering of future troubles was discernible, Ferozepore

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was similarly occupied, and the reserve of the frontier force was pushed forward from Kurnal to Umballa. But, beyond these precautions, no demonstrations were made, on our part, either of suspicion or ill-will. We were ready to accept and to recognise any representative of Sikh nationality that might be pleasing to the people. Nor could it be said that, up to this period, we had received any intimation of a change of spirit towards ourselves,—though our fortunes in the East were just then exposed to unusual hazards. At the commencement of the Cabul expedition Runjeet Singh gave us all the aid and countenance which we desired—a result perhaps springing, not only from his characteristic policy, but from the jealousy excited in his breast by some recent successes of the Affghans. He died before the conclusion of its first promising stage; but even when reverses came thick upon us, disasters, which would have roused half the courts of Hindostan to insurrection, had no effect upon the hereditary prudence, in this respect, of the Lahore Durbar. Either from the traditions of old Runjeet's policy, or from some better perceptions of the truth, Shere Singh, who was then seated on the bloody and tottering throne of the Punjab, remained firm to the spirit of his alliance; and even volunteered the aid of a Sikh force to our discomfited columns. When, upon the murder of this prince, a clearer glimpse was obtained of the anarchy into which the Sikh state had been plunged, reinforcements were despatched to the stations of Ferozepore and Loodianah; and the eyes of the British Government were turned with some anxiety towards the frantic debaucheries of the Court of Lahore. Still, although the liabilities which we had incurred by our imperfect arrangements at the death of Scindiah, were presently to be discharged on the fields of Maharajpoor and Punniar, the external policy of the Sikh Durbar was not yet openly biassed by these tempting opportunities; and Heera Singh, who at that time was administering the affairs of the Punjab, remained faithful, as regarded ourselves, to the principles of his father, the great vizier. It deserves, indeed, to be remarked, that the British name was constantly kept before the eyes of the soldiery by the imputations which each party in turn cast upon the other of being leagued with ourselves for the destruction of Sikh nationality. This practice, perhaps, eventually produced its fruits. But there seems to have been no political party, even among the murderers and madmen whose detestable deeds we have been chronicling, which ever seriously contemplated a rupture with the British power.

The survivors, however, of the massacres were soon left with-

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out alternative. From the description we have given of Runjeet's reign and character, it will be readily conceived how potent an instrument of mischief he left behind him in his army. Greatly disproportioned to the population or the legitimate requirements of the state, animated by the hereditary doctrines of the sect, inured to action, habituated to conquest, strengthened by the imported discipline of Europe, and confident in such a train of artillery as had never been seen in India, this force was soon found incapable of subordination to any will less resolute than his who had now been removed. It seems not easy to reconcile the numerical strength of this army, which was mainly though not exclusively Sikh, with the census usually given of the pure Sikh population. It is true that the Sikhs, like the Normans of the eleventh century, are soldiers to a man; and that with people so trained the terms adult and combatant are pretty nearly convertible. Still, the estimate of Sir Alexander Burnes — which has passed muster with the best authorities, and which puts the Sikhs, in Runjeet's best times, at less than half a million souls — seems strangely opposed to the undoubted fact, that at least 75,000 fighting men were marched to the Sutlej in 1845. That the arsenals and the camps contained no fewer than five hundred guns of unusual calibre, and that for the service of these pieces there was an immense body of well-trained and devoted gunners, is beyond all question. A principle of union, too, had been introduced by the consolidation of the state under Runjeet; and, whatever intestine anarchy might exist, it was clear that, for external action, the forces of the Sikh nation were now available to an extent which had never been reached under the old federation of the Sirdars. On the temper, therefore, of this army, so constituted and so disposed, the convulsions of the state might be expected to operate with fatal and instantaneous effect. The successive removals of those chiefs and ministers to whom their allegiance and obedience had been paid, and the repeated appeals made to them by parties who were eager to purchase, at any price, such redoubtable supporters, conspired to carry their lawlessness and their pretensions to the highest pitch. They conceived themselves, as indeed they were, the ruling power of the state. They were, to all intents and purposes, the Sikh nation; and they presently resolved, in their drunken desperation, to show what that nation could do.

The designs of the army were facilitated by an extraordinary revolution which had taken place in its discipline. During the brief reign of Shere Singh, on one of the many occasions when the troops and the government were at issue, an indiscreet pro-

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position had been made by the Vizier, that two deputies from every company, troop, and gun of 'the Khalsa,' should be despatched to a conference with the authorities. The scheme was promptly embraced; and, as will be readily imagined, was never afterwards discarded. These deputies were made permanent functionaries; and as they were chosen by the soldiery, and totally superseded the authority of the officers, there will be no difficulty in conceiving the results of such an arrangement. They were termed, in the language of the country, '*Punches*,' and the aggregate of their body was called '*the Punt*,' or, with its distinctive epithet, '*the Punt Khalsajee*.' In numbers the Punt amounted to about two thousand, out of which a more select directory was subsequently formed; and to the magnanimous resolutions of this military convention are to be attributed the events which presently ensued.

We have traced the anarchy of the Sikh state to a point, where the sole survivor of statesmen and princes was a dissolute and abandoned woman. It is probable, however, that at this period no minister would have been able to control the mutinous battalions, who had learnt their own strength and consequence. Already they had stepped on to the stage of politics; and had taken into their own hands the last few murders which remained to be perpetrated. But when the wary old chief of Jummoo returned to his own capital, and left the Ranee and the troops to deal with each other, there was no longer any semblance of restraint. The army became at once the depository of all the powers of the state. Even the most able and respected of the Sirdars were set aside, or dragooned into compliance. The troops desired occupation, and resolved to find it in making war against British India. It was in vain that the Ranee and the Durbar, drunken, profligate, and reckless as they were, protested against so suicidal a project. Consulting nothing but their own strength and lusts, the 'Punches' insisted upon war; and with the wild revelry of the camp there now began to be mingled distempered dreams of the sack of Benares and the conquest of Hindostan. Such, and no other, were the sources of the war which has cost such bloodshed and anxiety. On the part of the British there was not the smallest provocation; on the part of the Sikh government there was not the smallest intention. Both were dragged into the conflict by the frenzy of a licentious soldiery, released from the ruling spirit which had called them into being, and which had heretofore sufficed to control them. There was nothing unnatural in the catastrophe. What a military historian alleges as a reasonable ground for the campaign of 1812, must have had at least equal weight with the

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fiery and unlettered Sikhs: '*Enfin, sans tous ces motifs d'ar-*
'*deur, le fond de l'armée était bon, et toute bonne armée veut la*
'*guerre!*'

Under such conditions and with such prospects, the Sikhs crossed the Sutlej; and fought those battles which there can as yet be no necessity for fighting over again. So much of the previous history of this singular people as was likely to be little known or recollected, and as tended to elucidate the embarrassments and probabilities of our present position, we have now endeavoured to sketch. But the bulletins of Moodkee, Aliwal, and Sobraon must be still fresh in the remembrance of the reader: we may therefore pass at once to those curious negotiations and compacts which have left us in our present situation of perplexity and trouble.

After the Khalsa battalions had been beaten, the far-famed artillery train captured, the capital surrendered, and the nation brought to confess its submission, Lord Hardinge was preparing to withdraw his victorious troops within the British frontier, when he received overtures from the surviving Sirdars for a continued occupation of the country. There was, in fact, no source of authority now left to the Sikh state. The Ranee and her paramours were powerless; and even the Sirdars who had done less to forfeit the legitimate respect of the nation, had been proved incompetent to curb the license of a population in which every man was by profession a soldier. There was no prospect, after the withdrawal of the British garrison, of any thing better than the murderous anarchy which had preceded their advance. Starting, accordingly, from the avowed indisposition of the British to annex to their own dominions the province they had conquered, and urging with some plausibility the notorious fact that it had been dragged into the war against its own wishes and convictions, the Durbar preferred a request that the strong arm of British protection might be still lent them for a time, till the shattered machinery of the state could be organised anew. After some negotiations this request, accompanied with certain conditions, was granted. We will not recapitulate the details either of the preliminaries or of the conclusion, but will endeavour to convey briefly a general idea of the spirit of the transaction.

Were it not for the prevalent lack of information on Indian affairs, we should think it needless to explain the system of subsidiary alliance by which, unavoidably perhaps in our early history, we regulated our relations with states which it was necessary to control and inexpedient to absorb — and of which two such conspicuous examples still survive in the courts of

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Lucknow and Hyderabad. The essence of the system was this, — that, in return for considerations duly stipulated and punctually discharged, we should maintain at the court of the native prince a force competent for all the purposes of domestic order. The external relations of the state were to be wholly under our control; but with its internal management we were, generally speaking, to have no concern. It is true that the stipulations of these compacts often came to be materially modified in practice*; but in all cases, their general effect was injurious to the protected state, and discreditable to ourselves. The native sovereign, debarred from the ordinary occupations of state intrigue, and relieved at the same time from all apprehension of domestic insurrection, surrendered himself without restraint to the dominion of his passions. The people, deprived of that resource to which extreme tyranny occasionally drives the subjects even of an Indian sovereign, were condemned to suffer in silence and despair oppression which was sanctioned by an invincible power. In this way the irresistible strength of a civilised nation was lent to the misrule of a barbarous government, — upon terms from which all consideration of the people was but too effectually excluded. We made the protected state our own, for our own purposes. As regarded any movement or alliance on the continent of Hindostan, any commercial duties or conventions, or any object which was conceived subservient to our security or our profit, the state was virtually British. But when the interests or improvements of the subject popula-

* We did, in point of fact, either reserve or claim to have reserved great discretionary power as to the uses to which our subsidiary force might be applied; and sometimes we allowed considerations of humanity even to over-balance those duties which were dictated by the strict letter of our engagements. It was rarely that this force, after our supremacy in Hindostan had been fairly established, was employed for any tyrannical acts. The question, indeed, was always a fertile source of dispute between the disarmed princes and ourselves. Thus we refused the aid of our force to the Peishwa against his southern Jaghirdars, and only partially lent it to Sadut Ali against his Zemindars. The *rationale* of the original arrangement was, that it preserved the princes in at least one half of their power. If civil and military power both had been taken from them, they would have become mere pensioned puppets, as some of them in truth were; but by the preservation of the former rights, they retained the most desirable privileges of sovereignty; while we, by assuming the latter, acquired all that we needed. And besides this, the practice of excluding all complaints of the subject population, discreditable as it was, had the effect of excluding the most productive source of future litigation.

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tion was concerned, we withdrew altogether from the field, and guaranteed the undisturbed exercise of the most remorseless despotism, in return for the concessions which had been made.

Such an arrangement as this—an arrangement which in fact would have merely established some unprincipled government under the shadow of our name,—was that which the Sikh chiefs were most desirous of securing. They would fain have been protected in the independence of wanton misrule. What they wished for was that license of profligacy which the Durbar had previously enjoyed—disengaged from those liabilities of anarchy to which it had been recently exposed. Accordingly, after the occupation of the capital had been from time to time prolonged, and the definite withdrawal of the troops was at length announced, they communicated to the British authorities their anxiety on this important point. The considerations in virtue of which Lahore was at that time occupied by our troops, were these:—Since the Sikh army had been disbanded at our instance, and the country was notoriously insecure, it was but just that we should supply the temporary deficiency thus occasioned; and we accordingly furnished a British garrison for the protection of the young Maharajah and his capital: But inasmuch as this arrangement was purely temporary, and provided for no such contingency as our permanent connexion with the government, it of course gave us no warrant for demanding any voice in its internal councils. The perpetuation, therefore, of these conditions would have exactly answered the views of the Sirdars; and it was this for which they petitioned. It is highly to Lord Hardinge's credit that he protested from the first against any extension of such a system to the Sikh state. 'I do not think,' he wrote home, 'that the British government would be justified in 'supporting a native government in the Punjab, merely because 'it may conduce to the safety of a regent and a minister ob-'noxious to the chiefs and people, to whom the British govern-'ment owes no obligations. Considerations of humanity to 'individuals, would be no plea for employing British bayonets 'in perpetuating the misrule of a native state—by enabling 'such a government to oppress the people.'

When such proposals accordingly met with no acquiescence, the Sirdars at length consented to the terms on which it had been resolved to tender them the favours they sought. It was stipulated, with regard to the independence and nationality of the Punjab, that during the minority of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh, the acknowledged sovereign of the country, its affairs should be conducted by a council of regency composed of leading chiefs and Sirdars; but, in order to escape the errors alluded

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to above, it was further provided that the members of this council should be approved of by the British government; and that its acts should be all under the control and guidance of a British officer, with an efficient establishment of assistants, resident at Lahore. In the conduct of the administration it was agreed and declared that the feelings of the people should be scrupulously consulted; the national institutions and customs preserved, and the just rights of all classes maintained. For the due execution of this agreement it was provided that, not only the capital, but any military post in the Lahore territories should be occupied by a British force, of such strength and quality as the governor-general might think fit; and the expenses of such occupation were to be partly met by the inadequate contribution of two and twenty lakhs of rupees (220,000*l.*) annually from the Sikh treasury. At the expiration of the minority of the young Maharajah, or at any earlier period when such a measure might seem practicable to the parties concerned, all these provisions were to cease and determine; and the Punjab was to be delivered over, safe and entire, into the hands of Dhuleep Singh and his ministers. In default of any more regular or cognisable authorities to be found in the disorganised state, Lord Hardinge reverted to the precedents of its earlier constitution; and summoned a council of Sirdars to express freely their will and their intentions. It affords a startling view of the extent of the preceding assassinations to find that out of the sixty-six leading chiefs and Sirdars who were alive at Runjeet Singh's death—but seven short years before—thirty-six had been violently made away with, twelve had been killed in action with the British, seven had died natural deaths, and eleven only were yet surviving at Lahore! Of these eleven, seven affixed their seals and signatures to the treaty above mentioned; and the remainder, together with many officers and notabilities of inferior rank, attended in state with their Maharajah, at its public and formal ratification.

Such were the stipulations by which it was attempted to reconcile our duties and requirements, and to surmount the embarrassments arising from the conquest of a province which we were scarcely able either to retain with advantage or surrender with security. It will, of course, be in the recollection of our readers, that the non-participation of Gholab Singh in the aggression upon our territories, was acknowledged by his elevation to the rank of Maharajah—and the grant of his own principality, augmented by certain cessions, in full and independent sovereignty. Irrespectively of other matters of convenience, this measure was presumed to be sound in policy; as it raised a

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formidable rival to the Durbar of Lahore, and thus balanced in some degree the native Powers of the Punjab. Besides, however, that the whole affair was an experiment, unwarranted by any precedent in the political history of India, there were many obvious reasons for anticipating difficulties in its execution, In the first place there were two rival factions still surviving in the court of Lahore; that, as we have described it, of the Ranee and the creatures of her favour, and that of the more respectable Sirdars who demurred to her authority. The ascendency had been secured to the latter party by the recent arrangements; but the consequent jealousies were sure to be prolific of intrigues. In the next place, though it was presumed, and, as events have shown, with great justice, that the population of the country would willingly accept our protectorate, yet there were serious elements of disaffection, — both in the savage soldiery of the disbanded battalions, and in the petty chieftains who were now compelled to surrender, for the needs of the state, those jaghires or grants of land which they had acquired by selling their swords to various parties during the recent anarchy. Lastly, there was the intractability of the greater feudatories; and the likelihood which existed that the governors of the outlying provinces would refuse either to recognise our authority or obey our behests. For it must not be forgotten that 'the Punjab,' as we have said, was no compact or well consolidated inheritance, which had descended from father to son through a long line of ancestry, nor any ancient or peculiar habitation of a definite 'nationality.' Runjeet had pushed his dominions to the north and west beyond even the natural boundaries of the Indus and the hills; and among the dependencies of the Durbar were now reckoned cities and provinces of which the subjection had sometimes, even under the iron rule of the conqueror, been little more than nominal. Yet on each or any of the various contingencies thus involved, our interference would be practically found necessary; nor was it long before events disclosed the responsibilities of the task we had undertaken.

We need not recapitulate incidents of such recent occurrence. It will be remembered that the chiefs of the province of Cashmere, which had been made over to Gholab Singh by the Durbar, refused at first to acknowledge their new sovereign, and that a campaign in the hills was nearly being the consequence; that the Ranee was next found intriguing against the established government, and that she and her paramours were removed from the scene; and that some minor plots, and no few rumours of more, kept the British authorities constantly upon the alert. At length came the present crisis, which bids fair to terminate

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the existing arrangements, and to precipitate some new solution of the problem.

We have observed that Mooltan was one of the provinces brought at the latest period, and with the greatest difficulty, under the yoke of Runjeet. It has remained in the hands of the same family ever since its conquest; so that the Dewannee, or governorship, may almost be considered hereditary, and it will be readily imagined how reluctantly so powerful a feudatory would discharge his obligations to the Durbar. At the very commencement of our intervention, Moolraj, the present Dewan, was embroiled, upon the usual subject, with the court of Lahore, —that is to say, respecting the non-payment of his stipulated tribute to the treasury. By the mediation of our authorities these differences were at first temporarily adjusted; and at length, under our guarantee, the Dewan was even induced to trust himself in the city of Lahore, for the purpose of personally arranging a final and amicable compromise. After this he returned to his province; but some time subsequently it was agreed, or alleged to be so, that he should retire from his office; and in pursuance of this understanding two British officers departed in the spring of last year (1848) from Lahore to Mooltan, to receive his surrender and instal his successor. While in discharge of this duty, they were treacherously and foully murdered; Moolraj shut himself up in his fort, strengthened his defences, collected adherents from all parts of the country, and has since that time been permitted to defy with impunity the British power. The successive mails from India will have put our readers in possession of all the details respecting the military operations which have been as yet attempted; and we may therefore pass over this part of the subject, to our concluding considerations respecting the ascertainable character of the insurrection, its general influence on the empire of India, and the probable policy by which it may now be found necessary to supersede our experimental protectorate.

The last intelligence from the scene of action leaves, we fear, scarcely any reasonable doubt but that the chiefs of the Punjab are generally disaffected to that control which was the result of their own solicitations. Yet the circumstances of the case seem almost to preclude the possibility that the present state of things should have been the issue of any long-concerted plot. We can hardly imagine that any motive more extraordinary than the spectacle of one unsubdued and apparently prosperous insurgent, has been acting on the minds of those chiefs who have more or less overtly confessed their designs of insurrection. Nominally and ostensibly we are executing the decrees of the Lahore Durbar against one of its refractory feudatories; but in reality we are once

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more brought into collision with the whole Sikh State — the Sirdars and troops of which, as far as they dare, are daily making common cause with the rebel against us. In addition to the causes of discontent which we have enumerated above, it is highly probable that the Sirdars are wearied of a restraint which deprives them of their old license, at the same time that it relieves them from their old responsibilities; and that they are willing to regain their independence at the expense of peace. We are doubtless suspected, to some degree, as foreigners and intruders; but it is certain enough that any native government which put the like curb with ours on lawlessness and extravagance, would be the object of the like conspiracies. We have never deprived our administration of its purely provisional character; nor have we ever violated the stipulations of our compact. That we should have to contend with local disturbances, was no more than we always anticipated; and arrangements were made by Lord Hardinge, by the full execution of which, this insurrection in Mooltan might have been effectually prevented from growing into a war. Still this matters but little to the decision of the main question; for if the Sirdars were really and at heart as indisposed towards us as they now appear, our experimental policy must needs have proved a failure; and a second conquest of the country could only have been delayed. And on the other hand, had the true feeling of the chiefs been with us, according to their professions and engagements, we could have readily dealt with any contumacious or disaffected individual; while if their faith was no firmer than it now would seem to be, our whole policy was built upon sand.

We need not waste words in anticipating the immediate result of the existing struggle. If our hasty and imperfect musters, three years ago, were sufficient, first to resist and finally to shatter to pieces the old Sikh army in all its insolence of discipline and strength, we can have no misgivings about the result, when the full force of British India is to be measured against the disarmed and disorganised remnant of this defeated host. Still it must be remembered that the Sikh troops, though disbanded, yet retain the formidable character inseparable from their habits and education. Under institutions which make every man a soldier, and war the chief duty of a citizen, it is difficult to break effectually the force of a nation. We have seen that it is one of the characteristics of this singular race, that even when beaten by a more powerful enemy, they have ever reappeared on the field with unsubdued and almost undiminished vigour. Nor is the fanatical spirit extinct among them. Though the generality of the Sikhs have

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for some time disused many of the more rigid observances of their sect, yet the true spawn of the old brood still survives in the Akalees — those desperate enthusiasts, who, formidable by their numbers as well as daring, affect an unchanging attachment for all the harsh peculiarities of the ancient discipline. Even under Runjeet these Ironsides are said to have been so indiscriminately dangerous, that they were always paraded at a review, between two battalions of ordinary troops, — lest they should make a dash at any thing upon the field! It must be remembered also that, though we robbed the Sikh army of its sting, by sending its guns in triumph to Calcutta, we permitted the retention on the full establishment of at least 30,000 men, independent of the local force in Mooltan; and it is quite possible, if matters are indiscreetly managed, that every man of this force may be in the field against us.

As regards the possible influence of the struggle upon our Indian dominion, it is satisfactory to think that under few circumstances could a war be conducted with such safety as the present. Not only are Central India and the Deccan profoundly tranquil, but the Sikhs are precisely the persons with whom the very least sympathy is entertained by the inhabitants of Hindostan. In the infancy of their State they were always reputed as outlaws — little less barbarous than the wild tribes of the Vindhyan hills; and even in the earlier part of Runjeet's reign, they are described as a savage and ferocious people entirely disconnected from all around them. The recollections of their atrocities, and of the retributive severities of the government, have conspired with the misrepresentations, to which all such sects are subject, in assigning them a repulsive and odious character throughout all the countries which their name had reached. This odium was increased by the aggressive character of their religion. Not only were they infidels in the eyes of Hindoo and Mussulman alike, but they wreaked their puritanical hatred on Mussulman and Hindoo with equal and unsparing vindictiveness. The mosques and temples erected in the Punjab by the magnificence of earlier dynasties, have been gutted and defaced by the Sikhs, as some of our own cathedrals were by the troopers of Cromwell. No longer ago than 1826 a holy war was proclaimed against them. In so popular a cause as the rescue of the Mussulman principalities from their hated dominion, a fanatical preacher was enabled to levy a vast force of crusaders throughout Hindostan and the Deccan. From the strongholds of the Mahometan population — Lucknow, Delhi, Hyderabad, and Surat — even from Madras and Calcutta, were despatched supplies and reinforcements, until the undisciplined

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mass mustered some forty thousand combatants. But this was in the days of Runjeet; and the disorderly rabble was soon scattered by his trained battalions, though the spirit of the enterprise lingered some time longer in the Punjab. Surrounded as they are by tribes of stanch Mahometans, the Sikhs are thus isolated from any probable sympathy or succour. Already we have seen in the recent operations, that levies from Cabul and Beloochistan promptly took service with ourselves against the Khalsa battalions—even when fortune seemed to be frowning on our arms; while the British province of Scinde and the allied State of Bhawulpore secure an easy passage into the heart of their country.

Our future policy will probably be the result rather of proved necessity than of hopeful speculation. Nobody imagines that we covet the possession of the Punjab, although, as we have observed, it would be altogether erroneous to consider it as a province geographically or historically separated from the empire of Hindostan. Its annexation would be popular in India; both from the natural preference with which all thoroughgoing measures are regarded, and from the increase of the two services which would necessarily follow. Nor can it be denied that any other expedient may be shown to want its warrant of likelihood after the failure of the last. Except under such a sceptre as that of Runjeet, the Sikhs seem incapacitated for living at peace among themselves. Even in the first ten years of this century, before Runjeet's monarchy was finally consolidated, they were described by Sir John Malcolm as preying upon each other with such insatiable animosity that they could never become, externally, a formidable state; and the narrative which we have sketched of the five years following on the old Lion's death proves how little the national character has since changed. If these tigers could be confined to their own jungle, we might perhaps shut our eyes to the bloodshed we had found it impracticable to prevent; but such anarchy is seldom circumscribed by its own frontiers, and we should infallibly have to fight on the Sutlej the battles we declined on the Ravee. It is something beyond the ordinary necessity imposed on conquest, which now impels us onward. *Auribus tenemus lupum.* We have got a powerful and ferocious beast in our clutches; which we have vainly tried to tame, and which we can neither conveniently hold nor safely let go. Perhaps a little respite may still be obtained by some ingenious modification of the conditions of our last protectorship; yet we can hardly persuade ourselves that the ultimate result will be anything but the advancement of the British frontier, to that river which forms the

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historical boundary of India. That this consummation has been forced upon us, he must be a bold historian who would deny. For nearly half a century we acknowledged in Runjeet Singh an ally and neighbour after our own hearts,—one who was master of his own position and who could respect ours. For years again we watched the gathering tempest with only too great forbearance; and, in our endeavours to avoid offence, permitted it to burst abruptly on our heads. Yet not for all this did we exact a penalty; but instantly relinquished our rights of conquest; and lent the best aids of both our arms and our counsels to that very state which had been gratuitously arrayed for our destruction. Our experiment may have failed; but the failure can entail upon us no imputation save that of too great abstinence, too great generosity, and too charitable a conception of the disposition of our foe.

ART. VIII.—1. *First Annual Report of the Commissioners for administering the Laws for the Relief of the Poor in Ireland.* Presented to both Houses by her Majesty's Command. 1848.

2. *Papers relating to the Relief of the Distress, and the State of the Unions and Workhouses, in Ireland.* Series 4, 5, 6, 7. Presented to both Houses by her Majesty's Command. 1847–1848.

3. *Report of the Committee of the House of Lords on Colonisation from Ireland.* Ordered to be printed 17th June, 1847.

4. *Returns of Agricultural Produce in Ireland in* 1847. *Part I.: Crops. Part II.: Stock.* Presented to both Houses by her Majesty's Command. 1848.

'I do not hesitate to say that, in my opinion, there ought to 'be established between England and Ireland a complete 'equality in all civil, municipal, and political rights. When I 'say complete equality, I don't mean, because I know it is 'impossible, to have a literal equality in every particular. 'Here, as in matters of more sacred import, it may be that '"the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life;" I speak of the 'spirit, and not of the letter, in which our legislation should 'be conducted. I mean that there should be a real, substantial 'equality, in political and civil rights; so that no person, 'viewing Ireland with perfectly disinterested eyes, should be 'enabled to say "a different law is enacted for Ireland, and, on '"account of some jealousy or suspicion, Ireland has curtailed '"and mutilated rights." That is what I mean by equality.

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'Let no one think I am making a reserve. I speak of the spirit 'in which we should legislate. I think it ought to be impossible 'to say that there is a different rule, substantially, with regard 'to the Civil or Municipal Franchise in Ireland from that which 'prevails in England.'

Such was one of the most remarkable passages in the memorable speech with which Sir Robert Peel closed his almost monarchical administration. It was one of the few passages which received cheers from the right as well as from the left of the chair. In those cheers we felt no wish to join.

We were not sure, when we heard these words, that we clearly understood them — we are not sure that we understand them now. The words Rights and Franchises, when applied to the mutual relations of a people and its rulers, imply theories which have long been abandoned. They belong to times when the crown and the subject were supposed to have adverse claims; — when prerogative was the property of the one, and franchise the defence of the other; — when it was supposed to be the duty of the servants of the crown to preserve, if not to augment, its power, and the duty of the representatives of the people to restrain, and if possible, to diminish it. These times have long passed away. It is now admitted that prerogative and franchises, the duty of ministers and the duty of knights and burgesses, have one single and common purpose — good government; — that is to say, the government which will best promote the prosperity of the whole community. This is the right of the people against its government. It is the right of a union against its guardians, the right of a company against its directors, the right of a parish against its constable, the right of a client against his attorney. It is a right to have its affairs managed in the way most conducive to its welfare. In this right all other rights are merged; against this right no claim of the crown, or of any portion of the people, can prevail, or can be seriously urged. If Sir Robert Peel, then, when he claimed for Ireland equality of rights with Great Britain, meant merely to say that Ireland is entitled equally with England to good government — that she is entitled to be governed by the Imperial Parliament as she would be by a wise parliament sitting in College Green, he announced a principle perfectly true indeed, but, we trust, perfectly trite. We trust that no one doubts that she is so entitled, and we saw little reason for cheering a self-evident proposition.

We are ready, at the same time, to admit that the example of England must materially affect all Irish questions. There exists throughout the civilised world a principle, somewhat resembling

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that of gravitation, which enables the institutions, the customs, and even the conduct of every separate country to influence the conduct, the customs, and the institutions of every other. Of course this mutual influence is greater between countries both members of the same empire. And it is probably greatest when exerted over the remainder of an empire by that portion of it which is the seat of the imperial government. The laws of the metropolis may not be imitated by her provinces; but they certainly will not be disregarded. The administration of these laws, the spirit in which they are carried out, will certainly be imitated. If Ceylon had continued subject to Dutch dominion, it is probable that the text of her laws would not have been what it is now. It is certain that her laws, whatever might have been their text, would have been turned to very different purposes. If the government of the dominant member of the empire be despotic, it will be difficult for those of the other members to be free. If it be constitutional, the others can scarcely remain despotic. The example of England made it impossible for Scotland to continue an aristocracy, with heritable jurisdictions and a nominal representation. Even if there were good reasons for believing that Ireland would be better administered by a government framed on the late Prussian model, under laws enacted by the crown, judges uncontrolled by juries, and with a press restrained by a censorship, no one would seriously propose to subject her to such a regimen. If she were a distinct state, it is possible that she might profit by following the example of Denmark; by surrendering her liberties to the crown, and exchanging turbulence, almost amounting to lawlessness, for the tranquillity of an enlightened despotism. But it is obvious that, while the democratic and aristocratic elements prevail in the rest of the empire, a pure monarchy could not work well in a single portion of it. That a government must depend on affection or on terror, and that if it govern by terror it must govern ill, are propositions so trite that they have become elementary. But, with Great Britain by her side, Ireland could not acquiesce in the loss of her liberties, however unfit for her social state some of them may appear. Her monarch could rule her only by fear, and therefore would rule her ill.

But we trust that those who agree with us in this doctrine will bear in mind the fact, which we have often remarked*, that the people of England and of Ireland—meaning here, by Ireland, the provinces of Munster, Connaught, some parts of Leinster, and

* See particularly the paper on the Extension of the Irish Poor Law, vol. lxxxiv. p. 268.

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the whole county of Donegal — are among the most dissimilar nations in Europe. One is chiefly Protestant, the other is chiefly Roman Catholic; — one is principally manufacturing, and commercial, the other almost wholly agricultural; one lives chiefly in towns, the other in the country. The population of the one is laborious, but prodigal — no fatigue repels them — no amusement diverts them from the business of providing the means of subsistence and of enjoyment; but they consume almost as quickly as they acquire. That of the other is indolent and idle, but parsimonious. They can lay up a provision for the current year, and consume it, not according to their wishes, but their necessities. They can earn the comparatively high wages of a richer country, save them in the midst of temptations to expenditure, and beg their way home without touching their store. But they leave their potato grounds foul, merely to save the labour of weeding them; their cottages let in the rain, because they will not take the trouble to thatch them; a wake, or a fair, or a funeral, attracts from its occupations the inhabitants of a whole village. They can work for a master, and while his eye is upon them; but are negligent taskmasters to themselves. The one country possesses a large middle class, the other is divided between landlords and peasants: in one the proprietors of the soil are connected by origin, by interest, and by feeling, with those who occupy it; in the other, they are, in many cases, strangers, and, in almost as many, enemies. In one, public sympathy is with the law; in the other, it is with those that break it. In England crime is infamous; in Ireland it is popular. The parties which divide England have one common object, widely as they differ on the means by which it is to be obtained. All desire the welfare of the empire — all desire to see it tranquil and prosperous at home, and respected abroad. They believe, often of course erroneously, that the measures which they support will do good, and that those which they oppose will do harm; and it is on that account that they oppose or support them. The most numerous of the Irish parties desires that the existing institutions of the empire may work ill. It is delighted by the prospect of war, and gloats over the probabilities of defeat. It opposes whatever is likely to be useful, because it is likely to be useful, and rejects with loathing whatever is tendered to it as a favour or a grace. Colleges for secular instruction it denounces as impious; schools in which Protestant and Catholic may meet, are seminaries of infidelity, and a provision for its clergy is a bribe. It agitates for the sake of agitation; and selects for its avowed object an unattainable end, because it is

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unattainable — because its mischief cannot be tested by experience, or its stimulus deadened by possession.

To give similar treatment to countries not merely different, but contrasted, is prescribing the same regimen to the weak and to the strong — to the excitable and to the apathetic — to the sound and to the diseased. Yet this, we have said before, and we repeat, is the treatment which we have applied to Ireland. Our law of real property, with its subtilties and its primogeniture — our equity, with its expense and its delays — our penal law, with its loopholes — our common law, with its puerilities — our habeas corpus — our trial by jury — our local magistracy — our free press — our popular elections — our freedom of association — our established church, and our Protestant creed — institutions which, by long practice, by constantly twisting and bending and hammering them, we have gradually moulded to our use — we have thrown into Ireland, as if whatever suits us must suit her. Except her constabulary, her national education, and her paid guardians, she has not a single native institution. Our creed she has rejected — our church she bears, because only the Protestant landlord would gain by shaking it off. The rest she has accepted — some, because she had no existing system for such purposes; and others, because, whether conducive or not to the welfare of the people, they pleased at least their vanity, — or, because she could not help it. Scotland has not been so managed. Though her union long preceded that of Ireland — though she has been governed for nearly a century and a half by an Imperial Parliament, her institutions are mainly her own. She has her own land tenures, her own church, her own civil law, and her own criminal law. They may be better or may be worse than those of England, but they are not mere copies. Of course we do not affirm that this difference in the treatment of Ireland and Scotland will account for the difference in their civilisation; but we have no doubt that it has been one of its principal causes.

We accept, therefore, Sir Robert Peel's doctrine of equality of rights in England and in Ireland, merely to this extent, — that in legislating for Ireland, we must legislate for her, not as if she were a distinct state, but as a member of the empire. We must take into account the influence of the examples of England and Scotland on the feelings of her people; we must allow the democratic element to prevail to an extent which would be unadvisable if we looked merely to its immediate results; we must allow the people an amount of free action, which we know they will abuse, because worse evils even than that abuse will be produced if we restrain it. The elective

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franchise must not be left to wear out, though we may know that it will be used in returning repealers; the press must not be silenced, though it be employed in provoking civil war; juries must be retained, though their verdicts may be liable to be warped by faction or by bigotry, or extorted by intimidation; the resident gentry must not be deprived of their magisterial jurisdiction, or the grand juries of their fiscal power, though we know that the one sometimes produces injustice, and the other peculation. But we refuse to call these necessities rights — we refuse to call our obedience to them concession or justice. When a physician, called in to prescribe for a man whose constitution has been injured by a long course of intemperance, allows him still to use stimulants, apparently injurious to his case, because he would be miserable, and perhaps would sink altogether, without them, he does not call that permission a grant or a concession — it is simply a measure of expediency. He allows it merely because worse evils would follow its refusal. A people stands towards its government in the same relation as a patient to his physician — each has a right to the best possible treatment — neither can have more, and neither ought to be satisfied with less.

Unfortunately, to a certain degree for ourselves, and to a much greater degree for the other portions of the empire, the people of England are prone, more perhaps than any other equally intelligent nation, to transfer to other countries their own notions; to suppose that they have the same wants and the same powers; to believe, in short, that their social system resembles ours even in its details. There is no subject on which we have done this more blindly or more mischievously than as respects the mutual relations of the owners, the occupiers, and the cultivators of land.

In England agriculture is generally managed by three classes of producers, known as landlords, farmers, and labourers. The landlord with us, is absolute master of the land, subject to the qualified and limited interest which he may choose to concede, or, to use the technical word, to let to his tenant; and he generally erects the necessary buildings, and makes the more expensive and permanent improvements. The farmer, in his turn, is master for the period of his tenancy, but is generally bound to treat the land in a predetermined manner, and he gives up the possession, without remonstrance, the instant that his term has expired. It is his duty to provide all the moveable live and dead stock, the wages of the labourers and the rates and taxes, and to pay periodically to the landlord, for the use of the land and buildings, a net fixed sum. The labourer is hired by the year, the

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week, the day, or the job, provides nothing but his own person and clothes, and has no claim on any individual landlord or tenant, except for his wages. He has, however, a general claim on the occupiers of the land constituting the parish in which he is settled, for full support for himself and his family, if he cannot earn sufficient wages, or is out of employ.

These are the rights which *we* associate with the words landlords, farmers, and labourers. And when we find, in other countries, persons who appear to stand towards the land, and towards one another, in analogous relations, we call them by the same names, and fancy that these names imply similar rights and liabilities.

'The first English conquerors of Bengal,' says Mr. John Mill, 'carried with them the phrase *landed proprietor*, or land-'lord, into a country where the rights of individuals over the 'soil were extremely different in degree, and even in nature, 'from those recognised in England. Applying the term with 'all its English associations, in such a state of things, to one 'who had only a limited right, they gave an absolute right; 'from another, because he had not an absolute right, they took 'away all right; drove all classes of men to ruin and despair; 'filled the country with banditti; created a feeling that nothing 'was secure; and produced, with the best intentions, a dis-'organisation of society, which had not been produced in that 'country by the most ruthless of its barbarian invaders.' — *Mill's Logic*, vol. ii. p. 269.

With equal impropriety, and, we fear, with consequences that in time may be equally calamitous, we have transferred our English notions into Ireland. There are there also persons *called* landlords, farmers, and labourers, but they resemble their English types in little but name. In Ireland the landlord has been accustomed to erect no buildings, and make no improvements whatever. He is, in general, a mere receiver of rent; his only relation to his tenants is that of a creditor. They look to him for no help, and, on the other hand, he can exercise over them little control. It is very seldom that he prescribes to them any system of husbandry, or, if he do so, that he can safely enforce it. He cannot remove them if dissatisfied with their treatment of the land; still less can he do so for the purpose of throwing farms together, and introducing the processes which require large capitals and large holdings. Even at the expiration of a lease, the landlord who displaces the existing occupier is bold; the tenant who takes his place is rash. With the labourers the landlord has scarcely any relation whatever. If he have any demesne land in his own occupa-

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tion, he may of course employ them in cultivating it. But this is seldom the case, or, to speak more correctly, seldom was the case, until the late calamity, by making the cultivation of land unprofitable, threw it in masses, waste and valueless, into the owner's hands. Farming by a gentleman is a trade still more unprofitable in Ireland than in England; and as the landlord does nothing for his tenants, of course he cannot employ labourers on *their* lands.

Again, the Irish farmer is not like the Englishman a capitalist, employing on a tract of perhaps three hundred acres a capital of 3000*l.*, maintaining thirteen or fourteen labouring families, and paying 9*l.* or 10*l.* a week in wages. The Irish farmer occupies from six to twenty acres, the average extent of a substantial farm being perhaps twelve. The farm buildings consist of hovels for the family, the horse, the cow, and the pigs — hovels built by the farmer or by his predecessor with stones and bog timber, and roofed with turf. The value of these hovels, as a foundation for tenant right, with that of the live stock and seed, and a few instruments of agriculture form the capital, which, on a farm of a dozen acres, may amount (exclusively of tenant right) to 20*l.* or 30*l.* 'If I were on my 'oath,' said one of the witnesses in the Irish Poor Law Inquiry, 'I don't think there is any man with 10*l.* in my town-'land. The loss of a cow or two, or of 10*l.*, would either ruin a 'man, or make a man rich that got it: it would make a gen-'tleman of him in a manner.'* The greater part of the labour required by his farm, so far as it is performed at all — for much that we should think requisite is neglected — is performed by the farmer himself, or by his family; for he seldom ventures to take a farm, or indeed can obtain one, which cannot be cultivated principally by the united labour of the father and mother, sons and daughters. If the family be small, so is the holding.

The labourer, again, is not like the English labourer, a mere cottager working on another man's land and for another man's benefit, and dependent for subsistence on his wages, when in employment, and on his parish when unemployed. He is in general the occupier of a patch of land, from 1 rood to 4 in extent, manured for him by the farmer, on which he raises the potatoes that are to feed his family. For this and for the site of his cabin, which he has probably built himself, he pays a rent worked out in labour. Thus, if the rent for the rood of potato ground be 2*l.* a-year, and that of the cabin 1*l.*, and his labour

* 1 Binns, 57.

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be estimated at 6*d.* a day, he works for the farmer 120 days. The rest of his time he gives to his own potato ground or to fairs or wakes, or to cowering over the fire, or, if he is active and enterprising, he comes over to assist in getting in the English harvest, leaving his wife and children to beg during his absence. And if these resources are insufficient, he turns beggar himself.

Now the classes known by the names of landlords, farmers, and labourers in England and in Ireland respectively, must of course have some common attributes, or they would not have received a common name. But we have seen that they are separated by most important distinctions: and among these distinctions are many of their relations to one another, particularly those of the landlord to the labourer. In the agricultural districts of England, that relation nearly approaches that of feudal lord and serf. The labourer is entitled to be maintained in the parish to which, under the settlement laws, he is said to belong. From that parish, therefore, he seldom ventures to move, and to that parish if he do remove and require relief, he is sent back. He is therefore *ascriptus glebæ*. He necessarily acquires or inherits some of the qualities of a serf; he is improvident, and he is helpless. But he is neither idle nor indolent. He is not idle, because he has never been accustomed to seek his pleasures in amusement: *il se divertit moult tristement* in the beer house. He is not indolent, because he has been always accustomed to associate labour with wages, to look at employment as the source of comfort, and want of employment as subjecting him to the insolence of the parochial authorities, and to the *ennui* of the workhouse. To which it must be added, that working under the eye of a master, or at piece work, produces habits of unremitted industry which cannot easily be acquired by the man who is his own task master.

On the other hand, the responsibility of his support really falls on the landlord; for though the poor rates are paid in the first instance by the occupier, they are of course eventually deducted from the landlord's rent: the landlord, therefore, has a strong interest in preventing the population of his parish from exceeding the number for whom there is profitable employment: and this interest is so obvious, that when there are more proprietors in a parish than one, they combine to effect it. The number of cottages is carefully kept down; persons not entitled to settlement in the parish, or, as they are usually termed, strangers, are kept out of it, or, if sometimes admitted when single, are sent away as soon as they marry. The necessity of supporting all the settled labourers is a strong motive for em-

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ploying them; and in fact they perform the whole agricultural work. To a considerable extent they are employed in the execution of the improvements which are effected in England by the landlords; but their principal employers are the farmers, whose time is spent in superintending their farms and disposing of the produce, not in following the plough or using the spade themselves.

Such were landlords, farmers, and labourers in England and Ireland respectively, when the potato crop failed in both countries. The consequence in England was distress; but as the English, like every civilised nation, use many different kinds of food, and employ a large portion of their incomes for purposes other than the purchase of food, the difficulty was met by an increased consumption of other articles, which would otherwise have been given to domestic animals; by a large expenditure in the importation of food from abroad; and by a diminished expenditure in clothes and other commodities not absolutely indispensable.

In Ireland the consequence was Famine: a calamity which cannot befall a civilised nation; for a civilised nation, as we remarked before, never confines itself to a single sort of food, and is therefore insured from great scarcity by the variety of its sources of supply. When such a calamity does befall an uncivilised community, things take their course; it produces great misery, great mortality, and in a year or two the wound is closed and scarcely a scar remains.

This, however, was a conduct which it was impossible to adopt in 1847. The course which an uncivilised country must have taken, which must have been taken by Ireland if it had not formed a part of the United Kingdom, was not open to a country with the power and the responsibility of England. The English resolved that the Irish should not starve. We resolved that for one year at least we would feed them. But we came to a third resolution, inconsistent we fear with the first, that we would not feed them for *more* than a year. How then were they to be fed in 1848, supposing their previous support, the potato, to fail again either by disease or for want of cultivation?

The answer, according to English notions, seemed obvious. 'Of course they must be supported by poor rates. Property 'has its duties as well as its rights. The first duty of the land-'lords is to employ and support the poor. Bring in a bill ex-'tending the Irish Poor Law; commanding the appointment of 'relieving officers throughout Ireland, commanding them to 'relieve all the destitute, commanding the guardians of every 'union to raise the necessary funds, and if they fail to do so,

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'commanding the Poor Law Commissioners to appoint paid 'officers in their stead, with unlimited powers of taxation.'

The opposers of such a measure argued that the landlords of Ireland have not, like the English landlords, succeeded to their estates subject to the burden of supporting or employing their poor. That this is no more their peculiar duty than it is that of the tailors of Ireland, or of the druggists of Ireland. That they are not, like the English landlords, assisted in the performance of that duty by a strict law of settlement, by a firm administration of justice, and by the habits of five centuries. That as to employing the poor, it was out of their power, since they had scarcely any land in their own occupation, and could not interfere with that held by the farmers. That the rental of England subject to poor rates is between eighty and ninety millions, and that of Ireland about fifteen: And that the burden which one country bears with difficulty, would crush the other within a very few years after it was imposed. And they asked, whether an Irish lodging-house keeper is bound to maintain all those who have established themselves in his apartments; or an Irish innkeeper all who have forced their way into his tap-room? And whether occupying a hovel on a hill-side gives to the occupier and his family any better right to require the owner of the soil to support them for ever, than would be acquired against the owner of a house by a family who had hired one of its garrets? The usual answer of the English vulgar, both in Parliament and out of it, was, 'The English landlords support their poor, 'therefore the Irish landlords must do so too.' Forgetting, or perhaps not choosing to know, that the class which we call landlords in Ireland differs from that which we call landlords in England; and differs precisely in the points in which, to enable a poor law after the English fashion to act safely, it ought to coincide.

The act of 1838 had instituted a system of legal charity under strict limitations. Under its provisions Ireland was divided into 130 unions, and subdivided into 2050 electoral divisions, — the average population of a union being 62,884 persons, and its average area 160,000 statute acres; the average population of an electoral division being 4000 persons, and its average area 9200 acres. The unions are provided with 130 workhouses, erected at the cost of about a million sterling, lent for that purpose by the Imperial treasury. We believe that with one exception, that of Newtonards, the Irish unions have repudiated this liability, and while making use of the workhouses, are allowed to refuse or to neglect to repay the principal, or even any interest. Each electoral division in a union contributes its share to the general

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expense of the establishment; and is charged separately, in account with the union, for the expenses of the paupers who were resident in it when claimants for relief. So far it resembles an English parish. But instead of rating itself for those purposes as is done by an English parish, it is rated by the union, and the rates, instead of being collected by its own officers, are collected by the officers of the union. A more important difference respects its area and population. Those of an English parish are respectively about 2500 acres and 1050 persons. Those of an Irish electoral division are, as we have seen, respectively 9200 acres and 4000 persons. Another important difference is the incidence of the rate. In England the whole is primarily paid by the occupier. It is only circuitously and when a new bargain is to be made, that it falls on the landlord; and then only as a deduction from his rent. In Ireland the landlord, called there the immediate lessor, pays the whole rate where the tenement is rated at less than 4*l.* a year, and *half* of it, and practically in many cases more than *half*, when the rent is higher.

We have said that it was a system of legal charity carefully restricted. No right to relief was conferred, no obligation to afford it was imposed. The guardians were merely *authorised* to relieve such destitute persons as they, in their discretion, should think fit, and to relieve them only in the workhouse. The check on the abuse of their discretion was a power in the Poor Law Commissioners, in case a board should neglect to perform its duties, to dissolve it and order a new election; and in case of a repetition of the neglect, to dissolve the new board and appoint paid officers to exercise its powers.

During the whole of 1846 and the greater part of 1847, the question as to the maintenance or the extension of the Irish poor law was debated vehemently, but certainly not more vehemently than its importance required.

> 'Neque enim levia aut ludicra petebant
> Præmia.'

Those who demanded for the Irish people a right to relief unlimited in extent and unrestricted in form, believed that they were asking for something possible, and useful, and just. Those who resisted that demand believed that they were resisting a measure, incapable indeed of complete execution, but quite capable, even in the imperfect degree in which it might be carried out, of destroying what property remained to the landlords, what capital was possessed by the farmers, and what industry, and providence, and domestic affection belonged to the people of Ireland; that they were resisting, in short, a gigantic engine of confiscation and demoralisation.

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In that controversy this Journal engaged in the article of October 1846, to which we have already alluded. A far more important part was taken by the House of Lords. A select committee was appointed to inquire into the laws relating to the destitute poor in Ireland. It sat from February till June, examined about fifty different witnesses, almost all of whom had been long and actively engaged in the administration of the Irish poor law, and concluded its labours in a manner now unusual in Parliamentary committees, by agreeing on a report.

As the result of their inquiry, they state that they 'do not 'hesitate in expressing their decided opinion that the introduc- 'ing of *any* system of out-door relief would be dangerous to 'the general interests of the community, and more particularly 'to the interests of the very class for whose well being such 'relief was intended.'

The government adopted a middle course. It did not venture to withstand directly the English clamour, which required that the property of Ireland should support the poverty of Ireland. It did not venture to stand by the existing law, which, restricting relief to the workhouse, gave to the guardians a discretionary power to grant or deny it.

But it refused to confer on the able-bodied any *right* to relief; or to authorise the guardians to give to them out-door relief except in food, and under the sanction of the Commissioners, and only when the workhouse, from being full or infected, might be unfit for their reception. The Government further proposed to provide workhouse room for the able-bodied, by authorising out-door relief to the impotent, and to make the relief of the latter, either in or out of the workhouse, a duty incumbent on the guardians.

The Poor Law Extension Act was passed on the 8th of June, 1847; but as the Temporary Relief Act, an act on which we shall not comment at present, was in operation until the end of the following September, the Extension Act cannot be said to have taken full effect until the 1st of October, 1847. It has now been tried, therefore, for only about fifteen months—a time certainly not sufficient to enable us to ascertain from experience what will be its ultimate effects if it remain unaltered, but enough to show what is the direction in which the vessel is steering or drifting, and what is the course to which the helmsman is endeavouring to keep her.

Of these fifteen months, we have detailed information respecting the first eleven, — the last monthly return which we have seen ending the 31st of August, 1848. It is, perhaps, not unfavourable to a fair estimate of the working of the law, that

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our information should terminate where it does. In September rumours of another potato failure were spread, and that alarm must have interfered with all social arrangements during the remainder of the year. But the preceding eleven months were disturbed by no peculiar physical calamity. They were not, certainly, a period of prosperity. But they were not a period of famine. There was distress; but it was the result of insecurity, or idleness, or despondency, not of the seasons. It was the act of man, not of God. The Poor Law Commissioners thus characterise the earlier portion of it in their first annual report, dated the 1st of May, 1848.

'The general harvest (of 1847) was for the most part prosperous; and, contrary to much prediction on the subject, the potato crop showed itself almost universally free from blight, and the produce has since remained generally sound, as is proved by the state of the seed brought into market in this and the last month. The characteristic, therefore, of the present season of distress has been, the very small breadth of land planted with potatoes, causing the great price to which they rose in the market so early as the months of October and November. The price was even then so high as to place the purchase of this food out of the reach of the peasantry, even when employed and in receipt of agricultural wages; and very few of them had ventured to plant this crop, rendered so uncertain by two years' blight, to a sufficient extent for the sustenance of their families.

'On the other hand, the large importation of Indian meal into the country has so far reduced the price of that and other descriptions of meal, that the money cost of human subsistence is not much greater now than in seasons when the potato was in greatest abundance. We speak with the more confidence on this point, from the comparison which we are enabled to make of the cost of maintenance in the workhouses, with the cost in former years; which in 1843, 1844, and 1845, was about 1*s.* 5*d.* per head weekly, and at the present time about 1*s.* 6*d.*, taking the average of all the Unions in Ireland.

'Under these circumstances, it was to be expected that the pressure of distress would not show itself so uniformly over the face of the country as in the preceding year. In districts where capital flowed freely, and employment was presented to the people even at moderate wages, they would fare better with the present kinds of food at the present prices than in former seasons. On the other hand, where, from want of enterprise or capital, employment did not present itself, the peasantry, being without the usual resource of potatoes, would necessarily fall into severe privation.'*

We are not sure that the last paragraph is not an example of the besetting sin which we have already remarked as misleading

* Report, p. 8.

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those who speculate on Irish matters — the transferring English notions to that most un-English society.

It seems to assume that the bulk of the Irish, like the bulk of the English, depend on wages — that they are maintained, like the English, by the flow of capital, and by employment being presented to them. The bulk of the Irish peasantry are their own employers — the capital on which they depend is not something flowing from without, but the result of their own labour, and of their own frugality. And nothing is more striking, in the long and intricate history of Irish distress, than the intimate connexion of much of that distress with the carelessness, the inactivity, and the improvidence of the sufferers. We will illustrate this by a few extracts, taken almost at hazard from the vast pile of blue books which form the Relief literature of 1847 and 1848: —

Extract from the evidence of the Rev. H. Montgomery, taken by the Lords Committee on Colonisation from Ireland, the 18th of June, 1847: —

'I have travelled through a considerable portion of Ireland in the course of the last two years. From Roscommon to Clare on both sides, but especially on the Connaught side of the river, I saw an immense population, apparently almost entirely unemployed, even in the early part of the harvest. In Roscommon, in Galway, and in Clare, there were tens of thousands of people who appeared to be entirely idle, their fields overgrown with weeds, their houses in a state of ruin, their persons foul and wretched, and altogether in a state of destitution which I did not believe existed in any portion of the world. The idleness appeared to be universal; I saw scarcely any man working. The fields were overgrown with weeds. You might know a potato garden by seeing a green leaf occasionally appearing amidst luxuriant weeds, whilst men and women were standing about, or lying in the ditches in perfect idleness.*

Messrs. Lecky, Thomas, and Carey, the Vice-Guardians of the Ballinrobe, Castlebar, and Westport Unions, to the Poor Law Commissioners, Aug. 21, 1847.

'Every holder of a small tenement cultivates his own land, and requires no assistance beyond his own family, and when his crops are sown, there is no one to give him a day's work: his neighbour is in the same predicament with himself, and the domains of the gentry are few and far between. The very low price of labour here is the natural result; for even in the busy time of harvest the reaper receives, in general, no more than 8*d.* or 10*d.* per day, without food.

'As to the disposition of the labouring classes to find employment for themselves, an observer must arrive at rather an anomalous con-

* Minutes of Evidence, p. 112.

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clusion. Experience proves that large numbers of both men and women yearly migrate to other lands to seek employment, and endure much hardship and privation in order to accumulate a small hoard, with which they return to their families; and yet at home the same individuals do not exhibit the same energy of character, neglecting many advantageous employments on their own gardens, in cleaning, weeding, and cultivating the land; and this at a time when the Government has been generously and lavishly supplying all their wants as to food. On Thursday morning last, on a journey of twenty miles from Westport to Ballinrobe, between the hours of 7 and 11, we did not remark a single individual in the fields, and only a few drawing turf from the bogs. And yesterday, between Ballinrobe and Castlebar, except in one or two meadow fields, we made the same observation. If they had the disposition to work, even for themselves, supplied as they are and have been, there is abundant opportunity; but we fear the disposition of the peasantry for honest labour and employment has been deeply and injuriously affected. We are often asked if there will be any public works, and to those we are convinced the people would fly with avidity, as there they would receive as much as their usual rate of wages, and be able to loiter away the time in pretended labour.'*

Captain Kennedy, Inspector of the Kilrush Union, to the Commissioners, Feb. 24th and March 16th, 1848. — 'All who 'received relief last year (45,000 out of a population of 82,353) 'expected its continuance, and still continue to importune and 'besiege the relieving officer. The great difficulty and danger 'here is in relieving a people who are not disposed to help themselves; and the landlord and tenant class set them the example 'of doing nothing. They all alike seem ignorant of the use of 'land, labour, or capital. The farmers who have money, job in 'meal, instead of growing it. I have no doubt that a large 'portion of the union will remain uncultivated, the land wasted 'by a succession of corn crops, and the occupiers without means 'or manure to put in any other.'†

'They (the occupiers) seem determined,' says Mr. Hamilton, the inspector of the Ballina Union, 'to hold on by their spots 'of land, in the vain hope that government will both feed 'them and crop their farms. I was told by a most respectable 'person, that there are many farmers in this barony (Belmullet) 'who had plenty of seed last year, but did not sow a single field, 'in the hope that some person would do it for them; and the 'same want of energy appears to exist among all classes at this 'moment.'‡

* Papers relating to the Unions and Workhouses in Ireland, fourth Series, 1847, p. 41.

† Sixth Series, 1848, pp. 796, 797—804.

‡ Fourth Series, p. 87., Nov. 1847.

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We have somewhat detailed statistics of the electoral division of Belmullet, from which Mr. Hamilton writes; and of the adjoining division of Binghamstown, both in the union of Ballina and the county of Clare. They contain together 182,376 acres; the population, according to the census of 1841, is 22,775, and the net rental, according to the Poor Law valuation, 10,922*l.* The number of persons rated as occupiers of land, according to the last return, was 392.

By the agricultural returns of 1847, which were made up in October and November in that year, it appears that, of these 182,376 acres, inhabited by 22,775 persons, only 2775 were then in cultivation, and that they were cropped as follows: —

	Acres.
Barley - - - -	451
Wheat - - - -	2
Oats - - - -	1057
Bere - - - -	5
Rye - - - -	20
Beans - - - -	3
Potatoes - - - -	298
Turnips - - - -	600
Mangel Wurzel - - -	25
Flax - - - -	8
Other Green Crops - - -	14
Meadow and Clover - - -	392
	2775

or deducting the 400 acres of flax, meadow, and clover, 2375 acres producing food consumable by man — about one acre to ten persons.*

Such was the state in 1847, of a district containing a larger area than the county of Middlesex, and a larger population than the county of Rutland.

During the five months immediately succeeding the time when the Extension Act came into operation, — that is to say, from

* 'Return of Agricultural Produce in Ireland,' in 1847, p. 8. This return, and that of stock, are most useful documents, and do great credit to the constabulary who executed the enumeration, and to Captain Larcom, who presided over it. It is to be regretted that the return of stock is not given, like that of crops, according to electoral divisions, but according to baronies and unions. We trust that the next returns, which will be still more instructive than these, will be according to electoral divisions.

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October, 1847, to February, 1848, both inclusive,—the poor rate collected throughout Ireland exceeded that expended by 220,860*l.* In March the proportions began to alter. In that month the expenditure was 179,151*l.*, and the collection 138,449*l.* In April the expenditure was 169,386*l.*, and the collection 111,981*l.* In May the expenditure was 164,576*l.*, and the collection 114,518*l.* In June the expenditure was 184,385*l.*, and the collection 121,571*l.* In July the expenditure was 188,643*l.*, and the collection 95,452*l.*

In August, however, the coming in of the potato crop, and we fear the cheapness occasioned by the apprehension that it would not keep, somewhat reduced the expenses. They fell to 152,202*l.*, while the collection slightly rose, amounting to 102,107*l.*

How much of this monthly excess was advanced from the Consolidated Fund we do not know. The advances by the British Association were as follows:—March 16,730*l.*, April 22,999*l.*, May 30,715*l.*, June 39,155*l.*, July 54,618*l.*, and August 37,649*l.* During this period the net amount of debts due from the unions, after deducting the balances in their treasurers' hands, grew as follows: April 200,494*l.*, May 209,369*l.*, June 229,939*l.*, July 262,104*l.*, and August 272,295*l.*

The following returns show the progress of out-door relief in numbers, beginning from the earliest period for which we have seen a return, the week ending the 5th February, 1847.

Week ending	Persons.	Week ending	Persons.
5 Feb.	445,476	11 March	613,563
12 Feb.	464,002	18 March	568,834
19 Feb.	538,078	25 March	639,713
26 Feb.	537,987	1 April	643,999
4 March	654,712	8 April	638,141*

From this period up to the end of August, we have monthly returns. In April the average number receiving out-door relief was 722,279, in May it was 749,837, in June 805,653, in July 829,352, and in August 555,350. The coming in of the crop having diminished the numbers still more than the expenditure.

The monthly returns contain an important table, containing the proportion per cent. of persons relieved to the population of 1841.

Omitting decimals, it stands thus:—

* Sixth Series, p. 1037.

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1848.		1848.	
May.	Ulster - - 3 per cent.	July.	Ulster - 3 per cent.
	Munster - 14 per cent.		Munster - 15 per cent.
	Leinster - 7 per cent.		Leinster - 6 per cent.
	Connaught 22 per cent.		Connaught 26 per cent.
June.	Ulster - 3 per cent.	August.	Ulster - - 2 per cent.
	Munster - 14 per cent.		Munster - 10 per cent.
	Leinster - 7 per cent.		Leinster - 5 per cent.
	Connaught 25 per cent.		Connaught 18 per cent.

So that at the end of July, 1848, more than a quarter, and at the end of August nearly a fifth of the population of Connaught were supported either by poor rates or by England. In many unions, of course, the number thus supported far exceeded this average. Thus, in Castlebar the proportion in July was 44 per cent.; in Ballinrobe 58, and in Clifden 63 per cent. The number supported by alms being about double that of those who maintained themselves.

Such have been the results of the Poor Law Extension Act, so far as they are expressed merely by figures. We now come to its moral effects.

Under the act of 1838, confining relief to the workhouse, a test, and as experience showed, a sufficient test of the applicants' destitution, was afforded by the terms on which relief was given. Though the food, the lodging, and the clothing of the workhouse are, and indeed must be, far superior to those of the cabin, or even of the cottage, yet such is the dislike among the Irish peasantry of cleanliness, of order, of confinement, and of regular work, however moderate, — such their love, to use Captain Wynne's expression, 'of a combination of dirt, 'smoke, and warmth,'* — that all but the really destitute avoided it, and none were willing to become destitute in order to be entitled to enter it. And as the inhabitant of the workhouse was powerless, — as he had no means of paying rent or giving labour, — relief in the workhouse was not likely to be made a matter of jobbing or abuse. But, of course, as soon as out-door relief became lawful, there was a general rush on the part of the peasantry to turn it into a means of support, and on the part of the smaller landlords and farmers to make it a source of rent or of underpaid labour.

The 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th volumes of correspondence on the relief of distress and state of the unions in Ireland, show these feelings in action.

One of the most instructive and earliest exhibitions took

* Fifth Series, p. 164.

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place in the Newcastle Union, in the county of Limerick. It contains 171,862 acres, 60,000 persons, and the poor law valuation is 109,499*l.* The total land under crops in 1847, exclusive of flax, meadow, and clover, was 24,298 acres. Including them it was 38,722. The horses and mules were 3569, and the cattle 25,308. Among its thirteen electoral divisions is Ballingarry, containing 8679 persons, and 17,735 acres, of which 5094 were under crops, exclusively of flax, meadow, and clover.

On the 3d of October a memorial from 'the starving poor of 'the parish of Ballingarry,' was presented to the guardians, of which we extract the conclusion.

'There is a God above all, and to his righteous judgment we appeal against your cruel and unnatural neglect of our interests and vested rights.

'We call upon you at once to relieve the class you are legally qualified to relieve, and to obtain, without a day's delay, the powers necessary to save from death those among the able-bodied who are in danger of dying of hunger. It may appear to you, gentlemen, that the able-bodied poor cannot be reduced to such dreadful extremity; but we appeal to our neighbours of the rate-paying classes, we appeal to our clergymen, we appeal to circumstances, to verify our assertions. There is no employment, no harvest work, no drainage, not a single acre in this parish, there are no potatoes; whence, then, are we to procure means to buy meal at 19*d.* the stone? Our circumstances, we solemnly tell you, are intolerable and desperate; but, even if it were otherwise, it would not justify you in the least. There are certain classes entitled at all times to out-door relief, because they are presumed, and truly presumed by the law, to be destitute; and have you given a single pound of meal to the hundreds in the union included in that unfortunate and peculiarly squalid and miserable class? We ask for right; we ask for justice; we ask for the law. We appeal to God, we appeal to public opinion, we appeal to the Government, to secure for us at your hands that which you justly owe us, and which, up to this hour, you have illegally and culpably, and at the expense of a frightful amount of human suffering, withheld from us.'*

The result was, that the Commissioners issued an order under the Poor Law Extension Act, dated the 1st November, 1847, authorising out-door relief to the able-bodied in the Newcastle Union. The first order of the kind which was made.

The following extract from the minutes of the guardians of the 23d November, 1847, shows the effect of the order, and the degree of trust to which the Ballingarry manifesto was entitled: —

'Over 1000 able-bodied persons from Ballingarry, and other elec-

* Fourth Series, p. 176.

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toral divisions, appeared in front of the workhouse, requiring out-door relief; 49 *of whom only came into the workhouse, though there are still* 60 *vacancies.*

'The army and police were in attendance, information having been given to Sub-Inspector Coppinger, by the master, of the intended gathering of these persons.

'Several able-bodied labourers came before the board, requiring out-door relief. Captain Maxwell, Poor Law Inspector, informed them that it was contrary to law to relieve them outside while there was room in the workhouse, and stated that they would be received at the present moment should they wish to come in; but they declined.'*

A few more extracts will show the progress of out-door relief:—

In November, 1847, Captain Maxwell informs the Commissioners, that in the village of Ballingarry alone there are 1690 inhabitants, and no less than 1519 are on the relief lists; of these, 126 are tradesmen.†

On the 22d November the Commissioners require Captain Maxwell to call upon each relieving officer to explain the course which he had pursued, and, if necessary, to take the evidence on oath on the same subject of intelligent individuals who have witnessed the relieving officer's proceedings. On the 24th he answers—

'In obedience to your instruction, I examined each relieving officer, and I find that *none* of them have acted up to their instructions. They have but in very few instances visited the dwellings of the applicants for out-door relief. They have not made themselves personally acquainted with the circumstances of each case in their district. At first they contented themselves with admitting on their lists every person recommended to them by the rate-payers; but latterly, considerable reductions have been made. They plead "that "their lives are not safe, if they strike off, or refuse applicants for "out-door relief."'‡

On the 24th of December he says that a witness 'accused 'the relieving officer of partiality, but he refused to give me 'any information on that head, or clue to get at the truth, and 'said, "he dare not do so: that his life would not be safe if he '"did." I regret to state that, in my opinion, this feeling is 'universal. The feeding of 40,000 persons, out of a population 'of 60,000 during last year, has been the cause of incredible 'mischief in this district.'§

There is something remarkable in the early period at which

* Fourth Series, p. 187.
† Fifth Series, p. 219.
‡ Ibid. p. 209.
§ Ibid. p. 210.

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out-door relief was endeavoured to be enforced by intimidation.

'There are few gentlemen,' says Captain Gilbert, the inspector of the Sligo Union, writing December 8, 1847, 'throughout this hitherto peaceable union who have not received 'threatening notices; and those who have distinguished themselves most by benevolence and attention to the wants of the 'poor during the last distress have been particularly marked out.'*

'There is a feeling,' says Mr. D'Arcy, inspector of the Ballyshannon Union, writing in Nov. 1847, 'of general insecurity abroad: some of the *ex-officio* guardians left the Board-room early, not wishing to be out after dark; Captain Johnston mentioned that a report that he was shot had been very general in Sligo; and that it was ominous, as there were frequent instances where murders have been committed of such rumours preceding them: Mr. Dickson stated to me that as he drove into the town, one man remarked to another, alluding to him, "that "is the man who is not afraid to drive alone," which showed that the minds of the people were occupied with such subjects.'†

The Kilrush Union is a sample, and, we are inclined to think a fair sample, of the general state of the County of Clare. The Poor Law valuation is 59,459*l.*; the population in 1841 was 82,353, the area 168,021 acres; of which, in October, 1847, 42,627 were under crops. Flax, meadow, and clover took up 7870 of these, leaving 34,757 for food capable of human use — a proportion more favourable than the average of Connaught. The horses and mules in 1847 were 5545, the cattle 23,327.

We shall give its history for a few weeks at some length.

Captain Kennedy to the Commissioners, November 25, 1847.

'I attended the weekly meeting of the Kilrush Board of Guardians yesterday.

'There was a serious press of applicants (many of them removed from want), owing to some popular misapprehension about out-door relief. An offer of the workhouse dispersed them. There were several notoriously bad and turbulent characters among the crowd, whom I observed counselling and inciting the others to clamour for out-door relief and public works.

'The north and west of the Union, including the divisions of Kilmurry, Kilmacduane, Killard, Kilkee, and a part of Moyarta, are in a most lamentable state. The parts on the coast are most densely populated, with a turf-digging, seaweed-gathering, fish-catching, amphibious population; as bad fishermen as they are agriculturists. They have no regular mode of gaining a livelihood. They are inert, improvident, and utterly without foresight. Lavish and constant expenditure may keep them from starvation, but it will require years of good management and well-devised measures to make them inde-

* Fourth Series, 95. † Ibid. 103.

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pendent or self-supporting. A few acres of reclaimed bog planted with potatoes has heretofore supplied their wants, and rendered them content on the lowest possible scale of existence.

'The district seems swept of food. The small farmers are realising their produce, which they are afraid to keep.

'In the district I have remarked upon, I believe one-third of the population will be utterly without food at Christmas, two-thirds starving before February, and the whole devoid of food or money before May.

'I cannot doubt that all holding over 10 acres (though a small class) are much better off than they appear or are willing to admit. I have no fears for them. In many cases they have withheld both rent and produce from the landlord; living in a state of unwholesome expectancy of some great social or political change.

'Intimidation paralyses all from high to low.*

'Many of the habitations are no better than a fox earth, and the inmates, in their appearance, clothing, and mode of living, hardly human. This class are comparatively content and uncomplaining.

'Their mode of scratching the land does not deserve the name of cultivation. Their attempts are inferior to that I have seen among North American Indians.

'This division [Moyarta] contains upwards of 10,000 inhabitants upon 13,000 acres, and the net annual value under 5000*l.* Without potatoes, it is a permanent pauper colony; the swarms of children incredible.'†

Captain Kennedy to the Commissioners, December 2, 1847.

'I have the honour to submit a report of the following occurrences for the information of the Commissioners. On my arrival at the workhouse at 11 o'clock, a.m. yesterday, I found about 1000 persons assembled in the neighbourhood, and evidently bent upon some general move. I was not long kept in suspense. A few minutes only elapsed when a general cry for out-door relief was set up, accompanied by unmistakeable symptoms of turbulence and riot; a plentiful crop of blackthorn sticks appearing above the heads of all.

'At this time a continuous stream of people was observed approaching from the Kilkee district. Colonel Vandeleur, the chairman of the Guardians, and the sub-inspector of police, had gone to Kilkee on magisterial business, but meeting such crowds heading to Kilrush, and learning their object, he prudently returned with the sub-inspector. Seeing the complexion of matters at the workhouse, where the mob had increased to about 3000, he ordered up the police, and subsequently the detachment of troops quartered here.

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* Fifth Series, p. 383.

† Ibid. p. 385. According to the agricultural returns, Moyarta contains 8597 persons, and 15,642 acres, of which 4086 are under crops. It appears, therefore, to have been in a better state than the average of Connaught.

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'The leaders of the mob seeing that measures were taken to repress any attempt at violence, left the miserable and really destitute to gain admission, after being nearly trampled to death. The sufferings of the aged and infirm women and infants, trampled upon and trodden down, were really heartrending. About 300 were subsequently admitted.

'The fact that only about 300 out of 3000 applied to come into the house, denotes the object of the demonstration.'*

'December 16, 1847.

'There is an utter absence of employment of any kind, and the idea seems to be abandoned by the poor themselves. A few days since a large number of spades were required for the paupers trenching the workhouse ground; and on inquiry I ascertained that any number up to some hundreds, could be obtained second hand (but good as new) from pawnbrokers and others in the town for 7*d.* each. Sold or pawned by their indolent or despairing owners.

'A great breadth of the land is in stubble, and this they have no capital or manure to crop, and, worse still, no energy.'†

On the 23d December Captain Kennedy again writes to the Commissioners.

'On the 20th instant, when I visited the workhouse, I found about 200 men congregated in the day-room with a blazing fire. I inquired why they were not at work, and was answered by a universal clamour, that they were unable. I sent for the medical officer, and had them individually inspected: about thirteen only of the whole number were passed by him as infirm. The remainder I ordered to be put to work in the yard, breaking stones, under gangsmen; remaining till I saw it in operation; at the same time, explaining that their rations would be stopped, if a fair amount of work were not done. The result was, that of these men and their families, to the number of 100, demanded their discharge that evening, and 121 more on the following day.

'I fully ascertained that these persons came into the house without any necessity or intention of staying, but in the expectation of being discharged on "out-door relief." When the house became crowded many of them candidly avowed it.

'I have no doubt that an organised plan to swamp the house in this manner has been suggested to the people, and was for the first time attempted on the 5th instant (*vide* my report of that date), and was only defeated by the energetic measures adopted.

'Many come into the house, who, on being searched, possess sums of money varying from 1*s.* to 8*s.* and 10*s.*; and one inmate of the workhouse, not many days ago, laid a complaint of having been robbed of 25*s.* in the house.'‡

And again, on the 30th December —

'About twenty able-bodied paupers, with their families, have

* Fifth Series, p. 386. † Ibid. p. 387.
‡ Ibid. p. 391.

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claimed their discharge this day, which will reduce the number about eighty.

'These persons came in for the purpose of qualifying for out-door relief, and finding no immediate probability of succeeding in their object, left the house voluntarily, without it. A large number have quitted during the week from the same causes and on the same conditions. The being put to work, and obliged to observe personal cleanliness, are conditions they will not submit to, unless they are absolutely destitute.

'Every day's experience convinces me of the danger of giving out-door relief to any of this class, and the necessity of resisting to the utmost limit which prudence or humanity will justify.

'I had difficulty in inducing the Guardians to adopt this system: trouble to the officers, irregularity, danger of infection, &c., were urged against it.

'They receive relief in food only, and are quite content with their allowance of meal. Their habitually wretched scale of existence renders them content with anything, and fuel costs them nothing.'*

Verbatim copy of a notice posted on Colonel Vandeleur's gate on the evening of 31st December, 1847.

'Take Notice Crofton Vandeleure if you dont change your mind and give Relive to the Young as well as the Old, and not to put a stop to the Publicke Worke as you are, and also Captin Kenidy if ye dont be said by this Notice believe me I will do with you as I did with Pirce Carrige, so have your Wills made in time.'

Captain Kennedy writes again to the Commissioners, Jan. 4, 1848.

'Four persons were this day committed to Ennis gaol to take their trial for posting a threatening notice, and conspiring to shoot C. M. Vandeleur, Esq., and myself. The evidence against them is a man named Curtin.

'They communicated to him their intention of shooting Mr. Vandeleur, if public work were not immediately given, as they believed he had stopped it; and also to shoot me if I did not give relief to young (*i.e.* able-bodied) as well as old.

'I went into the Bridewell this morning and immediately recognised all four as persons who had applied for out-door relief; two of whom made themselves remarkable by being unusually importunate, and one, if not two, had left the workhouse voluntarily. They were all of the able-bodied class.

'The fact of some neighbouring unions giving out-door relief to able-bodied makes our position here more difficult. One sturdy vagabond applied to me the other day. I explained the law, and offered him the workhouse; he replied, "They all get the government relief "at Ennis, and if we had Father Sheehan (Roman Catholic curate, "Ennis), we would all soon have it here."

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* Fifth Series, p. 393.

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'I may remark that no proper object has been refused relief either in or out of the workhouse.'*

We now come to the Scariff Union, partly in Clare and partly in Galway. The population is 53,563, the valuation 44,609*l.*, the acreage 168,048. Only 23,461 acres were, in October 1847, under crops, of which 6699 were in flax, meadow, and clover, leaving 16,762 for food consumable by man. The horses and mules, in 1847, were 3146, the cattle 15,833.

Captain Hart to the Commissioners, December 11, 1847

'The state of things here is difficult to be dealt with, owing to a large admixture of turbulent able-bodied single men, and others not in distressed circumstances, who evidently entertain the notion that it needs but a due exhibition of physical force to induce an indiscriminate issue of out-door relief, seeing that the workhouse, which was constructed for 600, now contains nearly 800 inmates.

'On Tuesday last, I had to seize a turbulent fellow (a single man) who had forced his way with others into the house; and on my having his name registered, as a warning to others, and ordering that no relief should ever be given to him except inside the house, he insolently replied, that he would "*rob and steal sooner than come into the work-house*," and that "*all the people had a right to get the out-door relief.*"

'I should not have deemed such matters as these worthy of mention, were it not that they abundantly exemplify what must inevitably be the demoralising effects of out-door relief to able-bodied men, should such an expedient unhappily ever have to be resorted to—a crisis which I can view in no other light than as an unmixed and dire calamity, which will speedily extinguish in the breasts of its recipients every principle of self-reliance, and swallow up the property of the country; for, judging from past experience, it is utterly futile to expect that any adequate check can be interposed, especially at this early stage of the administration of the new laws for the relief of the poor, to prevent an almost indiscriminate issue of relief; as when once it is believed that the destitution has extended beyond the power of being met by local taxation, every barrier to abuse will, I fear, be at once levelled, and the same general rush made for the "Government relief" as took place under the system of relief by Public Works, and subsequently by the issue of rations, when the detection of the most shameless imposition was usually met by the reply, that "one man had as good a right as another to get a share of "the Government relief."'†

Cahirciveen Union. — Colonel Clarke to the Commissioners, December 10, 1847.

'There is no possibility of finding accommodation sufficient to give the workhouse test a full and fair operation. It is computed

* Fifth Series, p. 395. † Ibid. p. 447.

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that there are 10,500 destitute individuals in the Union, being able-bodied labourers, not possessing land, and their families. How these persons existed in former years, is one of those Irish problems most difficult of solution; but I believe that to relieve one of them, and not another, would be a positive injustice; all being equally destitute. I am perfectly convinced that, even supposing the Guardians were in possession of sufficient funds, they are totally incapable of carrying out any measures of relief to any such extent; and though I might lecture on the subject daily and hourly, and every word be most fully acquiesced in, there would be no practical result.'*

'Unfortunately, in this country, charitable or local funds are looked upon as common property, of which every man is entitled to a share, without reference to his circumstances. Parents, however well off, will have their adult children placed on the poor lists, and use every deception as to the ages of the younger children, which is now daily practised at the workhouse, in order to obtain a higher scale of diet. I am, therefore, induced to believe that there will be at least 6000 persons on the out-door relief lists; the cost of these for 25 weeks, at the most moderate calculation, will be 8000*l.*; to raise this sum from the Union, would require a rate of nearly 7*s.* in the pound. I have before had the honour of submitting to you my opinion that the levy of any rate, in addition to that now in course of collection, would be hopeless. If the Guardians can carry on the workhouse, with the auxiliary building, it will be the extent of their powers.'†

Mohill Union. — Major Halliday to the Commissioners, January 21, 1848.

'The number of names now on the out-door relief list exceeds 3000, and must be expected largely to increase for several weeks; but the relieving officers have been able hitherto to avoid taking on it any able-bodied males, by offering to applicants of this class admission to the workhouse, *which is almost invariably declined.*

'They all concur in stating, that if any of these shall be relieved out of doors, *they will universally throw themselves on the list, and abandon such employment as they at present can at times obtain from the farmers or otherwise.*'‡

The opinion reported by Major Halliday in the last sentence, is remarkably confirmed by a circumstance which has come to our knowledge while these pages are passing through the press. A great proprietor in Kerry has directed a considerable sum to be employed there in drainage. He finds, however, the pauperism undiminished, and the explanation is, that those who have once received relief are spoilt for work. They are absolutely valueless as day labourers, and if employed on task work, throw up their little contracts, candidly confessing that they

* Fifth Series, p. 575. † Ibid. p. 585.
‡ Ibid. p. 195.

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prefer their chance of Union support. A friend of ours near Limerick, a few days ago, ordered four pair of shoes. His shoemaker refused the order, as it might interfere with his relief.

Of course we could extend almost indefinitely these pictures of sloth, fraud, violence, and misery: for long as these extracts are, they form a very minute portion of the vast Relief library before us. Enough, however, perhaps more than enough, has been produced to show the wisdom of Mr. Twistleton's prophecy — 'that it would be a fatal step to introduce any system 'of outdoor relief for the unemployed population of Ireland.'* Those who believe that a population in the state which now appears to be that of the southern and western Irish can safely be told that the fundamental law of human society has been repealed in their favour, and that, though they do not work, they yet shall eat; who believe that a people, such as the evidence now shows those of Munster and Connaught to be, will fight the anxious battle which man has to wage for subsistence, though they are told that it is the duty of the rate-payers, and, in default of them, of that being of inexhaustible resources, the British Government, to assist them when they make inadequate efforts, and supply their place when they make none — those who can believe all this, are beyond the reach of any arguments drawn from theory, or even from experience.

We may be asked, however — for it is a question which we have often heard put — what else would you have done — what do you propose to substitute? We are not sure that this is a question which an objector to out-door relief for such a population is bound to answer. If we saw a man with a wound in his leg, busily employed in tearing it wider and deeper, we might be allowed to advise him to desist, without being required to direct his further proceedings. If he asked us what else he should do, we might be permitted to answer, 'All that we know is, that 'what you are doing is wrong; that every time you tear that 'wound you inflame it. What you ought to do, or whether you 'ought to do any thing, we will not venture to say; but, for 'heaven's sake, stop your hands in what you are about!'

Some answers, however, we will endeavour to give to this question; some measures we will venture to suggest.

It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader that any remedies for the social diseases of Ireland must, like those diseases themselves, be divided into two classes, the moral and the physical. The most striking and the most important moral disease of Ire-

* House of Lords Evidence on Destitute Poor in Ireland, 1846, p. 780.

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land is insecurity. The remedies against insecurity are supplied partly by law and partly by education. Of these, perhaps, education is the more important. It is not, indeed, independent of law. However excellent the instruction, however wide its diffusion, still in every large society there are some persons whom it does not affect. Their intellects are not strong enough to understand it, or the violence of their passions prevents their heeding it, or they have not sufficient self-control to obey it. Such persons must be restrained by fear, and where fear is insufficient, by force; and force and fear are the weapons only of law. But law, though it represses violence and fraud, does not even attempt to diminish the rapacity and ferocity which occasion them. This it leaves to education; and where education has not, at least to some extent, performed its duty, where it has not trained up a considerable portion of the community to be the enemies of crime, where it has not created a public opinion to aid the law, both legislator and administrator become feeble.

No employment of fear or of force can permanently prevent the prevalence of outrage and robbery in an uneducated community. Nowhere are these instruments more powerful, nowhere is their use more unscrupulous than in slave countries, and nowhere is there less security of person or of property. In the first place punishment is a comparatively remote evil, and depends on detection: but neither distant nor contingent motives much affect an uneducated man. To obey, or even to appreciate them, requires much cultivation. And, in the second place, no law can be vigorously executed unless the mass of the people assist in its execution; and they never will assist in repressing crime unless they are sufficiently educated to perceive its mischief.

The principal educators of every Christian country must be its clergy. The amount of their influence, and the direction in which it is exercised, of course depend much on the purity of their doctrine and their own intellectual and moral cultivation. They depend, perhaps, still more on the relation in which the priest stands to his flock. If he belong to the mass of the people by birth, by connexions, and by early education,—if his only experience in life has been the cabin, the village school, the ecclesiastical seminary, and the parochial cure,—if he be dependent on his flock for society, for sympathy, and for income, how can we expect him to teach any opinions except those which that flock approves? This, as we have often said before, is an important part of the long explanation of the insecurity of Ireland. The legal instruments for the suppression of outrage are actually more powerful in Ireland than in England. The law is more stringent;

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there is a much larger army, and a much stronger police. But in England every thing tends to attach the great body of the instructors of the people to the side of order and law. By birth, by manners, and by education, they belong to the class which is supposed to have most to lose by disorder, and which certainly is most conscious of the advantages of tranquillity. With that class alone can they associate familiarly; and that class contributes the small portion of their incomes which is not derived from a national fund. The whole influence, therefore, of the Church of England is conservative.

The same train of reasoning would lead us to expect the whole influence of the Irish Roman Catholic priests to be destructive. This, however, it certainly is not. The Irish Roman Catholic clergy, whatever be their other deficiencies, are sincere in their faith. They cannot believe in the Gospels and preach assassination or rebellion. The events of the last six months show that their influence, so far as it was exerted at all, was exerted against the insurrection. But though they have very seldom been the active enemies of authority, they have very seldom been more than its lukewarm friends. In many cases, perhaps in most, they have not ventured to be more than neutral. Those who have been prominent in the repression of sedition have encountered dangers, and indeed sufferings, to confront which required the self-devotion of a martyr. We know one case, in which a priest was murdered for having denounced outrage and rebellion. Others have had their chapel doors nailed up; and almost all the rest have found their incomes cease. They have had to choose between rebellion and starvation.

On other social questions, where they were less tied down by the express words of Scripture, their dependence on their flocks has forced them to take the dangerous side. They have been the great supporters of repeal, — the most mischievous delusion that ever infected the Irish nation. They have always encouraged early marriages, and their consequence, the subdivision of the land into occupancies incapable of affording rent or even decent subsistence. They are the natural enemies of good poor-law administration. If relief be given in the workhouse the priest gets nothing, and accordingly he always exerts himself in favour of out-door relief. We know one case, and believe that there are hundreds, in which a priest cursed from the altar all who should enter the workhouse. 'Rather,' he said, 'die in your cabins or by the road-side. Your deaths 'will be upon the heads of those who refused you out-door 'relief.' But in proportion as out-door relief is profuse, or is

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given to those who have other means of support, something will overflow in dues. Again, the priest, as he is scarcely ever an owner, and often is not an occupier, of land, is seldom, and then very lightly, rated to the poor. While out-door relief is swallowing up the landlords' rents and the tenants' profits, the priest can indulge his sympathy for his neighbour or for his relation without making any real sacrifice himself.

It is true that these evils are not completely remediable. The bulk of a Roman Catholic clergy cannot be gentlemen; for men who belong by birth or by habits to the higher classes will rarely submit to the perpetual celibacy and to the laborious duties of a Roman Catholic parochial clergyman. The education which is given by society, which is gained from equals and rivals in the public school, the university and the world, is denied to them. But we can give to them what, though far inferior, is next best,—a good literary education; though we cannot make them independent of their flocks for sympathy and for society, we can relieve them from pecuniary dependence. And the more exposed they are to bad influences, which are inevitable, the more important it is that we should extricate them from those which are removable.

The least expensive, and, supposing it once carried, the easiest in application of the remedies required by Ireland, is the endowment of the Catholic clergy; and we earnestly recommend that the salaries of the priests of every electoral division be rated, just as the tithe rent of the Protestant clergyman is, to the relief of the poor of that district, and the poundage paid over to the guardians.

To talk of the expense as a real objection, is puerile. It would not cost half what we spend on the African squadron, with no ascertainable results except the loss of officers and men, the interruption of the commerce of the world, the suspicion or hatred excited against us among all foreign nations, and the aggravation of the horrors of the slave trade. It would not cost half the expense of the armed force that it would enable us to reduce in Ireland. It would not cost one-tenth of the additional revenue which Ireland, in a merely tolerable state of security, would pour into our Exchequer: and, above all, it would not, like a Caffre war, or a Canadian fortification, be a new expenditure. It would only be shifting an existing load from the shoulders of the poorest, to those of the richest population in the world. It would be only relieving the Irish poor from a tax which must be paid either by them or by us, and which is now paid by them only because we have taken from them and appropriated,—and

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continue to appropriate — to purposes of our own the fund which originally supplied it.

Some additional provisions for security, such as the increase of the number of stipendiary magistrates, and the abolition of that monstrous relic of barbarism, the requiring unanimity from juries, are advisable, but less urgent.

But moral remedies must here again be supported by physical ones. No country can be tranquil or industrious in which the proportion of people to the land and capital which employ and support it, is so excessive as to leave them unemployed and destitute, or even unemployed without being destitute, during a considerable portion of every year. This is well illustrated in the excellent evidence given by Mr. Aubrey de Vere, before the committee of the House of Lords, on Colonisation, on the 19th July, 1847. (P. 513. and *post.*)

'It must be remembered,' says Mr. De Vere, 'that the immediate effect of over-population, when excessive, is to interfere with the ordinary relations of society, and still more with the processes of agriculture, in such a manner as to make it almost impossible that money can be laid out productively. The farmer builds his sheds for his cattle; in the spring he has one or two calves; four or five armed men come up to him, and make him swear that he will kill his calves because his poorer neighbours require the milk. The effect of such outrages on improved cultivation is obvious.

'4729. Have not there been many instances during the present year in which a species of tariff has been established by the disturbers of the peace under which a large farmer is allowed to rear not exceeding two calves, another is allowed to rear one, and a third is prohibited from rearing any? — Yes; that is perhaps a more dangerous symptom than those occasional outbreaks of lawlessness which occur at other times. It illustrates the tendency of a very great amount of over-population to abolish the very idea of property, — making the people believe that the produce of the land belongs virtually to all on the land, and that they have a right to legislate as they think best as to the mode of its distribution.

'4731. Do the same interferences take place with respect to the sale and price of potatoes? — Yes. A farmer receives notice that his potatoes are required to be sold at such a price, or that he must be prepared to undergo whatever penalty the people choose to inflict upon him. This has frequently occurred.

'Then supposing the labourer to be perfectly desirous to give honest labour in return for the wages he receives, he is almost as unable to do this, as the farmer is unable to cultivate the crops which he prefers. He is one of a certain number of people, all of whom require employment. If the employment is only sufficient for fifty men, and a hundred require employment, the remaining fifty will of course induce or compel the fifty who have received the employment to give such inefficient work as to render the employment of the hun-

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dred men necessary. If the hundred men should be all employed, but if the work be calculated to last only for six months, whereas the hundred labourers require subsistence for the whole year, they will naturally make the work last for the year, and any particular individual amongst them who wishes to make himself what is called better than his neighbour, is a man very injurious, as they think, to the community, and gets a hint to that effect. All the relations of society are thus embittered, and the impatience of the disease resists the measures necessary for the cure. Every part is sore, and shrinks from the touch; every part is armed, and stings the hand that would heal it.

'The failure of the recent attempt to support the people of Ireland by means of work on the public roads, is but an illustration on a large scale of a difficulty which besets all attempts to give employment where the pressure of population is such as to paralyse that employment which a less excessive pressure would have stimulated. The labour required was met by a combination. That is a fact that speaks for itself; every body knows it; no person ought to have been surprised at seeing it occur. Those who were well acquainted with Ireland knew that the circumstance was certain to occur, because the same principle of combination has long since prevailed amongst our labourers, although in an occult shape, and has, in an indirect manner, produced the same results; that is to say, by a kind of understood convention amongst the labourers, work has been done badly, and done slowly. While in England you have paid 1*s.* 6*d.* for labour, and have got 1*s.* 6*d.* worth of work, in Ireland we have paid 8*d.* for labour, and got 6*d.* worth of work; combination supplanting competition, and making labour expensive where the labourers were numerous.

'4743. Does this pressure of a population in excess act dangerously upon the peace of the country? — It renders it impossible to maintain the peace in many of those districts in which the pressure is very much felt, because it reduces us to a state in which you may say that every one is in every one else's way. In England every one is socially dependent upon his neighbour; the intertexture of society is so finely wrought that every man is the better for his neighbour, and so far has a sort of vested interest in his life; but in Ireland the people are competitors and rivals, and angry feelings are thus necessarily engendered. For this reason it has been found hitherto very difficult to preserve the peace in Ireland, even in times of comparative abundance. We have now met with a calamity which has very much the same effect as if some two millions of people had been added in one year to our population, a proportionate amount of food having been withdrawn. Under these circumstances the insecurity of property and the difficulty of maintaining the peace must proportionately increase.

'4759. With respect to the general interests of your electoral division, how do you find that the state of the neighbouring less improved electoral divisions acts upon you? — Very injuriously. That is one of our great difficulties. In a neighbouring electoral division, a large

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proportion of the holdings consist of about three acres each. If each of those farms supports the person who possesses it, even supposing that no rent is paid, it is probably the very most that we can expect. A rate certainly cannot be levied upon such farms.

'There are a very considerable number of acres in that electoral division which have remained altogether unsown and waste. Adjoining us is the electoral division of Kildimo; in it no considerable proprietor resides, and there is no chance of employment on a large scale. Supposing that in the two adjoining electoral divisions the people are destitute, and that a very inconsiderable rate is the utmost that can be raised for their support, we shall be in the difficult position of supporting our own people in the midst of a starving multitude on each side of us, and the question is, whether that multitude will be content to starve and see their neighbours provided for. As soon as we set 200 men at work, 200 more men will probably, if not otherwise provided for, march down with their spades on their shoulders, and demand a share in that work.'

The degree in which Ireland is over-populous, may perhaps be best understood by comparing her to England.

Unfortunately the agricultural statistics of England are very defective. We are not acquainted with any estimate later than that furnished by Mr. Couling to the Emigration Committee in 1827, and published (p. 361.) in the appendix to the third Report, ordered to be printed on the 29th June, 1827. It has been adopted, however, by Mr. Porter, and with a slight variation, by Mr. M'Culloch, and so far as it differs from the truth, must obviously err in leading us to under estimate the *present* amount of agricultural improvement.

According to that estimate, the 32,342,400 acres of England, comprised 25,532,000 in cultivation, of which 10,252,600 were arable and garden, and 15,379,400 meadows and pastures. The number of agricultural families appears, by the census of 1831, to have been then 761,348.

The surface of Ireland, according to the census of 1841, (p. 453.) contains 20,808,271 statute acres, of which only 13,464,300 were then cultivated. Of these, in 1847, only 5,238,575 were under crops, thus subdivided: cerealia 3,313,579, green crops, 727,738, flax, 58,312, and hay, 1,138,946.* The agricultural families were returned by that census as 974,188. So that more than one fourth more families were employed in cultivating about half the extent of cultivated land.

The disproportion is still more striking when we look at the details. The arable and garden ground in England, consisted, as we have seen, of 10,252,000 acres. In Ireland, in 1847, only

* Agricultural Return, pp. 6. 8.

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5,238,575 acres were under crops, of which 1,138,946 produced hay, so that only 4,099,629 remain for arable and green crops, or less than four acres and a half to an agricultural family. In England the proportion of arable and garden ground is rather more than thirteen acres and a half to an agricultural family. Just three times as much. Of course when we come to the distressed provinces, the disproportion increases. In Leinster and Ulster the agricultural families were 483,845. In Munster and Connaught they were 492,343. The cultivated land in Leinster and Ulster was 7,368,727 acres, in Munster and Connaught, 6,095,573. The land under crop in Leinster and Ulster was 3,284,259, or, deducting 714,488 of meadow and clover, 2,469,771 acres. That in Munster and Connaught, was 1,950,316, or, deducting meadow and clover, 1,526,658 acres,—not three acres and a rood to an agricultural family, or more than four times as many agricultural families to a hundred acres under crop as in England.

Now in 1831, the agricultural population of England in proportion to the land under cultivation, and to the capital employed on it, was in excess. It was the time when agricultural labourers were driven from farm to farm as roundsmen, were sold by auction at 2*d.* per head per day, were harnessed on the roads to gravel carts, were sent ten miles to carry a barley straw and bring back a wheat straw, were imprisoned in the gravel pit, or kept standing morning after morning in the parish pound. It was the time when farmers could not safely use machinery, when labour rates were sanctioned by law, when Wilmot Horton lectured on redundant population, and emigration was as vehemently demanded for England as it now is for Ireland. What then is to be done with an agricultural population more than four times as excessive in proportion to the demand for its labour as one which itself was excessive? How are we to remedy a disproportion between cultivators and cultivated land, the greatest that has ever pervaded a civilised country?

The remedies applied to the excessive population of England were, a much stricter administration of the Poor Laws; the withdrawing, as far as the inveterate abuses of the country and the inveterate prejudices of London would allow it, all out-door relief from the able-bodied; and a great extension of cultivation. And the evil has been much mitigated. Were it not for the Irish immigration it would probably be cured. The evil to be contended with in Ireland is, as we have seen, more than four times as great.

When we last considered this subject, we remarked, 'that 'from an early period of the present distress two modes of

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'meeting the calamity presented themselves; which have since 'acquired greater distinctness in people's minds, and have been 'acted upon in a more and more systematic manner. The first 'of these was to stimulate the industry of the people, to aug- 'ment the productive powers of the soil, and to promote the 'establishment of new industrial occupations, so as to cause the 'land once more to support its population, and to substitute a 'higher standard of subsistence and a higher tone of popular 'character for those which prevailed before. The other plan 'was to relieve the mother country by transferring large masses 'of people to the colonies; and great efforts were made to 'obtain the command of public funds to assist in paying the 'expense of this emigration.'*

We attached then, and we attach now, great importance to the first of these remedies. We still think that much may be done, and therefore ought to be done, to stimulate the industry of the people, and to augment the productive powers of the soil. And the figures with which we have filled the last few pages show that there are great materials for the purpose. While, of the whole land of Ireland, not much more than one half is cultivated; while, of that under cultivation, not one half is under crops; while all the corn and beans, green crops, flax, and hay, of Ireland are raised from only 5,238,575 acres, out of 20,808,271, it is obvious that a large portion of the means of profitable and permanent employment which Ireland offers to her agricultural population is still wasted.

The neglected means of profitable, but temporary employment, are still greater. It is generally admitted that of the 6,290,000 acres now utterly waste, 1,425,000 might, with profit, be made fit for tillage, and 2,330,000 for pasture. And that by far the greater portion of the 13,464,300 acres now called cultivated, might return to the application of an enormous amount of labour employed in drainage and other permanent improvements, not merely an agricultural, but a mercantile, almost an usurious, rate of profit.

Still, however, it must be recollected that the reclamation of every portion of Ireland that is not utterly impracticable mountain or bog, would give a cultivatable surface of only 17,219,300 acres, to be cultivated by 974,188 agricultural families. We have seen that in England, in 1831, on 25,532,000 cultivated acres, 761,348 families appeared to be an excessive agricultural population. What reason have we then for hoping that

* No. clxxiv. p. 296.

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17,219,300 acres would afford sufficient employment to 974,188 families?

It must further be recollected that this number, 974,188, is not unsusceptible of increase: up to the present time every relaxation of the iron pressure which keeps down Irish population, has been instantly followed by a proportionate, or by a more than proportionate expansion. No one can doubt that if Ireland had been originally one third larger than it is, the only consequence would have been one third more of misery. No one can doubt that if the 3,755,000 acres which it is now proposed to reclaim had been reclaimed sixty years ago, the only consequence would have been, that we should now have 1,300,000 agricultural families instead of 974,188; 10,500,000 Irish instead of 8,000,000; 1,200,000 paupers instead of 900,000. The remedies which are intended to act by diminution of population, if they fail, do no harm; and if they succeed, must be beneficial. Those which increase the field over which population can spread may effect their immediate purpose; and yet ultimately produce calamities worse than those which they were employed to palliate. The evidence of Mr. Blacker, of Armagh, the justly celebrated writer on small farms and green crops, given to the Committee of the House of Lords on Emigration in 1847, is very instructive. He begs the committee to remember that unless the habits of the people can be changed, no enlargement of farms will be permanent. The farms, he says, fifty years ago were larger than any that can now be hoped for, and yet they were subdivided; and so will be any that we can now create, unless the tenants have sufficient wealth, enterprise, and knowledge, to look beyond their land for a provision for their children.

He is asked,

'2199. At that former period to which you refer was there not a disposition rather to subdivide land, and is there not at the present moment a strong disposition to guard against such subdivision?—I do not think there is any feeling upon that subject, be it ever so strong, that will prevent the subdividing of land by will by the original possessor, particularly on large estates, in order to provide for his descendants, where the father has no other means of doing so. The subdivision takes place without any outward or visible sign; the family may all continue to live together, and the land may be held apparently without being allotted to any particular member of the family; but it is not the less real upon that account, and at the end of the lease there may be found three or four families under the same roof holding different portions of the original holding.

'2200. The question alludes not to what a person might wish to do for his own descendants, but is there not, on the part of inheritors

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of lands, a strong disposition now to prevent such subdivision? — There is, certainly, *and there always has been;* but you cannot avoid it.

'2201. Was there that disposition formerly? — In almost all cases.

'2202. Was there not formerly a great tendency to increase the subdivision for political purposes? — That is a point that has been often urged. I have no doubt that there may have been different instances of landlords being so reckless as to divide their property for that object, but I do assert that it was more taking advantage of a subdivision they could not help, to make a vote, than making the subdivision for the sake of the vote; and I will state the grounds which I have for that opinion: that is, that the glebes of clergymen and the lands of the church could not by any subdivision have given a vote, yet the glebes of clergymen are more subdivided than any other lands in Ireland.

'2204. Do not you think that the middle-man had a stronger interest in subletting than the proprietor would have? — The fact is, that the subdivision of land rather arises from dividing it by will than from any other cause. Suppose a man has twenty acres, and he dies, he has not a farthing to leave to his younger children, and he leaves them five or six acres of his land.

'2208. Middle-men have no interest in the reversion of the land, and the proprietors of land have? — Undoubtedly that is the case; but under the circumstances I have alluded to it will be very difficult to prevent subdivision.' *

Passing by, however, for the present, these eventual dangers, let us consider what are the immediate obstacles to an extensive amelioration of the soil of Munster and Connaught. If we suppose a man to be the sole proprietor of an electoral division — that is to say, of an estate equal in extent to more than three average English parishes; that his tenants hold at will, or for short terms; that the proportion of population to the land is so moderate, that freedom of action is not circumscribed by the tyranny described by Mr. de Vere, but the landlord is allowed to improve, the farmer to manage, and the labourer to work without being under the orders and the terrors of a secret tribunal; that the surrounding electoral divisions are also so favourably circumstanced, that their inhabitants will not invade any new oasis of prosperity, derange the proportions of population and employment, and prescribe the amount of industry that is to be exerted, and the manner of its application — if we suppose all these favourable accidents to coincide, such a proprietor would do wisely, if out of his own resources, or by the assistance of the Land Improvement Act, he expended on his lands perhaps half, perhaps

* Evidence, p. 228.

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the whole value of their fee simple in their present state. But where, in Munster and Connaught, shall we find such a coincidence? — in 200 cases? — in 100? — in 50? If all these conditions can rarely co-exist, which of them can be dispensed with? Can the proprietor of a portion of an electoral division prudently improve? If he do so, what is he doing but providing a fund to be eaten away by the spreading sore of his neighbour's pauperism? Can he do so when his land is in the hands of middle-men, or tenants for terms, who for years must reap the whole profit of his expenditure? Can he do so when pressed on by an excessive, and therefore idle, and therefore demoralised population in his own electoral division, or in those around him, which impedes, or forbids, or dictates his own operations and those of his farmers and of his labourers?

This is not mere theory; we will illustrate it by an example.

We have given some details as to the state of the Belmullet and Binghamstown electoral divisions, part of the Barony of Erris, in the Ballina Union. On the 15th of February, 1848, Mr. Hamilton, the Inspector, writes to say that one of the principal landlords, Mr. Carter, has applied for, and obtained, 5000*l.* under the Improvement Act.*

On the 30th of March Mr. Carter writes thus to the Commissioners: —

'I have the honour to enclose you a copy of a letter I this morning received from Mr. Crampton, the agent of my estate, in Erris, county Mayo. I am most anxious to lay out the money applied for and granted, but the contents of this letter certainly cause me to pause before I take up 5000*l.* to be expended in increasing the burdens of the land in Erris, without a prospect of redemption.'

'*Enclosure.* — Mr. Crampton to Mr. Carter, March 28, 1848.

'I learn at the Custom House that your application under the Land Improvement Act for the drainage of your Erris estates has been approved of to the extent of 5000*l.*, and that you will very shortly be placed in possession of an instalment of this sum. However, as it would interfere with the spring work, and so tend to destroy the very slender prospect of any harvest this year in that country, if you now commence operations, they must necessarily be postponed till summer.

'Previous, however, to your embarking in this expenditure, I wish to lay before you as clearly as I can the present state and prospects of Erris generally, that you may judge for yourself whether by this expenditure you would improve your estate there, or whether, on the contrary, by adding so much to its incumbrances, you will only be accelerating its ruin.

* Sixth Series, p. 221.

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'The valuation of the two electoral divisions, Belmullet and Binghamstown, in which your estate lies, under the Poor Law, is under 12,000*l.* a-year; this sum is not very much less than the amount of rent which was paid (before 1846), by the occupying tenants to their immediate landlords; at present small holders (who occupy more than nine-tenths of the country), are able to pay no rent whatever.

'The population of these two electoral divisions, which, before 1846, was considerably over 20,000, is now (as well as an estimate can be made) under 20,000; about one sixth of this population are resident on those parts of your estate which are not leased against you in perpetuity, and about another sixth on those townlands which are.

'Out of this population upwards of 10,000 are now receiving relief daily under the Poor Law, at the expense of upwards of 250*l.* a-week; that is, at the rate of upwards of 13,000*l.* a-year (more than the entire rental of the two divisions even in flourishing times). This relief is administered with the utmost vigilance, and the utmost care taken that none except those actually starving shall be relieved, so that there is no hope that the expense will be diminished; on the contrary, it is certain that it will considerably increase: destitution among the population yet off the lists increasing more rapidly than deaths occur among the paupers who are on; deaths among the paupers being the only circumstance by which the numbers receiving relief are or can be diminished.

'As might be imagined, the proceeds of the poor-rate are by no means equal to this enormous expenditure; the British Association are supplying the funds, and will probably do so till next harvest; however, they cannot and will not continue to do so, and as the people are supported in what is as bad as idleness, and the arable land is suffered to lie waste, *there is no hope that the country can support itself when the British Association shall cease to give assistance.*

'It is for you to consider whether, under these circumstances, the 5000*l.* granted to your application under the Land Improvement Act, will not (if laid out in Erris) be utterly lost, while you will remain personally liable to 650*l.* a-year for interest.

'If the Government will do nothing, and at the same time insist that proprietors must support the destitute on their estates (that is, on your paying 2000*l.* a-year for poor-rate for your Erris estate, which would be about your proportion, while you at the same time get nothing out of it), I would say the sooner you got rid of that property the better, and that your laying out money on it, with these facts clearly before you, would be an act of deliberate folly.'

The Commissioners refer Mr. Crampton's statement to their inspector. He answers —

'April 4, 1848.

'I think Mr. Crampton's letter is not by any means an exaggerated statement.

'The present expenditure is about 250*l.* a-week, and a considerable

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portion of the persons now receiving relief are permanently pauperised, unless some unexpected demand for labour should arise.'

The correspondence closes by a letter from the Commissioners to Mr. Carter, in which they state their opinion that—

'It is only by the adoption of means to encourage agricultural undertakings, independently of the poor-rates, that any progress can be made in ameliorating the condition of the labouring population, and lessening the pressure on the resources of the rate-payers. The Commissioners would be gratified to know that such means were applied by the owners of the lands heretofore cultivated, but now waste; and were all to adopt your proposition of giving the land rent free, at first, there would, it is presumed, be found persons of the requisite skill and capital, to migrate to that district.' *

We are not informed as to the result. We presume that Mr. Carter declined the proposed loan. The reader will judge whether it is equally probable that the plan alluded to by the Commissioners, 'that the landlords should give their lands rent 'free, and that persons of skill and capital should migrate to 'Erris in order to cultivate them,' has been adopted.

What is impossible, however, to private enterprise may, it has been supposed, be effected by the Government; and several proposals have lately been made for the reclamation of the waste lands of Ireland at the expense of the state. In support of these views, the high authority of the Irish Commissioners of Poor Law Inquiry has often been cited; but it appears to us erroneously. What the Commissioners proposed as respects Irish wastes, was merely a general enclosure act. They recommended the establishment of a board of improvement and a court of review. The duty of the board was to make a survey, valuation, and partition of the waste lands of Ireland. It was further to make the roads and main drains, and to receive an allotment by the sale of which the expense was to be defrayed. The rest was to be allotted to the proprietors of the waste, each owner being allowed to let his allotment or any portion for sixty years to a tenant undertaking to enclose and cultivate it to the approbation of the board; and also, with the like approbation, to alienate in fee a portion to a person or company undertaking to enclose and cultivate the remainder. The Court of Review was to solve all legal difficulties, with an appeal to the House of Lords.

This was a simple plan, well adapted to the wants of the year 1836, when the obstacle to the cultivation of the waste arose merely from intricacy of title; but does not attempt to meet the present difficulty, which, indeed, did not then exist;

* Sixth Series, p. 232.

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when the obstacle is, that in the face of the poor-rate it is not worth cultivating.

Then came Mr. Thornton, writing in 1845, before the potato had failed, and believing (p. 430.) that two or three acres furnish plentiful subsistence to a family. He proposes that the poor should have free access to the waste lands *, or at least to 600,000 acres of them; the distribution of which among 200,000 pauper families, would, he thinks, remedy the pauperism of Ireland. † The proprietors, of course, must be compensated, but he says, with truth, that the value of the fee-simple of an acre of Irish waste is generally small.

Mr. Mill adopted Mr. Thornton's views, but writing in 1848, estimated more adequately the evil and the necessary extent of the remedy.

Instead of 600,000 acres of waste, he proposes to take all that are arable, which he supposes to be 1,500,000; and instead of 200,000 he proposes to place on them 300,000 families, five acres to a family. 'Suppose,' he says, 'such a number drafted 'off to independence and comfort, together with a very moderate 'additional relief by emigration, the introduction of English 'farming over the remainder of Ireland would at once cease to 'be chimerical.' ‡

Lastly, we have a further and amended proposal of Mr. Thornton's, contained in his 'Plea for Peasant Proprietors,' published in 1848. He now supposes the available waste lands to be 1,600,000 acres; and he proposes to colonise them with 200,000 pauper families, allotting 8 acres to a family. He estimates the expense at 24,000,000*l.*, or 120*l.* per family, a sum considerably exceeding the cost of the most expensive emigrations ever made; more than three times the cost at which the Crown, not the best of managers, removed to America the surplus population of its estate at Ballykilcline. §

To meet the obvious objection that, with Irish habits, the 200,000 families would soon swell into 400,000, and the farms from 8 acres diminish to 4, he adopts a suggestion of Mr. Mill's, that the colonists should receive their farms not as tenants, but as owners; the ownership of land being in his opinion and in that of Mr. Mill, the best preservative against the undue multiplication of a peasantry. And as a further precaution, he proposes that subdivision be prohibited by law.

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* Over-population, p. 432. † Ibid. p. 430. ‡ Vol. i. p. 393.
§ This was 1,550*l.* 7*s.* 3*d.* for 236 persons, or about 6*l.* 11*s.* a head. Evidence to First Report of the House of Lords on Colonisation, 1848, 2959.

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Now we admit most fully the beneficial moral influence of property, especially of landed property. We bitterly regret that our execrable system of tenures, by making the legal forms attending the sale and purchase of a small piece of ground cost more than the value of the thing which they convey, and our execrable poor-law system, by denying employment to a man who is supposed to be able to exist without it, have destroyed the small properties of England. We believe that if we could recall into existence the English yeoman, we should add to our social system a most valuable member. We believe that the remnants of that race, the Cumberland and Westmoreland statesmen, are the best agricultural population in Great Britain. But when we are told that such a peasantry will not multiply and subdivide, we must consider what are the means by which these results are to be prevented. They seem to be only three: — 1st, limiting the number of children to a marriage; 2d, deferring marriage; and 3d, sending out the younger children to get their bread by some other means than cultivating the father's land. The first of these means is that adopted in France and Switzerland. The number of children to a marriage is much smaller among the peasantry of those countries than in any other part of Europe. The second is that adopted in Germany, Denmark, Norway, and generally in the Protestant portions of the Continent. The government almost universally interferes and prohibits the marriage of those who cannot show that they possess considerable property or a residence, or that they have performed their military services. The third is the resource of the English farmer. If he is rich and careful, he saves enough to portion his daughters and to enable his sons to hire and stock farms of their own. If he cannot afford this, his children go out to service or are apprenticed to trades. Now which of these lines of conduct is likely to be adopted by the colonist on the Irish wastes? He will be a pauper taken from the worst part of the worst provinces of Ireland — from a population, to use Capt. Kennedy's words, 'ignorant of the use of land, labour, or 'capital; in their appearance, clothing, and mode of living 'hardly human, and' — what is perhaps the worst symptom — 'uncomplaining; quite content with their allowance of meal.' Will such a people, having by their side the priest living on marriage dues and christenings, defer marriage, or restrict the number of children in their families? Will they save to set up their children in other farms or in other businesses? Remove them to a better social atmosphere, let them see all around them instances of thrift and success; put a new continent at their disposal, where they may multiply their numbers and yet extend

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their possessions, and they will participate in the general prosperity. Keep them in Ireland, and in a generation or two, probably much sooner, they will be in the state in which they are now, only doubled in numbers.

As for the legal prohibition of subdivision, it would be an absolute nullity. Even in the case of a leaseholder or a tenant at will, where there is a landlord who knows that the security of his rent and the value of his reversion depend on his preventing subdivision, we see that it goes on, in spite of a repression which is often complained of as too severe. How is a *proprietor* to be checked? By whom is the law to be enforced? By public officers, we suppose. And will men performing a mere public duty exercise a vigilance and severity, and incur a degree of odium and of danger (for in Ireland unpopularity is often death), which his own interest and that of his descendants will not tempt the reversioner to exert and to undergo?

The decisive objections to this scheme, however, have not yet been mentioned.

Unhappily, as the able compiler of the digest of the evidence taken under Lord Devon's Commission, has remarked, 'all the 'evidence on the subject of reclaiming waste lands, has reference 'to the times and circumstances prior to the failure of the 'potato crop.' That failure has destroyed much of what was best established in Irish rural economy; and, above all, it has destroyed three acre, or five acre, or even eight acre farms.

Among the witnesses examined by the House of Lords' Committee on Colonisation in 1847, were Col. Robinson, the well known managing director of the Irish Waste Lands Improvement Company, and, as we have seen, Mr. Blacker.

'2122. I think,' says Mr. Blacker *, 'that with five or six acres the farmer cannot now support himself upon his land. It is a physical impossibility to grow so much grain upon a five or six acre farm as will support a family consisting of six to seven persons. It would be necessary to sow part of the land with a grain crop twice in succession, which cannot be carried on; it could not be continued for any course of seasons.

'2125. Do you not conceive that you possess in Armagh much greater facilities for meeting the state of things, as altered by the potato failure, by your knowledge of agriculture, and by your power of substituting other means of culture? — Certainly; and not only that, but likewise by having a portion of manufactures going on.

'2126. Even with those advantages, do you conceive that if the potato failure proves permanent you will have the means of supporting your present extent of population? — I do not think that we

* Evidence, p. 219. and *post.*

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shall. If we lose the potato crop, all the five and six acre men who depend entirely upon their small holdings must go.

'2156. Were not your opinions strongly expressed upon the question of emigration? — Yes. I have written two essays upon the management of property in Ireland; in both those I expressed my doubts of the propriety of emigration; and, under the same circumstances, I should be still of the same opinion; but I look upon it that the destruction of the food of a great proportion of the people alters the circumstances altogether. A five or six acre farmer, with potato diet, could pay his rent, and keep his one or two cows, and his pigs, and live in comparative comfort; but I do not think that he can do so if the potato failure continues; therefore there must in that case be a change in the measures adopted.

'2157. Supposing in any particular district the five acre farm system to continue subject to the failure of the potato crop, what do you conceive would be the consequences upon rents?—There is just this consequence: rent can only be paid by the sale of the produce. If a man sells the produce to pay his rent, he must starve or become a mendicant; and if he lives upon the produce, and does not pay his rent, then the landlord must starve or become a mendicant.

'There are numbers of farms not exceeding five and six acres; I look upon it that in all those farms the produce of the land would be insufficient. To give an instance, take a farm of six acres; if it requires three acres of oats to supply the place of one acre of potatoes, and a family require an acre and a half of potatoes, it would require four or five acres of oats to supply that; how can you grow four or five acres of oats out of six acres?

'There are many people whom I have heard dilating upon the advantage to Ireland of the failure of the potato crop, and the blessing it would be to the people to have cereal food substituted. It seems to me, however, that those who thus express themselves are not aware that it is absolutely impossible all at once to increase the growth of cereal crops to the extent required to feed the present population upon that diet. Before this can be done, there must be an increased quantity of land in a state fit to yield corn crops; this can only be done by an increased growth of green crops; and this again requires an increased stock of manure; so that if it can be accomplished at all, it must be a work of time. And what is in the meanwhile to become of the hundreds of thousands who have hitherto depended on the Conacre potatoes? It is fearful to contemplate the misery that must take place before any good can arise from the failure of the potato.'

Colonel Robinson states that the average holdings of the peasantry on the estates reclaimed by the society, are fourteen plantation acres, or about twenty statute acres each.*

He is asked what amount of capital is required for a tenant

* Evidence, p. 500.

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to become a settler on a waste land holding, according to the system of the society.

He answers—

'It would depend on the size of the farm, the nature of the locality, and the resumption or not of the potato culture; but, as a fair general average, I should deem that an industrious man with a family, entering upon a moderate-sized holding, in proportion to the amount of his capital, and the physical strength of his family, at the rate of from 1*l.* 10*s.* to 2*l.* per plantation acre of arable land, would do well. Thus, if a farmer of peaceable habits, inured to difficulties, of strong constitution, and with a healthy large family, possessed of 20*l.* or 30*l.* capital, being the description of persons who *generally emigrate to the American colonies, took a holding of from ten to fifteen plantation acres, which is equal to from sixteen to twenty-three and a half statute acres, he would, by a fair amount of exertion and perseverance, be able to permanently provide for that family, without any extraneous aid from public works or workhouses, or other parties, excepting occasional employment for the first two years, and the stipulated allowances from the improving landlord.*'*

This evidence decisively shows how inadequate is the immediate resource afforded by the waste lands. Supposing their extent ample, and all difficulties of title and expense removed, from two to three years must elapse before they would give any assistance at all. Colonel Robinson often repeats that for the first two years the settlers must be fed from other sources. And, secondly, supposing them now ready for use, their extent, great as it seems positively, is comparatively small. 1,400,000 acres divided into 10 acre farms, and that seems to be the minimum, will remove only 140,000 agricultural families out of 974,188, leaving still 824,188 families to cultivate the existing 13,464,300 acres, being about double the English proportion in 1831. Nor is it true that the whole of the 1,425,000 of cultivable waste is really available for the purposes in question. 269,000 belong to Ulster; exclusively of Donegal. They belong to a well administered prosperous province, which supports its own poor without English assistance, indeed, with rare exceptions, without out-door relief. What more right have we to require an Antrim landlord, whose union and whose electoral division are perfectly solvent, who has so well preserved the proper proportion of population to capital, that instead of one person in five as in Connaught, or one person in ten as in England, only one person in a hundred is an applicant for relief,—what more right have we to require him to give up his waste lands as a colony for Southern and Western paupers, than we have to require the

* Evidence, p. 507.

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proprietors of Dartmoor or of Salisbury plain? What right have we to transport the hordes of Clare and Mayo into the heart of Down and Armagh? What more right have we to inoculate with them the laborious, orderly, Protestant population of Ulster, than that of Yorkshire or Kent? What we have said of Ulster applies to many portions of Leinster; it applies even to many parts of the South and the West. Even in Donegal there are unions, such as Dunfanaghy and Letterkenny, in Cork, such as Bandon, Kinsale, and Mallow, where the pauperism is less than in even the well-administered English districts. To grind them down to the common level of Munster and Connaught by forcibly introducing into their waste lands a surplus population of strangers, would be a strong instance of the injustice and cruelty of which those who most loudly proclaim their humanity are not the least frequently guilty. The same remark applies not merely between province and province, but between county and county, between union and union, between electoral division and electoral division, even between townland and townland. It is bad enough,—we should think it intolerable,—to inflict on one parish the support of the paupers of another. To bring those paupers bodily into its bounds, to force its inhabitants to dwell among such associates, and to become responsible for such inmates, would be absolutely Mezentian.

> 'Mortua quin etiam jungebat corpora vivis
> Complexu in misero, et longâ sic morte necabat.'

From these premises a practical conclusion seems to follow, more certainly than is usually the case in political reasoning. If the agricultural population of the greater part of Ireland is three times as large as can be profitably employed in cultivating, with the existing amount of capital, the quantity of land now in cultivation,—if in the districts where that surplus population is found, no one, except under circumstances so peculiar and so rare that they may be said to be non-existent, can profitably or even safely reclaim land now waste, or apply fresh capital to the land already in cultivation,—if the reclamation of the waste lands by the government would afford only a slow and very partial relief, and by rendering possible a still further increase of population, might in its ultimate results act as a poison instead of a medicine,—if under the pressure of poor-rates every month more and more tenancies are abandoned, and more and more fields lie waste, leaving the burden more and more concentrated on the occupiers and the landlords who still stand their ground,—if under the double operation of increased pauperism and diminished employment, the population which last year was

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only three times, may next year be four times, and the year after be five times as great as is wanted, what possible resource can there be except to diminish the number of people, since while that number continues, to increase the demand for their labour is impossible?

If to do this to the requisite extent be really impracticable; if the whole resources of the British empire, European, American, Asiatic, and African, do not enable us to remove from Ireland every year, for four or five years to come, 400,000 persons; let all those who have the means prepare against the evil that is coming. Let them sell their properties while they retain value; let them invest their savings in securities beyond the grasp of the collector; let them seek out some country which does not support a standing army of 2,700,000 paupers.* And let us all, to use Mr. Mill's words, extract from the world, with Epicurean indifference, the pleasures which it may afford, without making useless struggles for its improvement. For we may be sure that if we allow the cancer of pauperism to complete the destruction of Ireland, and then to throw fresh venom into the already predisposed body of England, the ruin of all that makes England worth living in is a question only of time.

ART. IX.—*Biographical Notices of Lord Melbourne.* London: 1848.

THERE are some men, of whom, if we value their memory, it is important to produce, as soon as possible after the world has heard that they are no more, a just appreciation. We mean men in whose characters the lights and shadows were in a certain degree vague and unsettled, and whose manner was frequently confounded with a nature or mind of which it was but a false and superficial index.

Certain gentlemen in the House of Commons who get up early, who have always their watch in their hand, who rush from committee room to committee room, and rarely miss any division on any subject, are generally considered by their family, and sometimes by their acquaintances, and even ordinary

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* England - - - - 1,800,000
Ireland - - - - 900,000

Total - - - 2,700,000

What are the Ateliers Nationaux to this?

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lookers-on, as men of business and activity. The Peer whom we are now mourning, was not a man of this class: his external habits were in appearance those of indolence; he went into society in the evening; he had the air of a lounger in the morning; he attended indifferently to things of small importance; and consequently he was called idle, and for many years of his life decried as idle, by a vast variety of persons who were far less usefully employed than himself. During this time, he read more, and thought more, than perhaps any person of his own station and standing. His knowledge of the classical languages rendered their most difficult authors as familiar to him as if they had written in French or in English; and his mind was imbued with, and constantly brooding over those writings which best record the eloquence and wisdom of antiquity. In modern history and literature there was hardly any work with which he was not acquainted; and all the nice points and dogmas of theology were perpetually turned over by his inquisitive and speculative mind. His morning's ride, indeed, was often as serious an occupation to him, as were, to Pliny, the two hours which he passed in a dark room, and which he considered, though he was *merely* thinking, the most important portion of his day's labours. By this quiet process of study and thought he gradually brought his mind to an elevated level, all beneath which he considered mean and worthless; all above, visionary and extravagant. Popular clamour and aristocratic pretension were alike distasteful to him; mere honours he despised; 'the grand 'simple' which the famous Duke of Queensberry, then Earl of March, gave to George Selwyn as the *beau-idéal* of taste, was the characteristic of his understanding.

Such was the statesman, whose career and character we are now about to sketch,—a statesman whom it was almost impossible for the public to understand from afar, and whom it was even difficult for those who had only casual opportunities of approaching him, to judge with correctness.

The late Viscount Melbourne was born on the 18th of March, 1779; being at this time the second son of the first Lord Melbourne, a nobleman not particularly remarkable himself, but married to a lady celebrated in her day for the charm of her manners and the strength of her understanding. The eldest son, Mr. Peniston Lamb, lived much in the world, but took little interest in politics. Mr. William Lamb, intended for a profession, was sent in the meantime to Eton, Glasgow, and Cambridge; and so distinguished himself at these places by his abilities, that in 1802 Mr. Fox, ever the gracious and politic patron of rising merit, drew the attention of Parliament to the

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youthful scholar, by quoting a passage from one of his university compositions.*

In 1805 Mr. Peniston Lamb died, and Mr. William Lamb having thus become the representative of his family, was brought into the House of Commons. His talents, as we have seen, were already known there, and as he took his seat on the ministerial benches, he was selected by the Grenville Administration to move the address to the Crown at the opening of the session of 1806. With an appearance strikingly handsome, a delivery bold and energetic, and a style evidently formed with care, but not (as is frequently the case with young orators) too studied and adorned, he made on this occasion a great impression; and if the Whigs had remained in power, he would have been named to an important situation under them. As it was, he followed the party into opposition; and there remained for some time—the bitter and not undistinguished antagonist of the men who had ridden into authority on the old King's prejudices.†

Many years did not, however, elapse without producing great changes in the state of affairs. The illness of King George III., the appointment of the Prince of Wales as Regent, the assassination of Mr. Perceval, and the various attempts which were then made to form a mixed administration, gave a new colour to questions and a new position to persons. Great military successes abroad—serious disturbances at home followed.

Amidst these events Mr. Lamb gradually ceased to act as a party man, and he and Mr. Ward, afterwards Lord Dudley, became conspicuous, for standing, as it were, on the verge of

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* Mr. Fox, March 16, 1802. Character of the Duke of Bedford. The passage is one taken from an essay on the 'Progressive Improvements of Mankind,' an oration delivered by Mr. Lamb in the chapel of Trinity College, on the 17th December, 1798. Mr. Fox says,—'I will conclude with applying to the present occasion a beautiful 'passage from the speech of a very young orator. It may be thought, 'perhaps, to savour too much of the sanguine views of youth to stand 'the test of a rigid philosophical inquiry; but it is at least cheering 'and consolatory, and that in this instance it may be so exemplified, 'is, I am confident, the sincere wish of every man who hears me. '"Crime," says he, "is a curse only to the period in which it is successful; but virtue, whether fortunate or otherwise, blesses not "only its own age, but remotest posterity, and is as beneficial by its "example, as by its immediate effects."'

† In 1807, he seconded Mr. Brand's motion relative to the late change of ministry. In 1810. See Mr. Fuller's motion for the abolition of sinecure offices.

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the two contending factions. The latter sat with the Tories, but frequently spoke for the Whigs; the former sat with the Whigs, but spoke frequently for the Tories. Both, then young, were listened to with great attention, and held a high position in the House of Commons, where they were frequently complimented for their great respectability, talents, and independence.* Their principles were the same—an inclination rather to support the prerogatives of Government than to give any great extension to popular power; but a strong conviction that the Government as constituted should be conducted with justice and intelligence; that all monopolies, whether in trade or religion, ought to be modified or abolished, and that the general policy of our civil administration at home, and of our affairs abroad, should be in accordance with the character of a great Empire, eminently commercial, and under the sway of free, but not of democratic institutions.†

These opinions, though not precisely Whig nor Tory, were in reality becoming about this time, the opinions of the day; and already in men's minds was shadowed out the idea of a new party, as the centre at which the Liberal Conservative and Conservative Liberal were at last to meet. In 1827 such a party was formed, and in power. Mr. Canning was its first leader; Mr. Huskinson its second; and Mr. Lamb, who had accepted the office of secretary for Ireland under the one ‡, held it as long as the other continued to serve in the Duke of Wellington's administration — that is, until the vote on the question of East Redford in 1828.§ All the circumstances attending the rupture

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* See the debates on the Indemnity Bill, 11th March, 1818, and Lord Brougham's speech, of which the following is an extract: — 'It 'was a matter of much regret to him, and to those with whom his 'honourable friend was generally in the habit of acting, that a person 'of his (Mr. Lamb's) great respectability,—that a person of so much 'weight in that House and in the country, from his accomplish-'ments, his talents, and his character, should have lent himself to the 'support of such a measure as that which was now under consider-'ation.'

† See Parliamentary Debates, 1816, 1817, 1818.

‡ This offer of Mr. Canning's was the more flattering, since Mr. Lamb, who had just retired from the representation of Staffordshire, for which he had been elected member in 1819, was not at the time in Parliament, and had to be returned for a Government borough.

§ We may mention as a fact that comes within our own personal knowledge, that when Mr. Lamb's resignation was pending, he received a message from a very high authority, stating that the king

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which then took place, have been so much before the public, that it would be superfluous here to dilate upon them; but we do think it worth while to mention a fact not generally known — viz., that, in the summer of 1830, Mr. Huskinson was asked whether he and his friends would accept office, and returned for answer a declaration that the support thus solicited could not be given to any ministry which did not include Lord Grey and Lord Lansdowne. This declaration is notable, inasmuch as it ranged a body of eminent political men, who had of late years stood between the Whigs and the Tories, frankly by the side of the acknowledged Whig leaders. It was also timely. The death of George IV. took place at this moment. It occasioned new elections, whilst the angry feelings created by the bill for granting Roman Catholic emancipation, were still at their height. The Tory candidates had their old committees disorganised, and their old speeches thrown in their teeth. A more than usual number of Whigs, but especially a more than usual number of persons neither exclusively Whig nor Tory, and therefore open to the impression of passing events, appeared on the hustings, and were successful.*

It was when these elections were actually going on, that there arrived the startling news of the revolution in Paris; a revolution made in opposition to a deliberate attempt to put down the constituted liberties of France; and which, being achieved with a heroism and concluded with a moderation rare in history, created, even among the most mild and temperate men, such an enthusiasm, in favour of reforms calculated to extend the principle of self-government, as, since the great revolution of 1688, had not been felt within these realms.

Parliament met amidst the fall on all sides of governments which had abused or over-stretched their authority, and amidst the almost universal rise of constitutions or the extension of constitutional privileges. Nowhere was the cause of the people lost amidst the excesses of the mob. The heart of England swelled with a generous emulation; 'Why,' said Englishmen, 'when 'men throughout the world are asserting their rights and amend-'ing their institutions; why should we not improve and reno-

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was very anxious that Mr. Lamb should remain in office, and observing, that in this case he would of course be elevated to a seat in the Cabinet. Mr. Lamb had not voted with Mr. Huskinson on the question of the East Retford franchise, but he declined at once listening to the suggestion.

* A pamphlet by Lord Dover in 1830, gives a very accurate account of these elections.

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'vate ours?' That a ruined house or a decayed tree or a green mound should have a representative in Parliament, and that Birmingham and Manchester should not, was, in sooth, an inconsistency which, in a moment of general change, might seem well worthy of correction. Our country, it is true, had won its way to wealth and to greatness in spite of such defects or singularities in its form of government. For, in fact, if you establish a public assembly and give to that assembly the free right of discussion; in whatever way it is created, out of whatever elements it is composed, the heart and mind of the nation in which it resides will become visible in it; and such assembly will assume, in moments of excitement, a popular character, and become, upon the whole, the advocate of popular rights. The council of Castille, the parliament of Paris, the early assemblies of our own warlike barons, are proofs of this general principle. But a great and civilised nation requires not only to have its wants supplied but its reason satisfied; and when a moment comes in which some absurdity in its condition is made manifest, and there appears a probability that that absurdity can safely be removed, no argument drawn from the past will withstand the instant cry for its abolition. Thus, when the new parliament met, the demand for parliamentary reform was overwhelming. The Duke of Wellington felt that his government was not the government which ought to grant such a reform, and he retired. Lord Grey was entrusted with the formation of a new administration. The noble earl desired, at this critical moment, to construct his cabinet on the broadest basis.

Mr. Poulett Thompson, as representative of the Radical party, was made Vice President of the Board of Trade; Mr. Wynn, as representative of the once powerful Grenville party, became Secretary at War; the Whigs of eminence, as a matter of course, had stations allotted to them. Mr. Huskinson*, unfortunately, had no longer to be provided for: a melancholy accident had not long since deprived England of one of the most illustrious statesmen of the nineteenth century; but Lord Palmerston took the Foreign Office; Mr. Charles Grant the India Board; and Lord Melbourne, who had assumed this title since the demise of his father two years before, became Secretary of State for the Home Department. At this moment, the country was ravaged with mysterious fires; and there seemed all the

* Lord Dudley, whose health was at this time already affected, was the only important member of Mr. Huskinson's party omitted in this distribution of office.

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symptoms of a general agrarian insurrection. The state of the metropolis itself was so alarming, that the late premier—a man not given to unnecessary fears—had considered it unsafe, a few days previous to his quitting the government, for the king to attend the lord mayor's dinner in the city. Lord Grey could not safely have chosen an incapable man to guide the course of internal administration at such a time; and the wisdom of his selection soon became apparent. During the eventful period of which we have been speaking, and during the periods, as eventful, which shortly afterwards succeeded, the peace of the country was steadily preserved.

In 1830 and 1831, the agricultural disturbances were suppressed. In 1832, the political unions in towns disappeared.

But where excitement has once existed, it does not easily or immediately subside. The trade-unions followed the political unions, and in 1834 a petition from these societies was escorted through London by an assemblage of about 100,000 persons. But on its being carried to the Home Office, the petition was calmly refused acceptance, on account of the numbers by which it was accompanied; and the leaders of the procession, who had borne it triumphantly in by the front door of the department, had to beg permission to convey it out again by a back door into a hackney coach. On this occasion, the resolute indifference of the Government, and the quiet composure of the Home Secretary, who was looking out of the window of his office at Whitehall upon the scene beneath,—the very absence from the streets of the soldiery and police, who were known to be prepared though invisible, awed the multitude into a sense of their insignificance; and if among the immense masses of men that were suffered to pass quietly through our tranquil and well guarded city, there were any who had hoped to work out from this demonstration any objects of violence, they went back to their homes and remained there for years under a full conviction of their impotence, and of the absurdity of the schemes they had meditated.

The conduct of Lord Melbourne at the time of which we are speaking, was the theme of universal praise: indeed, we have dwelt upon it at some length, since we know that it weighed considerably with King William when he had subsequently to select a new prime minister.

We return from this digression.

Lord Grey had not been many weeks in office, when his famous Reform Bill was introduced to parliament. In him this act was one of singular consistency, it closed a long

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political life, with a proposition almost identical with that with which his distinguished public career may be said to have opened. With many, however, in his administration, the case was different. Neither Lord Melbourne, nor those with whom he was most connected, had ever been parliamentary reformers. Lord Melbourne especially had distinguished himself in more than one contest with Sir Francis Burdett on this very subject. Many were curious to see the course that he would now take. It was bold and statesman-like. 'I have been against reform*,' was his argument, 'when it was a question of theory; and 'speculative men were for unsettling the public mind, as to 'the merits of a constitution, which, however defective, was a 'noble work, under the benefit of which we have grown to a 'great eminence among nations; but when I find what was 'formerly a question of doctrine among a few theorists, has 'become the prevailing idea among great masses of the English 'people; when I know that, no longer satisfied with the general 'results of our form of government, there is a determination to 'deal with the particular abuses in it,—I cannot deny that those 'abuses exist. The dangers I apprehended were not from this 'form of government or that, but from men being dissatisfied 'with the form of government under which they lived. This 'evil has now come to pass; and we must deal with it, not as 'constitutional scholiasts, but as practical statesmen. For the 'same reason then, that I would have done nothing formerly, I 'would do nothing small or inefficient now; on the same grounds 'that I would not, some years back, have encouraged dissatis-'faction—on these grounds, I would now satisfy.'

Hardly had the Reform Bill passed, when Lord Grey, weakened by declining years, mortified by the loss of Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham, and annoyed and vexed by small disputes and cabals among his personal friends, came to the wise resolution of leaving, unblemished by future chances, the great monument he had raised to his reputation. Lord Melbourne succeeded to the Premiership. Some who saw public affairs from a distance might be surprised; but nearer spectators had their expectations realised. We ourselves remember conversing about a year previously with Lord Durham on the possibility of Lord Grey's demise or retirement, and, on inquiring from him,—who, in such a case, he thought would be named First Lord of the Treasury? Lord Durham, remarkable for his acute and instinctive judgment, said at once, 'Lord Melbourne!'

* We have not space to quote his language, but we give its meaning.

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A great change, however, had by this time taken place in the mind of the Sovereign. His reign had commenced amidst appalling events; he had seen a king whose arms had been just crowned by victory, and whose pretensions were upheld by the clergy and nobility of the land, placing himself across the path of political improvement, and borne down by the onward march of his people; and he had witnessed that people after their triumph; — not raising up new edifices in politics and morals, of Babel-like height and fanciful construction, but deepening and strengthening the old and recognised foundations of government and society. There was much in all this to excite fear as to resistance, and to soothe apprehension as to concession.

King William, therefore, had allowed the Reform Bill to be brought forward without opposition on his part, and had even sanctioned the dissolution of parliament which ensured its being carried. This monarch, however, whilst meaning well to his country; whilst wishing his people to be free and powerful, had no distinct conceptions of his own, as to the wants of the nation he had to govern, nor as to the state of that public opinion by which he had to be governed. His royal consort, and many of those in his personal intimacy, were beset by the most gloomy fears. The conduct of the Peers could not but influence his mind. As early as 1832 he had misgivings. For a moment there was even then a question of a new administration. The patriotic prudence of the great leaders of the Opposition, as well as the resolute determination of those in power, saved the country from this crisis; but the feeling that had nearly provoked it remained; and, after the retirement of Lord Grey, whose dignity of character and lofty bearing had always exercised great influence over his contemporaries, it very much increased. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, that on Lord Althorp's removal from the leadership of the House of Commons, caused in 1834 by Lord Spencer's death, the Sovereign thought he saw an occasion to change the government, in an event which had so much weakened it. At a first glance, the time for this attempt seemed well selected. The spirit of 1830 no longer moved upon the great waters; the storm which, at that period agitated Europe, had subsided; the enthusiasm in favour of Reform in England — what enthusiasm has lasted? — had calmed down. The liberal party in England was also, in a certain degree, broken up; some of its most eminent members had seceded from it. But though popular feeling had begun to ebb, the tide of reaction had not yet fully set in; and the short-lived administration then formed, only served to show the great temper, extraordinary skill, and

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indefatigable industry of Sir R. Peel as a parliamentary leader. In a few months Sir R. Peel resigned office; and Lord Melbourne, who, on quitting power, had refused the Garter and a higher place in the peerage, now once more became First Lord of the Treasury.

The circumstances under which Lord Melbourne re-assumed this position were very difficult and adverse. In the House of Lords, there was against the Government a powerful majority, supported by one of the most formidable masters of dignified argument and biting sarcasm that ever shone in that assembly. In the House of Commons there was a powerful minority, led by the most skilful and accomplished debater of modern times, and which had always at its command the fiery genius of Lord Stanley, — the well-considered and impressive eloquence of Sir James Graham. Nor was this all: the difficulties in the legislative assemblies, were increased by difficulties at court, and by difficulties yet more serious in the government of Ireland, where Mr. O'Connell was at this period supreme. To great abilities, marvellous activity and energy, and an extraordinary gift of popular eloquence — his eloquence, in our opinion, was not adapted to any other audience than an excited or easily exciteable mob, — this singular man united a thorough knowledge of, and identification with, the Irish character. By these qualities and by long service in behalf of the rights of his Roman Catholic fellow-citizens, he had obtained an almost supernatural power over the great body of the Irish people. Almost alone of all demagogues known in history, he was able to re-collect and confine within his Æolian cell the tempest and the hurricane, which anon he could let loose over the minds of his imaginative countrymen.

The time has not yet arrived to judge Mr. O'Connell with impartiality. We believe him to have been a patriot at heart, and to have had noble and wise desires for his country's welfare; but we believe him also to have been careless as to the means for accomplishing his ends. His political life was tinged with the policy of that distinguished but dangerous Order in which his religion has found, at times, her ablest but most unscrupulous champions. The truth of his doctrines, we firmly believe, he weighed and confided in; but the truth of his words and sayings, he never for one moment considered. His language, moreover, was as coarse and virulent as that of the early disputants in theological controversy; and his manner cringing or overbearing, according as it suited his momentary objects. Such a character was peculiarly distasteful to an English gentleman, but it was to be turned to good purposes, if possible, by an English

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statesman. Resistance to 'the great Agitator' had been tried by his ablest opponents; but with no other effect than to have ended by his complete triumph in the act of 1829. Conciliation was now essayed; and its evident effects in the sister kingdom were, undoubtedly, the decrease of our army, the increased strength and popularity of our authority, and the diminished importance of the powerful individual whom we, for the first time, treated with consideration. Party spirit and religious prejudice, however, look little at results; and King William died at the moment when the force of the Government was almost expended. A new reign gave it new strength; but it also devolved on its leader a more difficult and responsible duty than any with which he had hitherto been charged.

A young and female Sovereign inherited the throne; a Princess whose education had been carefully attended to, but whose understanding could not yet have been formed to the science of government. Lord Melbourne had to gain authority over the mind of his young Sovereign, and to exercise that authority in such a manner as should at once satisfy the popular party of which he was the leader, and maintain the rights of the Crown, which he was bound in duty to protect. It was in this new sphere, for which Providence seemed to have created and educated him, that his various qualities, talents, and acquirements were most usefully exercised, and most eminently displayed. Had he been merely a dry matter-of-fact man of business, or a mere man of book-acquired knowledge, he would probably have wearied instead of gaining the attention of his royal scholar; had he been a mere man of pleasure, he might have amused and captivated, but he could not have instructed one on whose knowledge of her duties depended in no small degree the fate of millions; had he been a violent party man, he would have entered upon his task with a warped and partial judgment. With democratical tendencies he would have lowered the just influence of the monarchy; with monarchical tendencies he might have instilled dangerous doctrines into the breast of the sovereign. But with a lofty equanimity of judgment, he happily combined great charm of manner, great experience of the world, great knowledge acquired from reading and reflection. It was these various endowments,—each of which was required for his office, and all of which united, fitted him so peculiarly for it,—that made him at once a minister and a guide so well suited to the beginning of what we trust will be the long, as well as glorious, reign of our present Queen. Indeed, he devoted almost entirely the latter years of his official career to the task of instructing his Royal Mistress in the exercise of her important

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functions. Well able to bear other responsibilities, the responsibility of this office pressed with great weight upon him; more especially as his devotion to the Crown was rendered more intense by a daily increasing admiration for the growing virtues and abilities of the Sovereign. Nevertheless, though his attention to the palace engrossed so much of his time and consideration, he sustained with spirit the leadership of the Lords, and kept down the various differences which were perpetually breaking out in his, as they are in every, cabinet. But the genius of representative government is against the long administration of one party: the nation was getting tired of that in power; and Lord Melbourne's government in 1839 had only, on an important question, a majority of four: He resigned his situation.

A misunderstanding, however, respecting the appointment of the ladies of the bedchamber, caused her Majesty to desist from the idea of forming a new administration under Sir R. Peel, and to command Lord Melbourne's services anew. His return to office, under these circumstances, was a sacrifice as a politician, though a duty as a subject.

To retain it long was impossible; and that he did so for two years was a singular proof of the tact, temper, and judgment with which the leaders of the two Houses of Parliament carried on the public business.

In 1841, after a strenuous but vain effort to effect some modification in the Corn Laws, Lord Melbourne finally retired from his high post, — predicting * that his adversaries would be obliged to claim as an inheritance, the measure they had successfully opposed; — a prophecy these adversaries ere long fulfilled at the expense of their consistency as politicians, but to their honour and glory as true patriots.

In the following year he was first attacked by a partial paralysis, arising from disorder of the vital functions, and especially from fatigue of the brain; a melancholy proof that he had not been the lazy indifferent person that some have idly supposed. From this attack he rallied to a considerable degree; and though his spirits in the morning sometimes drooped, and his faculties shrank from their accustomed exercise, — in the evening, among friends, his former brilliant gaiety, and happy and ready memory, usually returned to him. Up to the very last, he continued, when he could no longer read with facility, to have every new work of importance read to him, — never

* Lord Melbourne himself had, in proposing this measure, yielded to what he considered the necessity of the times, — acting in opposition to his previous opinions.

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ceasing to feel warmly for the well-being of his country, and testifying pleasure at the visits of his old friends, though he could not always sustain a conversation with them. For some time death had been visibly preparing its approach: he died at his family seat, at Brocket Hall, on the 24th of November, 1848.

As a minister — though not endowed with that determined will and spirit, which gave the two Pitts almost unlimited control over their colleagues and the country — he had still many qualities of a first-rate kind, and which are very rarely seen combined: a temperament cool and courageous; a mind dispassionate and unprejudiced; a manner remarkably good-humoured and conciliatory; an intellect of a high order, and which had been improved by incessant, though not forced cultivation. But we can rarely have qualities to an eminent degree, which do not verge towards defects. Accordingly, the extent of Lord Melbourne's acquirements, and the comprehensiveness of his understanding, stood in one sense in his way. They made him so well acquainted with all that could be said on one side or the other of every argument; they presented him so clearly, at the same time, the dark and bright side of every question, — that the tendency of his judgment was to underrate distinctions; and to deem differences between opinions less wide and less important than they really were. It is remarkable, however, that this habit of mind, while it gave moderation to his judgment, did not infuse irresolution into his conduct. Aware that if one course is to be pursued in preference to another, it must, whether only a little better or much better than the opposite one, be pursued with energy, he never, after having once adopted a policy, faltered in the execution of it.

Great credit is due to him for the appointments he made of able men to offices. When Home Secretary, the New Poor Law Bill, the Municipal Bill, and that of Commissioners of Inquiry into Public Charities, were introduced; and his appointments under them — free from all bias of party — were directed entirely by views of public interest. In the same manner, when Prime Minister, he was also remarkable for his disinterested use of the patronage of the Crown, taking no honours for himself, nor giving offices to family connexions.

As an orator, Lord Melbourne wanted the abundance of expression, the *copia fandi*, the power and fulness of diction which so eminently distinguish his friend and contemporary, Lord Brougham; and which are rarely acquired, except by the continual study and practice of the forensic art. His character and mode of life interfered with his being a rhetorician: he had

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hardly ever spoken but when he thought it absolutely necessary for his own character or the public interest. His speeches consisted for the most part of short and striking sentences, expressing philosophical views, appealing with energy to the instincts of common sense, and retorting with haughty boldness and gaiety upon an adversary's attack.

In the House of Commons (though this seems now partly forgotten), he was, as we have said, though a very rare, a very effective speaker; and, as he had seldom concluded one of his phrases in that assembly before the pause was covered with cheers, a sort of hesitation which sometimes interfered between one phrase and the other was little noted. In the cold and silent audience of the House of Lords this defect was more visible, especially as Lord Melbourne succeeded to a position which Lord Grey had just adorned with a remarkably continuous and stately flow of eloquence. He soon, however, displayed some of the most useful and shining qualities of a debater;—a thorough knowledge of his audience; a frankness and good-nature which disarmed animosity; a ready wit which was always at hand to encounter an obstinate antagonist; and such sound and statesmanlike views on all important subjects, as gave the tone of wisdom to his raillery, and the air of dignity to his ease.

In the Cabinet, his equable disposition and conciliatory address soothed down all angry discussions; and as he understood all opinions, and could see into all personal motives, he was ever ready to suggest the compromise or offer the satisfaction that was desired.

In society he was perhaps the most graceful and agreeable gentleman that the present generation can remember.

Everything with every body, he was still always himself. He could meet the politician, the man of letters, the man of the world, each on his own ground, and did so naturally and without effort. His mirth was constant and sparkling, and his wit of that best kind which Dr. Johnson so aptly designates by saying, 'We have never enough of it, if we have not too 'much.'

His first impulse in ordinary conversation, was to treat things lightly; he had no idea of wasting seriousness; but when business really presented itself, his elastic mind recoiled immediately to the form required by the occasion. At such times he drew himself up; his head became erect; his eye earnest; his lip compressed; no frivolous word broke in upon what he had to hear or to say; his attitude and manner, a moment before good-humoured, easy and arch, became at once sober and impressive.

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His person and countenance were always noble and manly; and with the advance of years the latter gained in dignity. In some parts of his habits and character, he resembled the jovial, good-humoured, practical Sir R. Walpole; in others, the studious, the speculative, and refining Bolingbroke: — there was a great deal, indeed, in him which took one back to the days of Queen Ann and the ministers of a time when politics and letters were intermingled.

Some peculiarities in his character it is here the moment to notice. His antipathy to all exaggeration and affectation, and the keen glance that he was able to give into the motives of others; his aptitude to detect hypocrisy and to discount false sentimentality, established in his own mind a desire to control or to conceal the real kindness of his disposition; and to smile, — as if with the incredulity of a man who is ignorant of the feelings he derides, — at enthusiasm or disinterestedness.

Yet, Lord Melbourne's view of mankind was not really a harsh one. In Mr. Wilberforce's memoir, there is an anecdote of this gentleman having once asked Mr. Pitt whether his experience as Minister had induced him to think well or ill of his fellow-men. Mr. Pitt answered, 'Well;' and Lord Melbourne, when told this anecdote by a friend, and asked his own opinion, replied, — 'My opinion is the same as Mr. Pitt's.' Nor was he inactive and unambitious, as we have heard it stated, from a feeling that nothing was worthy of action or ambition. The fact is, that many of the ordinary motives which stimulate men, did not stimulate him: he was so utterly without vanity, that he could not even comprehend its influence upon others. He was not, consequently, likely to talk or to act merely for the sake of making a figure. For everything in action which did not seem to him to present a possible, practical, and quick result— for everything in ambition which did not seem to him to hold out a solid and prompt reward — his understanding had no sympathy. The business of office, of government, of carrying on society, pleased him in action and satisfied him in ambition.

For office, therefore, though this was not generally known, he *was* an ambitious man; and in office, though he still wore the easy and careless manner which had marked him in private life, those who knew him well, knew that his mind was constantly active in considering how its duties were best to be discharged. This point in his character is worth noticing, because it gives more merit to his impartial course in politics to his many refusals of employment; and shows that he was firm in his principles, though they were adopted without enthusiasm.

Upon the whole, without wishing to give this article the air

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of a eulogy, we think that we may fairly observe, that whilst many have illustrated their career by deeds of greater renown, few have ever gone through a distinguished career more honourably. A member of Parliament during a long period of years, and in the midst of critical and changeful times, his conduct was always marked by moderation; and although his votes were not given to one party alone, he was never accused or suspected by any party of being influenced by self-interest. Now refusing to give up the rights of the Government to the mob; now protecting the interests of the nation against the Government; he was for animating order by activity; he was for maintaining order against agitation. 'Mihi semper in animo fuit,' as he once said — quoting from his favourite author, 'ut in rostris curiam, in 'senatu populum defenderem.'

First minister of the Crown during the lifetime of William IV., he contrived to vindicate and to advance the principles he represented, in spite of an apprehensive Sovereign, and a hostile aristocracy.

First minister of the Crown under Queen Victoria, he never allowed the solicitations of his supporters, his own passions or interests, to lead him to exercise the almost unbounded influence which, for a time, he held over his youthful Sovereign, in a manner prejudicial to the rights accorded to her authority by our constitution, nor to a degree that was unfair to his opponents.

During his administration, the maintenance of tranquillity and order was made useful towards the extension of the liberties of the subject, and the prosperity of the empire. Abroad, during the same time, the policy of England was eminently English, — viz., prudent, peaceful, liberal.

He died almost regarded as a father by his queen; held in the highest estimation by the most distinguished of his contemporaries; deeply mourned by his relatives and friends; and without leaving behind him an enemy, though ignorance in default of malice may raise him up detractors.* Of the probability of this, he was himself long since aware; nor would it be possible to write anything on such a subject, more touching or more apposite than the passage from one of his own speeches, with which we will conclude our notice.

'The exploits of the soldier are performed in the light of the 'sun and in the face of day; they are performed before his own 'army, before the enemy; they are seen, they are known; for 'the most part they cannot be denied or disputed; they are

* It is but justice to add, that he has also found defenders where he might not have expected them; and one of the kindest and ablest notices of his life came from the pen of an opponent.

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'told instantly to the whole world, and receive at once the 'meed of praise, which is so justly due to the valour and con- 'duct that achieve them. Not so the services of the minister; 'they lie not so much in acting in great crises, as in preventing 'those crises from arising; therefore they are often obscure and 'unknown, subject to every species of misrepresentation, and 'effected amidst obloquy, attack, and condemnation, whilst in 'reality entitled to the approbation and gratitude of the coun- 'try;—how frequently are such services lost in the tranquillity 'which they have been the means of preserving, and amidst the 'prosperity which they have themselves created.'*

Note to Art. III. in the last Number.

To the Editor of the Edinburgh Review.

Sir,

As you have unintentionally misrepresented me, in the opening of your article on 'Revolution and Reform,' I trust you will allow me to explain myself to your readers.

I had no suspicion that any one could suppose that by the 'extreme means of enforcing the obedience of representatives' I intended to imply that their constituents should use physical force against them. Others could do this as well as constituents. I was speaking of the extreme *constitutional* means; by which I understand the combining to take pledges of candidates in the most stringent form. Pledges, it appears to me, are abstractedly undesirable, and ordinarily should be required only with considerable latitude: but there are exceptive cases where it is right to demand them strictly; and this, if done by a system of combination, is our *ultima ratio.* To use force, under whatever pretext of staving off revolution, is really to raise the standard of revolution; and to suggest it, would have stultified my argument. Nothing but ignominious defeat or atrocious civil war could ensue.

I thus entirely agree with your views, and should severely condemn myself if I had meant what you supposed.

I have the honour to be,

Respectfully yours,

Francis W. Newman.

London University College.

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* See Mr. Lamb's speech on the 11th of March, 1818, on the Indemnity Bill.

No. CLXXX. will be published in March.

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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

APRIL, 1849.

No. CLXXX.

ART. I.—*The London Catalogue of Books published in Great Britain, with their Sizes, Prices, and Publishers' Names, from* 1814 *to* 1846. London: 8vo. pp. 542.

'WHEN a man has once resolved upon a subject,—then, 'for a text,' says Sterne, 'Cappadocia, Pontus and 'Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, is as good as any in the Bible.' Without pretending to be so easily satisfied as that very accommodating divine, we shall choose, for our present text, the London Catalogue; nor shall we be without grave precedents, both in his discourses and in those of much better theologians, if we should ultimately allow the text to play but an insignificant part in the sermon.

Our readers will readily surmise that it is not our intention to criticise this curious volume, or to trouble them with any specimens of its contents. But though we have little to say of it, it has a great deal to say to us; and, in truth, we apprehend there are few productions of the press more suggestive of instructive and profitable reflection. Still, as it only conveys wisdom in broken and stammering accents, we must endeavour, according to our ability, to give clearer utterance to some of the lessons it teaches.

This closely printed book contains 542 pages; and, after all, comprises a catalogue of but a small fraction of the literature of the time; in fact, only the titles of the new works, and new editions of old works, which have issued from the British press between the years 1814 and 1846; and not all of these. To

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this prodigious mass each day is adding fresh accumulations; and it is impossible not to speculate a little on the probable consequences.

Some may perhaps, at first, be inclined to predict that mankind will in time be oppressed by the excess of their intellectual wealth; and that, operating like the gold of Villa Rica, (to which it would seem that we might soon have to add that of California,) the superabundance of the precious metal may lead to the impoverishment and ruin of the countries so equivocally blessed. It may be feared that a superficial and flimsy knowledge, gained by reading a very little on an infinity of subjects, without prolonged and systematic attention to any, will be the result; and such knowledge, it can hardly be disputed, will be in effect much the same as ignorance. Singular, if the very means by which we take security against a second invasion of barbarism, should, by its excess of activity, bring about a condition not very much better! 'A mill will not go,' such reasoners will say, 'if there be no 'water; but it will be as effectually stopped if there be too 'much.' In brief, it may seem to be one of those cases, if ever there was one, in which old Hesiod's paradoxical maxim applies—that 'the half is more than the whole;' or, for that matter, a much smaller fraction.

And this dreaded result would certainly be realised, if men were to attempt to make their studies at all commensurate with the increase of books around them. Compelled to read something of every thing, it is certain they would know nothing of any thing. And, in fact, we see this tendency more or less exemplified in the case of vast numbers, who, without definite purpose or selection of topics, spend such time as they can give to the improvement of their minds and the acquisition of knowledge, in little else than the casual perusal of fragments of all sorts of books; who live on the scraps of an infinite variety of broken meats which they have stuffed into their beggar's wallet; scraps which, after all, only just keep them from absolute starvation. There are not a few men who would have been learned, if not wise, had the paragraphs and pages they have actually read, been on well-defined subjects, and mutually connected; but who, as it is, possess nothing beyond fragments of uncertain, inaccurate, ill-remembered, unsystematised information; and at the best are entitled only to the praise of being very artificially and elaborately ignorant; differing from the utterly uncultivated, only as a parrot who talks without understanding what it says, differs from a parrot who cannot talk at all.

But this tendency, though it must attend the unlimited increase of books, and though we see it often most unhap-

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pily realised in individual cases, is, for the most part, readily corrected. The majority of men will, as heretofore, only read what answers their purpose on the particular subjects which necessity or inclination prompts them to cultivate; while many of those who are not thus protected by circumstances, will be as effectually secured from such dangers by a sound education. *That* must be our safeguard against the formation of the pernicious habit of desultory reading;—and against an ambitious, but ill-judged attempt at obtaining encyclopædic knowledge. This last ambition, indeed, is but a more laborious path to the same conclusion; and robs the mind at once both of that mental discipline which will always follow the thorough investigation of a limited class of subjects, and of that really accurate knowledge which such a limited survey alone can ever securely impart. The field of knowledge does not admit of universal conquerors: according to the happy saying of Sydney Smith,—if science is their *forte*, omniscience is their foible.

At all events, one thing is clear: to guard against this danger will demand, as time rolls on, an increasing attention to the prime object of all education,—the formation of sound *habits* of mind—the *discipline* of the faculties,—a thing of infinitely more consequence than the mere variety of the information attained. There will also be required efforts, more and more strenuous, to digest and systematise, from time to time, the ever-growing accumulations of literature; and to provide the best possible clues through this immense and bewildering labyrinth, or rather through the several parts of it: for who can thread the whole? Nor are the best modes of pursuing study unworthy of attention. Indeed a very useful book (if we could get a Leibnitz or a Gibbon to compose it) might be written on the 'art of reading 'books' in the most profitable manner. If students had patience for it (though the progress might be slower), we are convinced that a much deeper and better compacted knowledge would be obtained by a more thorough adherence to the maxim so warmly approved by the great historian just mentioned, 'multum legere, potius quam multa,' and by a constant habit of examining the scope and context of the authors referred to on any important points. The knowledge thus acquired, partly from the trouble it gives, partly from the many associations suggested by the collation of different writers, and the comparison of different styles and modes of thought; nay, even by the different forms and type of the books themselves, seldom fails to be firmly impressed on the memory. These collateral aids are like reflectors, which increase indefinitely the intensity of light, and render a subject luminous which would otherwise

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be obscure. How instructive are these words of Gibbon — himself a conspicuous example of what even a postdiluvian life industriously employed may accomplish: 'We ought to attend 'not so much to the order of our books, as of our thoughts. 'The perusal of a particular work gives birth perhaps to ideas 'unconnected with the subject it treats; I pursue these ideas, 'and quit my proposed plan of reading.'* . . . . 'I sus- 'pended my perusal of any new books on a subject, till I had 'reviewed all that I knew, or believed, or had thought on it, 'that I might be qualified to discern how much the authors 'added to my original stock.'†

Perpetual access to a large library, it may be suspected, is often an impediment to a thorough digestion of knowledge, by tempting to an unwise indulgence. There is a story of a man who said he always read borrowed books with double attention as well as profit, because he could not hope to renew his acquaintance with them at pleasure! This of course pre-supposes that he *returned* the books he borrowed — an event which, we fear, does not always happen.

It is probable, indeed, that a comparatively small number of well selected books, — even when our own, — would, generally, be likely to form a sounder and more serviceable knowledge than the unlimited range of a large library. Most readers must have been aware of the fastidious mood with which, in moments of leisure, they have stood before a goodly assortment of attractive writers, and instead of making a substantial repast, as they would have done with less to distract their choice, have humoured the vagaries of a delicate appetite — toyed with this rich dainty and that — and after all have felt like a schoolboy who has dined upon tarts — that they have spoiled their digestion without satisfying their hunger!

But without stopping any longer to examine this paradox, — whether the multiplication of books is to produce a diminution of knowledge or not, — there are other consequences of the prodigious activity of the modern press far more certain to arise, and which well deserve a little consideration.

One of the most obvious of these consequences will be the disappearance from the world of that always rare animal, the *so-called* 'universal scholar.' Even of that ill-defined creature

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* Extraits Raisonnées de mes Lectures. He adds, 'Si j'avois suivi 'mon grand chemin, au bout de ma longue carrière, j'aurois à peine 'pu retrouver les traces de mes idées.'

† Memoirs; — and thought worthy of being *twice* cited by Mr. D'Israeli.

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called 'a well-informed man' and 'general student,' it will be perpetually harder to find exemplars; while assuredly the Huets, the Scaligers, the Leibnitzes, must become as extinct as the icthyosaurus or the megatherium. It is true that, in the strict sense of the word, such a creature as 'the universal 'scholar' does not, and never did exist. But there as certainly have been men who had traversed a sufficiently large segment of the entire circumference of existing science and literature, to render the name something more than a ridiculous hyperbole. It is commonly indeed, and truly said, to be impossible for the human mind to prosecute researches with accuracy in all, or even many different branches of knowledge; that what is gained in surface is lost in depth; that the principle of the 'division of 'labour' strictly applies here as in arts and manufactures, and that each mind must restrict itself to a very few limited subjects, if any are to be really mastered. All this is most true. Yet it is equally true that in the pursuit of knowledge the principle of the 'division of labour' finds limits to its application much sooner than in handicrafts. The voracious 'helluo librorum' is not more to be suspected of ill-digested and superficial knowledge, than he whom the proverb tells us to avoid (though for a very different, and as we suspect, less valid reason), the man 'unius libri.'* A certain *amount* of knowledge of several subjects, often of many, is necessary to render the knowledge of any one of these serviceable; and without it, the most minute knowledge of any one alone would be like half a pair of scissors, or a hand with but one finger. *What* is that amount must be determined by the circumstances of the individual, and the object for which he wants it; the safe maximum will vary in different cases.

There are opposite dangers. The knowledge of each particular thing that a man can study will always be imperfect. The most 'minute philosopher' cannot pretend perfection of knowledge even in his little domain; and if it were perfect to-day, the leakage of memory would make it imperfect by to-morrow. No subject can be named, which is not inexhaustible to the spirit of man. Whether he looks at nature through the microscope or the telescope, he sees wonders disclosed on either side which

* For what can be suggested in favour of the 'Man of One 'Book,' the reader may profitably consult the observations of Mr. D'Israeli on that subject in his 'Curiosities of Literature.' There is truth in what he says; but if the proverb is to be taken at all *literally*, we are convinced that it has less than the usual average of proverbial wisdom, and that the 'man of one book' will prove but a shallow fellow.

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extend into infinity,—the infinitely great or the infinitely little,—and can set no limits to the approximate perfection with which he may study them. It is the same also with languages and with any branch of moral or metaphysical science. A man may, if he will, be all his life long employed upon a single language, and never *absolutely* master its vocabulary, much less its idioms; but, like the ancient, after many years of solitary application, have still to proclaim himself a foreigner to the first apple-woman he meets, by some solecism too subtle for any but a native ear to detect it.

The limits within which any subject is to be pursued must therefore be determined by utility; meantime, it is certain that one cannot be profitably pursued alone. Such, it has been well observed, is the strict connexion and interdependence of all branches of science, that the best way of obtaining a useful knowledge of any one, is to combine it with more. The true limit between too minute and too wide a survey may be often difficult to find; nevertheless such a limit always exists; and he who should pause over any one subject, however minute, till he had absolutely mastered it, would be as far from that limit with regard to all the practical ends of knowledge, as if he had suffered his mind to dissipate itself in a vague attempt at encyclopædic attainments. The statement of Maclaurin on this point, expressed in a characteristically mathematical form, is well worthy of attention. 'Our knowledge,' says he, 'is vastly greater than the sum 'of what all its objects separately could afford; and when a new 'object comes within our reach, the addition to our knowledge is 'the greater, the more we already know; so that it increases not 'as the new objects increase, but in a much higher proportion.'*

At all events, it ill becomes us to speak slightingly of the various, and for all practical purposes, solid attainments of superior minds. There is a piece of self-flattery by which little minds often try to reduce great minds to their own level. 'True,' it is said, 'such men have very various knowledge, 'but it is all superficial; they have not surrendered themselves 'to any one branch sufficiently;' and all this, perhaps, because they have not cultivated with the most elaborate industry every little corner of it, and because they have had some conception of the relative value of the *parts* of a large subject! The minute antiquary (if he be nothing more) talks in this style if he finds you ignorant of the shape of an old buckle of such a date!—'You know nothing of antiquities.' The minute geographer, if he discovers that you have never heard of some

* Maclaurin's Account of Newton's Discoveries, p. 392.

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obscure town at the antipodes, will tell you,—you know nothing of geography. The minute historian, if he finds that you never knew, or perhaps have known twenty times, and never cared to remember, some event utterly insignificant to all real or imaginable purposes of history,—will tell you that you know nothing of history. And yet, discerning the limits within which the several branches of knowledge should be pursued, you may after all, for all important objects, have attained a more serviceable and prompt command over those very branches in which your complacent censor flatters himself that he excels.

But to return to the prospects of the so called 'universal 'scholar.' There have been in every age men who, gifted with gigantic powers, prodigious memory, and peculiar modes of arranging and retaining knowledge, have aspired to a comprehensive acquaintance with all the chief productions of the human intellect in all time; who have made extensive incursions into every branch of human learning; and whose knowledge has borne something like an appreciable ratio to the sum total of literature and science; who, as Fontenelle expressively says of Leibnitz, have managed 'to drive all the sciences abreast.' Such minds have always been rare; but, as we have observed, they must soon become extinct. For what is to become of them, in after ages, as the domain of human knowledge indefinitely widens, and the creations of human genius indefinitely multiply? Not that there will not be men who will then know *absolutely* more, and with far greater accuracy, than their less favoured predecessors; nevertheless, their knowledge must bear a continually diminishing ratio to the sum of human science and literature; they must traverse a smaller and smaller segment of the ever widening circle! Nay, it may well be, that the accumulations of even one science (chemistry, or astronomy for instance,) may be too vast, for one brief life to master.* Or,

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* * 'In Germany alone,' says Menzel, 'according to a moderate cal-'culation, ten millions (?) of volumes are annually printed. As the 'catalogue of every Leipzig half-yearly book-fair contains the names of 'more than a thousand German authors, we may compute that at the 'present moment there are living in Germany about fifty thousand 'men who have written one or more books. Should that number in-'crease at the same rate that it has hitherto done, the time will soon 'come when a catalogue of ancient and modern German authors will 'contain more names than there are living readers. . . . In the year '1816 there were published for the first time more than three thou-'sand books; in 1822, for the first time, above four thousand; in 1827, 'for the first time, above five thousand; and 1832, for the first time,

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since that thought is really too immense to be other than vague, let us confine ourselves to some very slender additions to the task of the future 'universal scholar,' imposed during the last few years. Let us think only of some *few* of those voluminous authors who have appeared, in our own country *alone*, and in the single departments of history and polite letters, within the last century, or even within two generations, and with whom not only all who pretend to profound scholarship, but all 'well 'informed men,' are presumed to have some acquaintance; — to say nothing of living writers and the vast mass of excellent literature which they are every year pouring into the world! Let us think only of the voluminous remains of Johnson, Burke, Gibbon, Hume, Robertson, Goldsmith, Cowper, Crabbe, Byron, Walter Scott (with his hundred volumes), and some scores of other great names. Now as human life, it has been justly said, remains brief as ever, while its task is daily enlarging, there is no alternative but that the 'general scholar' of each succeeding age must be content with possessing a less and less fraction of the entire products of the human mind. 'Happy men,' we are half inclined ungratefully to say, 'who lived when a library 'consisted, like that of a mediæval monastery, of some thirty or 'forty volumes, and who thought they knew every thing when 'they had read these! Happy our fathers, who were not tor- 'mented with the sight of unnumbered creations of genius which 'we must sigh to think we can never make our own!'

The final disposal of all this mass of literature is with some easily managed. The bad will perish, it is said, and the good remain. The former statement is true enough; the latter not so clear. 'Bad books,' says Menzel, 'have their season just as 'vermin have. They come in swarms, and perish before we are 'aware. . . . How many thousand books have gone the 'way of all paper, or are now mouldering in our libraries? Many 'of *our* books, however, will not last even so long, for the paper 'itself is as bad as its contents.' All this may be true; but we cannot disguise from ourselves, that not the bad writer alone is forgotten. It is but too evident that immense treasures of thought, — of beautiful poetry, vivacious wit, ingenious argument, — which men would not suffer to die if they could help

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'above six thousand: the numbers thus increasing one thousand every 'five years.' (Gordon's 'Translation of Menzel's German Literature.') The translator adds, from the Conversations-Lexicon, the numbers published annually to 1837, in which year they were nearly eight thousand. The literary activity of France and England, though not so great, has been prodigious.

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it, must perish too; the great spoiler here acts with his accustomed impartiality, —

> 'Æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas
> Regumque turres.' . . . .

For the truth is, that the creations of the human mind transcend its capacity to collect and preserve them; and, like the seeds of life in the vegetable world, the intellectual powers of man are so prolific that they run to waste. Some readers, perhaps, as a bright company of splendid names rushes on their recollection, may be disposed to say 'avaunt' to these melancholy forebodings. Surely, it can be only necessary to remind them of the votive tablets in the Temple of Neptune recording escape from shipwreck. How many men have suffered shipwreck, and whose tablets therefore are not to be found! Others may think it impossible that great writers, with whom their own generation has been so familiar, and who occupy such a space in its eye, can ever dwindle into insignificance. The illusion vanishes the moment we take them to catalogues and indexes, and show them names of authors who once made as loud a noise in the world, of whom they never read a line. We should be too happy to believe the statement of Menzel correct: 'Of three 'good authors, one at least will be remembered by posterity; 'while of a hundred bad ones, who are distinguished at present, 'not above one will hand down his evil example.'*

It is with no cynical, but with simply mournful, feelings that we thus dwell on the mortality of the productions even of genius. We would be just, both to the living and the dead, by admitting that thousands of the latter who are forgotten, deserved to be remembered, and that the former would remember them if they could. Most pleasant it would be, no doubt, in case human life were prolonged in some proportion with the augmented sum of human knowledge, — to lay out our studies on a corresponding scale. Possessed of antediluvian longevity, we might devote some twenty years or so (a year or two more or less would be of no consequence) to purely elementary studies and discipline; the 'promising lad' of fifty might commence his more serious school studies, under judicious masters, in their

* 'Die Gegenwart duldet keinen Richter, aber die Vergangenheit 'findet immer den gerechtesten.' Menzel, th. i. s. 95. But our author forgets that it is possible for the courts of criticism, like those of law, to be overdone with business; that the list may contain more causes than industry and skill can get through — *except* by a process which leaves justice out of the question, and dares to decide without a hearing.

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full vigour and prime of three or four centuries; and at the age of ninety or a hundred, the young student, just entering upon life (though as yet raw and inexperienced), might be supposed to have laid a tolerably solid foundation, whereon in the course of his progress towards manhood through the next two centuries, he might, by due diligence and perseverance, build such a superstructure as should justify some pretensions to accurate and sound scholarship. But alas! we forget that, even then, the old obstructions to universal knowledge would soon be reproduced in a new form. The same insatiable curiosity, and the same restless activity, operating through longer periods, would rapidly extend the circle of science and literature beyond the reach of even such a student. The tremendous authors who enjoyed a career of five centuries of popularity, would be voluminous in proportion; Jeremy Taylor and Baxter, Voltaire and Walter Scott would appear but pamphleteers in comparison. Their 'opera omnia' would extend to libraries. Novels would be written to which the Great Cyrus and Clelia would be mere *novellettes;* wherein the heroes and heroines would be married, hanged, or drowned, after a courtship and adventures of two or three centuries. The biographies of the long-lived worthies of such an age would be composed in forty folios, or more; and the history of nations projected on a scale which would render De Thou's huge seven tomes a mere sketch or abstract. The author who began the history of Athens by a dissertation on the geological formation of the Acropolis, or the work of Leibnitz on the house of Brunswick, in which he commences with his 'Protogæa,' would be but a type of the prodigious gyrations of such writers; so that the hopeless student, 'toiling after them in vain,' would be obliged to exclaim with Voltaire's 'little man of Saturn,' who *only* lived during five hundred revolutions (or fifteen thousand of our years,) that scarcely had he begun to pick up a little knowledge, when he was summoned to depart; and that to live only for such a span, is, as one may say, to die as soon as one is born.

But let us not be dismayed. The difference in the position of the 'general scholar' of earlier as compared with one of later times, is not so vast as might at first be imagined. Even the former, with all his advantages, had far more books before him than he could digest. We have but to look at the index of their collected works, and to mark the limited class of authors with whom they were familiar, to be convinced that each, after all, had travelled over but a small portion of the entire ground. We have stated that of the literature which chiefly

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occupies each generation, the bulk, even of its treasures, perishes; and as time makes fresh accumulations, those of preceding ages pass for the most part into quiet oblivion. The process which has taken effect on the past will be repeated on the present age and on every subsequent one; so that the period will assuredly come when even the great writers of our days, who seem to have such enduring claims upon our gratitude and admiration, will be as little remembered as others of equal genius who have gone before them; when, if not wholly forgotten or superseded, they will exist only in fragments or specimens — these fragments and specimens themselves shrinking into narrower compass as time advances. In this way Time is perpetually compiling a vast *index expurgatorius;* and though the press more than repairs his ravages on the mere *matter* of books, the immense masses he heaps up insure the purpose of oblivion just as effectually. Not that his contemporary waste has ceased, or become very moderate. Probably scarcely a day now passes but sees the last leaf, the last tattered remnant of the last copy of some work (great or small) of some author or other perish by violence or accident,—by fire, flood, or the crumbling of mere decay. It is surely an impressive thought—this silent unnoticed extinction of another product of some once busy and aspiring mind!

Paradoxical as it may seem, the chief cause of the virtual oblivion of books is no longer their extinction, but the fond care with which they are preserved, and their immensely rapid multiplication. The press is more than a match for the moth and the worm, or the mouldering hand of time; yet the great destroyer equally fulfils his commission, by burying books under the pyramid which is formed by their accumulation. It is a striking example of the impotence with which man struggles against the destiny which awaits him and his works,—that the very means he takes to insure immortality, destroy it; that the very activity of the press — of the instrument by which he seemed to have taken pledges against time and fortune — is that which will make him the spoil of both. The books themselves may no longer die; but their spirit does: and they become like old men whose bodies have outlived their minds, — a spectacle more piteous than death itself. It is really curious to look into the index of such learned writers as Jeremy Taylor, Cudworth, or Leibnitz, and to see the havoc which has been made on the memory of the greater part of the writers they cite, and who still exist, though no longer to be cited; of men who were *their* great contemporaries or immediate predecessors, and who are quoted by them just as Locke or Burke is quoted by us.

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Of scarcely one in ten of these grave authorities has the best informed student of our day read ten pages. The very names of vast numbers have all but perished; at all events have died out of familiar remembrance. Let the student who flatters himself that he is not ill informed, glance over the index of even such a work as Hallam's 'History of European Literature,'— designed only to record the more memorable names, — and ask himself of how many of the authors there mentioned he has read so much as even five pages? It will be enough to chastise all ordinary conceit of extensive attainments, and, perhaps as effectually as any thing, teach a man that truest kind of knowledge — the knowledge of his own ignorance.

But while thus administering consolation to the 'general 'scholar,' by showing that time has been certainly limiting as well as extending his task, there is another class who will find no consolation in the thought, — and that is the class of authors. There is no help, however: humbling as it may seem, to represent the higher products of man's mind as destined to decay, like his body — and the thoughts and interests which he knows must perish with it — it is the truth nevertheless, in the vast majority of instances. And in by far the greater number of the seeming instances to the contrary, authors still do not *live;* they are merely embalmed, and made mummies of. The works of the great mass of extant authors are deposited in libraries and museums, like the bodies of Egyptian kings in their pyramids, — retaining only a grim semblance of life, amidst neglect, darkness, and decay.

To Mr. D'Israeli's enthusiastic gaze, the sight of the rows of goodly volumes in their rich bindings, gleaming behind the glittering trellis-work of their carved cases, suggested the idea of 'eastern beauties peering through their *jalousies!*' To the eye of a severe philosopher they might more naturally suggest the idea of the aforesaid mummies.

It has been often affirmed — and there is *some* truth in it — that of all the forms of celebrity which promise to gratify man's natural longing for immortality, there is none which looks so plausible as that of literary glory. The great statesman and warrior, it is said, are known only by report, and for even *that* are indebted to the poet and historian. Sir Walter Scott (a man by no means disposed to over estimate the importance of a literary as compared with a practical life), after looking at certain drawings of some splendid architectural monuments of ancient India, the names of whose founders have perished, justly remarks in his diary, 'Fame depends on literature, not on architecture.' But even where a Pindar or a Tacitus undertakes the task of

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celebrating munificence or greatness, we are compelled to feel that after all it is but the conqueror's or statesman's *portrait* rather than the conqueror or statesman himself that is presented to us. On the other hand, a book is fondly presumed to be an author's second self; by it he comes as it were into contact — into personal communion — with the minds of his readers. It is a pleasant illusion no doubt; and in the very *few* instances in which the author *does* attain this permanent popularity, and becomes a 'household word' with posterity, the illusion ceases to be such, and the hopes of ambition are indeed splendidly realised. But it is not only most true that very few can attain this eminence; it has not been sufficiently observed, that as the world grows older, a still smaller and smaller portion of those who *seem* to have attained it will retain their position. A minute fraction of even these will be consigned to the future, and fractions even of these fractions will gradually drop away in the long march of time. The great mass of the writers whom 'posterity would not 'willingly let die,' if there were possibility of escape, must share the fate of those other great men over whom the author is supposed to have an advantage; they themselves will live only by the historian's pen. The empty titles of their books will be recorded in catalogues; and a few lines be granted to them in biographical dictionaries, — with what may be truly called a *post mortem* examination of criticism; a space which, as those churchyards of intellect become more and more crowded, necessarily also becomes smaller and smaller, till for thousands, not even room for a sepulchral stone will be found.

Nor is it easy to say how far this oblivion will go, or what luminaries will be in time eclipsed. Supposing only a scantling of the products of the genius of each age — its richest and ripest fruits — handed down to posterity, (and there is already gathered into the garner, far more than any one man has read or can read,) the collection of these scantlings gradually rises into a prodigious pile. The time must come when not only mediocrity, which has been always the case; not only excellence, which has been long the case, will stand a chance of being rejected, but when even gold and diamonds will be cast into the sieve! Hardy must those be who shall then venture to hope for the *permanent* attention of mankind! for it will be found that the greater part of authors have bought, not, as they fondly imagined, a copyhold of inheritance. Their interest for life or years soon runs out, and every year rapidly diminishes the value of the estate.

We already see this mournfully realised in relation to a thousand bright names of the last two centuries. How much beau-

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tiful poetry, scarcely second in merit to any, is all but forgotten in the crowd, and reduced to a single fragment or two in some book of specimens or 'elegant extracts;' hardly more than sufficient to serve for an epitaph! A future, however, is approaching, when even volumes of specimens (to be complete) must be in folios, and the very abstracts of excellence voluminous; or rather, when, if men would read only one page of each great genius, they must be content to construct a *spicilegium* something like that of the desultory student mentioned by Steele in one of the Guardians; who had such an inordinate habit of skipping from book to book, that, to gratify this taste, he fabricated a volume in which each page was from a different author, torn out at random, and bound up together!

With the exception, then, of the very few who shine on from age to age, like lights in the firmament, with undiminished lustre—the Homers, the Shakspeares, the Miltons, the Bacons, enshrined, like the heroes of old, among the constellations—the great bulk of writers, must be contented, after having shone for a while, to be wholly or nearly lost to the world. Entering our system like comets which move in hyperbolic orbits, they may strike their immediate generation with a sudden splendour; but receding gradually into the depths of space, they will twinkle with a fainter and a fainter lustre, till they fade away for ever.

Not the least instructive of the essays of Lord Jeffrey, reprinted from this journal, is that suggested by Campbell's Specimens of the British Poets. After remarking that many authors of no trivial popularity in their day, occupy the smallest possible amount of space in such a collection, he proceeds most strikingly, but sadly, to predict the possible condition of famous contemporaries a century hence. 'Of near 'two hundred and fifty authors whose works are cited in these 'volumes, by far the greater part of whom were celebrated in 'their generation, there are not thirty who now enjoy any thing 'that can be called popularity—whose works are to be found 'in the hands of ordinary readers—in the shops of ordinary 'booksellers—or in the press for republication. About fifty 'more may be tolerably familiar to men of taste or literature: 'the rest slumber on the shelves of collectors, and are partially 'known to a few antiquarians and scholars.' . . . 'The last 'ten years have produced, we think, an annual supply of about 'ten thousand lines of good staple poetry—poetry from the 'very first hands that we can boast of—that runs quickly to 'three or four large editions—and is as likely to be permanent 'as present success can make it. Now, if this goes on for a

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'hundred years longer, what a task will await the poetical 'readers of 1919! . . . Then — if the future editor have any 'thing like the indulgence and veneration for antiquity of his 'predecessors — then shall posterity hang with rapture on the 'half of Campbell — and the fourth part of Byron — and the 'sixth of Scott — and the scattered tithes of Crabbe — and 'the three per cents. of Southey, — while some good-natured 'critic shall sit in our mouldering chair, and more than half 'prefer them to those by whom they have been superseded!' Thus does the fame which looks most like immortality, resemble every other form of that painted shadow; in most instances it dwindles into a name; and that name not always legible. 'Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is 'vanity!'*

In one point we can hardly concur with Lord Jeffrey. He seems to think that the lot of the poet, in relation to fame, is yet more infelicitous than that of the man of science. He says, 'The fame of a poet is popular or nothing. He does not address 'himself, like the man of science, to the learned or those who 'desire to learn, but to all mankind; and his purpose being to 'delight and be praised, necessarily extends to all who can 'receive pleasure or join in applause.' Now we think it certain, that if the poet and the man of science are relatively of equal merit, the chances of being remembered are far more favourable to the former than to the latter. As we had occasion to remark some time back, in a case of no less a genius than Leibnitz: 'The condition of great philosophers is far less en-'viable than that of great poets. The former can never possess 'so large a circle of readers under any circumstances; but that 'number is still further abridged by the fact, that even the 'truths the philosopher has taught or discovered form but step-'ping-stones in the progress of science, and are afterwards di-'gested, systematised, and better expounded in other works 'composed by smaller men. The creations of poetry, on the 'contrary, remain ever beautiful as long as the language in

* After penning the above words, we were reminded of another of the maxims of the same inspired writer, that there is 'nothing new 'under the sun;' for, in turning over old Morhof's Polyhistor for another purpose, we stumbled on the following sentence: — 'Scriben-'dorum librorum nullum esse finem jam tum sapientissimus Salomon 'dicebat; ac est revera res infinita; ut enim cogitationibus hominum 'nullus statui finis potest, ita nec libris, qui cogitationum partus 'sunt; *quibus lectores tandem deerunt!* redeuntibus semper novis qui 'ad temporis sui genium accommodatiores sunt, et antiquorum lumini-'bus officiunt.'

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'which they are embodied shall endure: even to translate is 'to injure them. Thus it is, that for one reader of Archimedes '(even amongst those who know just what Archimedes achieved,) 'there are thousands of readers of Homer; and of Newton it 'may be truly said, that nine-tenths of those who are familiar 'with his doctrines have never studied him, except at second-'hand. Far more intimate, no doubt, is that sympathy which 'Shakspeare and Milton inspire; "being dead they yet speak," 'and may even be said to form a part of the very minds of 'their readers.' If comparative neglect be the lot of the writings even of Newton, what must be naturally and universally the fate of inferior men? Of that treatise of Descartes, in which he lays the foundation of analytical geometry, how few of those who have pursued that science to heights and depths of which Descartes never dreamed, ever perused a syllable! The case of the cultivators of chemistry, and of many other modern sciences, is still more desperate. A few years obliterate all traces of their works; the fortune of which it is, to become antiquated while their authors yet survive — virtually obsolete, while the type is still fresh and the date recent. Their names will soon be known only in the page of the historian of science, who will duly record in a few brief lines the discoveries their authors made, and the still greater blunders they committed; will tell us that they were strenuous men in their day, and for their day did well; and that they are now gathered to their fathers! — Such is often the *caput mortuum* of a life of experiments!

In that deluge of books with which the world is inundated, the lamentations, with which the bibliomaniac bemoans the waste of time and the barbarous ravages of bigotry and ignorance, appear at first sight somewhat fantastical. Yet it is not without reason that we mourn over many of those losses, especially in reference to history; and this, not merely as they have involved in obscurity some important truths, but for a reason more nearly related to our present subject, and which has seldom suggested itself. Paradoxical as it may seem, it may probably be said with truth, that the very multiplicity of books with which we are now perplexed, is in part owing to the loss of some; and that if we had had a few volumes more, we should probably have had many less. The countless multitudes of speculations, conjectures, and criticisms on those ample fields of doubt, which the ravages of time have left open to interminable discussion, would then have been spared to us. An 'hiatus 'valde deflendus' too often leads to conjectures still more 'lamentable;' and a moderate 'lacuna' becomes the text of an immoderate disquisition.

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On the other hand, it is doubtful whether, — except in the case of history — the treasures of literature, of which time has deprived us and the loss of which literary enthusiasts so bitterly regret, have been so inestimable. We are disposed to think with Gibbon, in his remarks on the burning of the Alexandrian library, that by far the greater part of the masterpieces of antiquity have been secured to us; and that though some few have assuredly been lost, there is no reason to believe that they have been numerous. The lost works, even of the greatest masters, were most probably inferior to those which have come down to us. Their best must have been those most admired, most frequently copied, most faithfully preserved; and therefore on all these accounts, the most likely to elude the hand of violence and the casualties of time. 'I sincerely regret,' says the historian, 'the more valuable libraries which have been involved in the ruin of the Roman empire: but when I seriously compute the lapse of ages, the waste of ignorance, and the calamities of war, our treasures rather than our losses are the object of my surprise. . . . We should gratefully remember, that the mischances of time and accident have spared the classic works to which the suffrage of antiquity had adjudged the first place of genius and glory: the teachers of ancient knowledge who are still extant, had perused and compared the writings of their predecessors; nor can it fairly be presumed that any important truth, any useful discovery in art or nature, has been snatched away from the curiosity of modern ages.'

We have but to glance at our own great writers, to see how wide is the interval between their best and their worst productions. Is there one, at all voluminous, of whom it can be said that all he has left is worthy of being transmitted to posterity? It is true, indeed, that once possessed of any thing of theirs, we are naturally reluctant to lose it; and should even consider it a species of sacrilege to destroy it. Yet, in effect, very much they have left is as if it were lost — for it is never read. As in other cases, we neglect what we have, and pine for what we have not, though if we had it we could not use it. Are there of the thousands most familiar with their *chief* writings, fifty who have read *all* Bacon, *all* Milton, *all* Locke?

We therefore acquiesce in the judgment of Gibbon, not only as the best consolation under our inevitable losses, but, as in all probability, the true estimate of it; not, however, intending thereby any apology for the acts which reduce us to this exercise of faith: neither does Gibbon. On the contrary, as Mr. D'Israeli says, 'he pathetically describes the empty library of Alexandria after the Christians had destroyed it;'

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while he does not in that place suggest any of the alleviations to which we have just adverted: but reserves them for the time when he has to describe the second and greater desolation on the same spot by the Mahometans! On this last occasion, he softens somewhat of his pathos, perhaps of his indignation, and makes the philosophic estimate which we have cited. Without abating *any* of the indignation and contempt due to such fanatical ignorance, *whether* Christian or Mahometan,—it is impossible, we think, to deny the sound sense and discrimination of the great historian's observations.*

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* 'I believe that a philosopher,' says Mr. D'Israeli, 'would consent 'to lose *any* poet to regain an historian.' Perhaps so; if the exchange were always between a Claudian and a Tacitus. But the latter must be great, indeed, to outweigh a Homer, a Shakspeare, or a Milton. 'Fancy may be supplied,' he remarks, 'but truth once lost in the an-'nals of mankind, leaves a chasm never to be filled.' We fear that the fancy of the highest poetry is not quite so promptly made to order; while, on the other hand, Niebuhr has pretty clearly shown that history is far from being always truth; not to mention that, if it were so, the highest creations of poetry—those of a Homer or a Shakspeare—embody truth yet more comprehensive and universal than any consigned to the page of history. Montaigne remarks in one of his essays, that the value of history does not consist in the bare facts it records, but in the instruction the facts are capable of conveying; and this is so true, that the parts of history which are positively fabulous are often more full of significance, and have really had more influence than the most accurate recital of the bare facts. Plutarch has, we suspect, with all his credulity and love of fable, really exerted more power over the minds of men than any of the more authentic historians of antiquity. The graphic account which Livy has left of the discordant counsels given to the Samnites by Herennius Pontius respecting the disposal of the Romans taken at the pass of Caudium, has, perhaps, about as much historic truth in it as any other of the 'thousand and one' legends which his historic muse (rightly so called) has seized and adorned; but the whole is infinitely more instructive and more impressive than any narrative of the negotiations for a surrender of prisoners of war, with which tame history has supplied us. That the fox spoke to the crane what is attributed to him in the fable, is very doubtful; and that some 'nobody' killed some other 'nobody' may be very certain; but the fable, in the one case, is full of meaning, and the fact of history may be wholly insignificant. In our own age, honourably distinguished as one of severe historic research, and which has produced more than one historic work, and one very recently, which posterity will reckon among its treasures, it is well that historians, while accurately distinguishing truth from fable, should neither forget the beauties nor the uses of the latter; nor, on the other hand, overwhelm us with tediously minute

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Large as may be the waste of time, and still larger the virtual extinction of books by a silent process of oblivion, each generation far more than makes up the loss; and though suffering from a glut, the world goes on adding to their number, as if in fear of an intellectual famine. One might imagine that in some departments of literature there would necessarily come a pause: for instance, considering there is already more of first-rate poetry and fiction than any body can pretend to find time to read, that none would be found to venture into these fields, unless persuaded that he had something to offer better than Homer, Shakspeare, or Scott! Equally prolific is the literature of memoirs and biography. There is a little better reason for this; yet the rage for it, it must be confessed, is often carried to a ludicrous extent. No sooner does any man of mark or likelihood die, than in addition to his life, whole volumes of his letters and journals are thrust upon the world.* But of all this

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investigations of insignificant facts, which no one cares for, and which it does not matter whether they happened in this way or that, or not at all. In the department of history there is no more frequent cause of that plethora of books under which the world is groaning. Walter Scott's remarks on his own Life of Napoleon are true in their principle, whatever we may think of the application of them: — 'Superficial it must be, but I do not care for the charge. 'Better a superficial book, which brings well and strikingly together 'the known and acknowledged facts, than a dull boring narrative, 'pausing to see farther into a mill-stone every moment than the 'nature of the mill-stone admits. Nothing is so tiresome as walking 'through some beautiful scene with a *minute philosopher*, a botanist, 'or pebble-gatherer, who is eternally calling your attention from the 'grand features of the natural picture, to look at grasses and chucky-'stones.' If Niebuhr had given us, by his matchless acuteness of investigation and boundless learning, nothing more than the correction of minute dates and the true version of petty events, his powers would have been sadly wasted.

* It is the same in France, in Germany, everywhere. 'Scarce 'has an invitation, note, or washing-bill of the happy Matthison re-'mained unprinted; of Jean Paul we know on what day he got his 'first braces; of Voss, what he spent in every inn during his little 'journey; of Schiller, in what coach he drove to visit Goethe. With 'such like trash, in short, are the many hundred volumes of biography 'and correspondence filled.'—*Menzel.* Yet even such absurdities are but the abuse of a reasonable wish—that of knowing celebrated men in their retirement and natural character. The details of their private life are perused, we suspect, with greater eagerness than those of their public career, however splendid. It is true that the 'hero' in these cases is as apt to vanish to the eyes of the reader as to the 'valet-de-chambre;' but the reader recognises what he likes better

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it would be as unreasonable as ungrateful to complain. Fugitive as the interest of such literature must be, each generation naturally wishes to know more of its contemporaries than a future age will condescend to learn: And from almost the worst of such works some casual gleam of light may illumine the page of the future historian; some fact be rescued which will enable him to adjust more accurately the transactions, and estimate more truly the characters of the time. The only doubt is whether here, as elsewhere, the very copiousness of the materials will not produce the same effect as the dearth of them; whether the judicial sentence of an historian who shall write three hundred years hence, and who shall *honestly* examine and sift his materials, will not be as little to be hoped for as that of some profound judges, — delayed, and still delayed, till death has overtaken them amidst their unresolved doubts.

While the past is receiving into its tranquil depths such huge masses of literature, by a contrary process it is perpetually yielding us, perhaps nearly bulk for bulk, materials which it had long concealed. While work after work of science and history is daily passing away, pushed aside beyond all chance of republication by superior works of a similar kind, containing the last discoveries and most accurate results, it is curious to see with what eagerness the literary antiquary, in all departments, is ransacking the past for every fragment of unprinted manuscript. Many of these, if they had been published when they were written, would have been perfectly worthless. They derive their sole value from the rust of age, just as other things derive theirs from the gloss of novelty. It may with truth be said of them, *Periissent, ni periissent;* unless they had been buried they would never have lived. How many societies have been recently formed with the laudable object of giving to the world what no private enterprise would venture to put to press. It is true that, judging from many of the works thus published, one might be inclined, to say that some of our literary treasure-finders were too strongly of Justice Shallow's opinion, that 'things that are mouldy lack use.' 'It was with difficulty,' says Geoffrey Crayon, after describing his little antiquarian parson's raptures over the old drinking song, 'It was with 'difficulty the squire was made to comprehend that though a jovial 'song of the present day was but a foolish sound in the ears of 'wisdom, and beneath the notice of a learned man, yet a trowl

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than a 'hero'—a man. Still, to see great men in their *undress*, it certainly is not necessary to strip them *stark naked*. The inventory of their linen and their washerwoman's bills might be left sacred.

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'written by a toss-pot several hundred years since was a matter 'worthy of the gravest research, and enough to set whole 'colleges by the ears.'

But neither do we complain of all this. As in the case of memoirs and biographies, the laborious trifling of the merest drudge in antiquities may supply the historian with some collateral lights, and furnish materials for more vivid descriptions of the past; or, coming into contact with highly creative minds, like that of Walter Scott, may contribute the rude elements of the sublimest or most beautiful novelties of fiction. None can read his novels and despise the study of the most trivial details of local antiquities, when it is seen for what beautiful textures they may supply the threads. It is the privilege of genius such as his to extract their gold dust out of the most worthless books,—books which to others would be to the last degree tedious and unattractive,—and the felicity with which he did this was one of his most striking characteristics. In hundreds of cases it is wonderful to see how a snatch of an old border song, an antique phrase, used as he uses it, a story or fragment of a story from some obscure author, shall suddenly be invested with an intrinsic force or beauty, which the original would never have suggested to an ordinary reader, and which in fact they derive, in nine instances out of ten, from the light of genius which he brought to play upon them. In those bright morning or evening tints even the barren heath or the rugged mass of grey stone looks picturesque; or such uses of antiquity remind us of the gate of the old Tolbooth, or fragments of the ruins of Melrose, incorporated with Abbotsford. The quality, above referred to, Mr. Lockhart has happily characterised. 'The lamp of his zeal burnt on brighter and brighter 'amidst the dust of parchments; his love and pride vivified 'whatever he hung over in these dim records, and patient 'antiquarianism, long brooding and meditating, became glori-'ously transmuted into the winged spirit of national poetry.'

In this way minute portions of the past are constantly entering by new combinations into fresh forms of life, and out of these old materials, continually decomposed but continually recombined, scope is afforded for an everlasting succession of imaginative literature. In the same way every work of genius, by coming, as it were, into mesmeric *rapport* with the affinities of kindred genius, and stimulating its latent energies, is itself the parent of many others, and furnishes the materials and rudiments of ever new combinations.* Of more than one great

* The greater part of those resemblances in thoughts and images which a carping criticism sets down as *plagiarisms* are, we are per-

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mind it has been recorded, that they seldom read any work which strongly excited them without meditating one on a similar theme. The Latin poet complained of the injustice of our fathers in 'having stolen all our good things,' by uttering

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suaded, nothing more than such combinations: and even of plagiarism, properly so called, we have as little doubt that the instances are far fewer than has generally been supposed. Many so named have been simple coincidences of thought, the result of similarly constituted minds revolving the same subjects; and, true though it be that the objects and combinations of thought are infinite, yet considering that humanity and those things which chiefly interest it are always and everywhere the same, it is perhaps the inexhaustible variety, and not the occasional similarity of conceptions which ought to amaze us. The remarks of Sir Thos. Browne in his 'Religio Medici' on some observed coincidences between himself and Montaigne, are well worthy the attention of every critic who would be just to genius. Many other supposed plagiarisms are but the unconscious reflection of sentiments and images, the source of which had been long forgotten. A person must be very dull or very uncharitable,—or he will be slow to suspect a mind of any originality, of the meanness of larceny. For any such mind must always find it easier to live honestly than by stealing. As to the greater part of those parallelisms and resemblances on which an unworthy criticism has founded the charge against great writers, they will, as we have said, be generally found to indicate nothing more than that the thoughts of others have suggested the germ of new conceptions; new by a juster application, or a more felicitous expression, or a fresh development of the original thought. They are in truth no more plagiarisms than a chemical compound, the result of mysterious affinities, is identical with the elements which enter into it. There is all the difference between suggestion and plagiarism, that there is between *making* blood from blood and receiving it into the veins by transfusion. In Shakspeare and Scott we see both how much and how little a great genius derives from sources without himself. 'Observing,' says Moore, in his 'Life of 'Lord Byron,' 'a volume in his gondola with a number of paper 'marks between the leaves, I inquired of him what it was. "Only '"a book," he answered, "from which I am trying to *crib*, as I do '"whenever I can; and that's the way I get the character of an '"original poet." On taking it up and looking at it, I exclaimed, '"Ah, my friend Agathon!" "What!" he cried archly, "you have '"been beforehand with me there, have you?" Though in im-'puting to himself premeditated plagiarism he was, of course, but 'jesting, it was, I am inclined to think, his practice, when en-'gaged in the composition of any work, to excite thus his vein by 'the perusal of others on the same subject or plan, from which the 'slightest hint caught by his imagination, as he read, was sufficient 'to kindle there such a train of thought as, but for that spark, had 'never been awakened, and of which he himself soon forgot the 'source.' (Vol. iv.)

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them before we had the opportunity. The complaint is one in which an author must look for little sympathy from the world. In the infinite variety of human intellects,— no two of which are alike, any more than men's faces, — in the exhaustless variety of nature and of art, in the equally infinite variety of the analogies and relations of objects, the human intellect may expatiate for ever, and never find lack of argument, wit, and fancy; but how small a portion can be preserved or retained! From the time that Ovid uttered his complaint to the present moment, the perpetual flood has been pouring upon the world — and it still rolls on broader and deeper than ever.

Considering the vastness of the accumulations of literature and the impossibility of mastering them, it is not wonderful that the idea should sometimes have suggested itself that it might be possible in a series of brief publications to distil as it were the quintessence of books, and condense folios into pamphlets. 'Were all books thus reduced,' says Addison, 'many a bulky 'author would make his appearance in a penny paper. There 'would scarce be such a thing in nature as a folio; the works 'of an age would be contained on a few shelves; not to men-'tion millions of volumes that would be utterly annihilated.' One such attempt we remember being made with considerable pretensions; but it was as futile as every such attempt must be. Without going the length of Montaigne, who says, that 'every 'abridgment of a book is a foolish abridgment,' it may be truly said, not only that the human mind cannot profitably digest intellectual food in such a condensed shape; but that every work really worth reading bears upon it the impress of the mind that gave it birth, and ceases to attract and to impress when reduced to a syllabus; its faults and its excellences alike vanish in the process. It is of much importance, however, if authors who cannot be thus mutilated desire to live, that they should study brevity. Our voluminous forefathers of the seventeenth century seem never to have attempted condensation; but to have committed all that they thought to writing, and for the most part in all the redundance of the forms first suggested. They acted as though we, their posterity, should have nothing to do but to sit down and read what they had written. They were much mistaken; and the consequence is that their folios for the most part remain unread altogether.

It is the severe beauty, the condensed meaning of the masterpieces of classical antiquity, which, probably as much as any thing else, has given them their victory over time; constituting them not merely models of taste, but rendering them moderate in bulk — the majority of them *portable*. The light skiff will

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shoot the cataracts of time when a heavier vessel will infallibly go down.

While it is too sadly certain that by far the greater part of those who toil for remembrance among men must be defrauded of their hopes, it is well for genius to recollect that the doom may be indefinitely delayed by due care on its own part; just as, though nothing can avert death, a wise and prudent regard to health may secure a late termination and a green old age. Or its case may be compared to that of men who labour under some incurable chronic malady; it must be fatal at last — but by a due regimen and self-control the patient may outlive many of more robust health, who are madly negligent of the boon. It is astonishing what signal genius will sometimes effect to give permanent popularity to books, even in those departments in which the progress of knowledge soon renders them very imperfect. They maintain their supremacy notwithstanding; and their successors prolong their influence by means of note and supplement. Such will probably be the case with Paley's works on Natural Theology and the Evidences of Christianity. 'Hume's History of England,' promises to be a still stronger instance, in spite not only of its many deficiencies, but of its enormous errors.

It is, indeed, a great triumph of genius when it is capable of so impressing itself upon its productions, so moulding and shaping them to beauty, as to make men unwilling to return the gold into the melting pot, and work it up afresh; when it is felt that from the less accurate work, we after all learn more, and receive more vivid impressions than from the more correct, but less effective productions of an inferior artist. To attain this species of longevity, genius must not be content with being a mere mason, but must aspire to be an architect; it must seek to give preciousness to the gold and silver by the beauty of the cup or vase into which they are moulded, and to make them as valuable for their form as for their matter.

The French were formerly very sensitive to our want of artistic skill in our literary composition. Indeed, Laharpe presumed to assert that 'Tom Jones' was *the only book* in the English language! But we may take comfort on comparing ourselves with the Germans. There is no country in Europe in which the mortality even of valuable works is so frequently the result of a neglect of this sort as Germany; none in which critics, historians, theologians, are so content to give to the world their crude and imperfect thoughts; marked indeed by a prodigality, but as often by an abuse of learning; by a command of ample materials, but employed without judgment, taste, or method. Their books

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in consequence soon give way to another fleeting generation, manufactured in the same way, and with as little hope of permanent popularity.

Nor is there any country, though all are chargeable with the fault, to which Menzel's scornful remarks on 'books made out of 'books,' so strongly apply. 'Germany,' says he, 'is thronged 'with multitudes who, in want of any fixed employment, imme- 'diately begin to write books; thus reaping, as soon as possible, 'the fruits of what they have learned at the universities, and 'inundating the world with an immense number of crude and 'boyish works.' It is necessary only to inspect many German volumes to see that they are just the produce of a — note book; that the task has begun and ended in the carting of so much rubbish, and shooting it out into a bookseller's shop — where, at the best, it may serve as a collection of materials for an edifice which somebody else is to build. Profuse reading is often their only characteristic; and not always is there any sure sign of this: for the prodigal references with which page after page in many such works is half filled, are often slavishly copied from other writers, and the parade of learning is as empty as it is superfluous. Niebuhr bitterly complains of this practice; and justly stigmatises it as one of the dishonest tricks of literature. He himself tells us, and we doubt not with perfect truth, that he was in the habit of distinctly specifying all those citations which, though employed by him, had not occurred in the course of his own independent study of his authorities; and contends, that wherever a reference has been suggested by another, the secondary as well as the primary authority should be given, accompanied by the statement of obligation. We fear, with Dr. Arnold, that this remedy would not cure the evil; or rather that it would increase it. The pages of these merciless writers would be twice as dull from this double 'bestowment of their tedious- 'ness;' they would delight in troubling the reader with the whole history of each long literary chase; and consider a double, or, still better, a quadruple, array of references, (though only a series of transcriptions,) as a prouder proof of their erudition. What is really required is, that the writer should honestly endeavour to make his citations as *few*, not as *many*, as possible; and confine himself to the most decisive, brief, and accessible. As it is, the references are often such that scarcely three readers in ten could consult them, if they would — and scarcely one out of the three would if he could; while perhaps, nearly as often, the very point thus formidably supported, is a fact for which no references are wanted at all; in which the authorities are the only things that require to be confirmed, and the proofs the

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only things that need verification. Doubtless, this parade of references is often employed for what Whately calls the '*fallacy* 'of references;'—that is, in support of some questionable point, and in the hope 'that not one reader out of twenty will be at 'the pains' to verify their relevancy, or rather to detect their impertinence. But quite as often, they are used for mere ostentation.

Those authors, whose subjects require them to be voluminous, will do well, if they would be remembered as long as possible, not to omit a duty, which authors in general, but especially modern authors, are too apt to neglect—that of appending to their works a good index. For their deplorable deficiencies in this respect, Professor De Morgan, speaking of historians, assigns the curious reason, 'that they think to oblige their readers 'to go through them from beginning to end, by making this 'the only way of coming at the contents of their volumes. 'They are much mistaken; and they might learn from their 'own mode of dealing with the writings of others, how their 'own will be used in turn.'* We think that the unwise indolence of authors has probably had much more to do with the matter, than the reasons thus humorously assigned; but the fact which he proceeds to mention is incontestibly true. 'No 'writer,' [of this class], says he, 'is so much read as the one who 'makes a good index—or so much cited.'

Johnson, in commenting on the fate of books in one of the papers of the Idler, speaks of the necessity of an author's choosing a theme of enduring interest, if he would be remembered; and contrasts the once enormous popularity of 'Hudibras' with its present *comparative* neglect. Alas! we fear that this is but an insufficient antiseptic. Though it is generally necessary, if an author would have even a *chance* of living, that he should take no temporary topic, he may choose the most enduring—and be ephemeral notwithstanding; and what we cannot conceal from ourselves is, that he may even treat his subject well, and yet be forgotten. But we suspect that this caution is of little importance. Such is the vigour of great genius—and without it nothing will be remembered—that where there is *that*, it will triumph over all the disadvantages of a topic of evanescent interest. Pascal's 'Provincial Letters' are still read, we apprehend, quite as frequently as Bossuet's 'Discourse on Universal History,' and even 'Hudibras' a good deal more than Johnson's own 'Irene;' while the obscurities of some celebrated satire,—the very name

* References for the History of the Mathematical Sciences in the Companion to the British Almanac, 1843, p. 42.

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of a Bufo or a Bavius,—shall for ages continue to provoke and baffle the ingenuity of the stolid commentator, who might just as profitably be engaged, with Addison's virtuoso, in the chase of butterflies or the collection of cockle-shells.

If genius would attain its uttermost longevity, another condition it must submit to is, that of despising an *ad captandum* compliance with transient tastes, and the affectation of peculiarities for the purpose and in the hope of forming, as it were, a school. It is not to be denied that literary fashions, like others, may be extensive and prevalent for a time—but they expire with the age. Great genius for awhile will consecrate almost any eccentricities, and even acquire for them great temporary popularity. But it may well be questioned whether, where there *is* great genius and where it has succeeded by such artifices, it might not, even among its contemporaries, have gained equal applause at a less cost than that of simplicity and nature. But, at all events, let the writer who attempts to attain fame by any such fantastic methods, recollect how ridiculous a reigning fashion looks a century afterwards; for not less ridiculous will then appear every thing that bears the mark of affectation and mannerism, however successful for a time. The Euphuism of Elizabeth's day is now viewed only with contemptuous wonder: and even Dr. Johnson, though he still retains a large measure of popularity, would have retained far more had it not been for his antitheses and his Latinisms. Addison, though nearly a century earlier, is still more admired, and without any deductions.

It may be said, perhaps, that if in so vast a majority of cases the hope of immortality is a dream, it does not much matter how men write. Success, though ephemeral, is the great point.—To this we have, of course, nothing to say, except that we trust, many would rather not gain reputation at all, durable or brief, by a departure from simplicity and nature; and that, though immortality be out of the case, a gentle decay and serene old age have always been thought desirable things, rather than a sudden and violent dissolution. Immortality is not to be thought of—but *euthanasia* is not to be despised.

In turning over the pages of such a book as the London Catalogue, one is struck, amidst the apparent mutations in literature, with the seemingly fixed and unchanging influence of two portions of it—the Greek and Roman Classics and the BIBLE. Much of the literature produced by both partakes, no doubt, of the fate which attends other kinds; the books they severally elicit, whether critical or theological, pass away; but they themselves retain their hold on the human mind, become

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engrafted into the literature of every civilised nation, and continue to evoke a never ending series of volumes in their defence, illustration, or explication. On a very moderate computation we think it may be affirmed, from an inspection of this catalogue, that at least one third of the works it contains are the consequence, more or less direct, of the two portions of literature to which we here refer; in the shape of new editions, translations, commentaries, grammars, dictionaries, or historical, chronological, and geographical illustrations.

The old Greek and Roman Classics have indeed a paradoxical destiny. They cannot, it seems, grow old; and time, which 'antiquates antiquity itself,' to use an expression of Sir Thomas Browne, still leaves them untouched. The ancients alone possessed in perfection the art of *embalming* thought. The severe taste which surrounds them, has operated like the pure air of Egypt in preserving the sculptures and paintings of that country; where travellers tell us that the traces of the chisel are often as sharp, and the colours of the paintings as bright, as if the artists had quitted their work but yesterday.

There is one aspect in which even the most utilitarian despiser of the classics can hardly sneer at them. From being selected by the unanimous suffrage of all civilised nations, (the moment they become worthy of the name,) as an integral element in all liberal education, as the masters of language and models of taste, these venerable authors play, as this catalogue shows, a very important part even in the commercial transactions of mankind. It is curious to think of these ancient spirits furnishing no inconsiderable portion of the modern world with their daily bread; and in the employment they give to so many thousands of schoolmasters, editors, commentators, authors, printers, and publishers, constituting a very positive item in the industrial activity of nations. A political economist, thinking only of his own science, should look with respect on the strains of Homer and Virgil; when he considers that, directly or indirectly, they have probably produced more material wealth than half the mines which human cupidity has opened, or half the inventions of the most mechanical age,—if we except the loom, the steam engine, and a few score more. It is very foolish of mankind, some may say, to allow them this varied and permanent influence. But into that question we need not enter. We are speaking as to the fact only; and shall leave mankind to defend themselves.

The Bible, supposing it other than it pretends to be, presents us with a still more singular phænomenon in the space which it occupies throughout the continued history of literature. We see nothing like it; and it may well perplex the infidel to account

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for it. Nor need his sagacity disdain to enter a little more deeply into its possible *causes*, than he is usually inclined to do. It has not been given to any *other* book of religion, thus to triumph over national prejudices, and lodge itself securely in the heart of great communities, — varying by every conceivable diversity of language, race, manners, customs, and indeed agreeing in nothing but a veneration for itself. It adapts itself with facility to the revolutions of thought and feeling which shake to pieces all things else; and flexibly accommodates itself to the progress of society and the changes of civilisation. Even conquests — the disorganisation of old nations — the formation of new — do not affect the continuity of its empire. It lays hold of the new as of the old, and transmigrates with the spirit of humanity; attracting to itself, by its own moral power, in all the communities it enters, a ceaseless intensity of effort for its propagation, illustration, and defence. Other systems of religion are usually delicate exotics, and will not bear transplanting. The gods of the nations are local deities, and reluctantly quit their native soil; at all events they patronise only their favourite races, and perish at once when the tribe or nation of their worshippers becomes extinct — often long before. Nothing, indeed, is more difficult than to make foreigners feel any thing but the utmost indifference (except as an object of philosophic curiosity) about the religion of other nations; and no portion of their national literature is regarded as more tedious or unattractive than that which treats of their theology. The elegant mythologies of Greece and Rome made no proselytes among other nations, and fell hopelessly the moment *they* fell. The Koran of Mahomet has, it is true, been propagated by the sword; but it has been propagated by nothing else; and its dominion has been limited to those nations who could not reply to that logic. If the Bible be false, the facility with which it overleaps the otherwise impassable boundaries of race and clime, and domiciliates itself among so many different nations, is assuredly a far more striking and wonderful proof of human ignorance perverseness and stupidity, than is afforded in the limited prevalence of even the most abject superstitions; or, if it really has merits which, *though* a fable, have enabled it to impose so comprehensively and variously on mankind, wonderful indeed must have been the skill in its composition; so wonderful that even the infidel himself ought never to regard it but with the profoundest reverence, as far too successful and sublime a fabrication to admit a thought of scoff or ridicule. In his last illness, a few days before his death, Sir W. Scott asked Mr. Lockhart to read to him. Mr. Lockhart inquired what book he would like. 'Can you ask?' said Sir Walter, — 'there

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'is but ONE:' and requested him to read a chapter of the gospel of John. When will an *equal* genius, to whom all the realms of fiction are as familiar as to him, say the like of some professed revelation, originating among a race and associated with a history and a clime as foreign as those connected with the birthplace of the Bible from those of the ancestry of Sir Walter Scott? Can we by any stretch of imagination suppose some Walter Scott of a new race in Australia or South Africa, saying the same of the Vedas or the Koran?

While so large a portion of merely human literature, like all things else that are human, is inscribed with 'vanity,' it has its 'excelling glory' too.

Soberly considered, indeed, the writer has enough to make him contented with his vocation, though not proud of it. The value of books does not depend upon their durability; nor in truth is there any reason, why the philosopher should be more solicitous about these wasted and wasting treasures of mind than about the death of men, or the decay of the cities they have built, or of the empires they have founded! They but follow the same law which is imposed on all things human, and on things which were created before man. Geologists tell us of vast intervals of time — myriads of years — passed in the tardy revolutions by which our earth was prepared for our habitation, and during which successive generations of animals and vegetables flourished and became extinct; the individuals always, and often the species; — the term of life allotted to them, and their place in the system, being exactly appropriate to the stage in the history of the world's development, and linked, in a law of subserviency, to the successive parts and the various phases of one vast continuous process. Though permitted and organised to enjoy their brief term of life, they were chiefly important as a stepping-stone to the future, and as influencing that future, not by forming part of it, but by having been a necessary condition of its arrival. The same law which seems to be that of the whole history of the geological eras, appears also to characterise our own; the present passes away, — but is made subservient to a glorious future. As these geological periods were preparatory to the introduction of the human economy, so the various eras of that economy itself are subordinated to its ultimate and perfect development. Individuals and nations perish, but the progress of humanity is continued; and in this persuasion, the author who has in any tolerable measure endeavoured conscientiously 'to serve his generation,' — awaking from his idle dreams of immortality, — must find, like every other

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man who has done the same in other ways, his grounds of resignation and consolation. It is pleasing, with the elder Pliny, whose judgment is sanctioned by Leibnitz and Gibbon, to believe that scarcely any book was ever written (not positively immoral) which did not contain something valuable*; some contribution, however small, to the general stock of human knowledge, and still preserved, in other forms, for succeeding ages, though the book itself, like its author, had become food for worms; or something which tended to mould and influence some contemporary mind destined to act with greater power on distant generations. The whole gigantic growth of human knowledge and science may be compared to those deposits which geologists describe, full of the remains of vegetable and animal life—beautiful once, and beneficial still. The luxuriant foliage and huge forest growth of science and literature which now overshadow us, are themselves rooted in strata of decaying or decayed mind, and derive their nourishment from them; the very soil we turn is the loose *detritus* of thought, washed down to us through long ages. In the world of intellect, as in the world of matter, though 'vanity' is written on all things, and oblivion awaits man and his achievements, yet is it also sublimely true, that in both alike Death is itself the germ of life; and new forms of glory and beauty spring from the dust of desolation.

Nor are there wanting more special topics from which the repining author may derive consolation. One is, that, as the number of readers will be perpetually increased, though it may be true that the knowledge of any one of them will bear an ever diminishing ratio to the absolute accumulations of human science and literature, far more of both will be preserved in the memories of mankind *collectively;* and each writer, worthy to live at all, will find,—not indeed temples thronged with admiring worshippers and altars steaming with sacrifices, but at all events a little oratory here and there, where some solitary devotee will be paying his homage. He cannot hope to be a Jupiter Capitolinus; but he may be the household god of some quiet hearth—and receive there his modest oblation and his pinch of daily incense.

A still further consolation remains for even those who dare not hope for so much as this species of obscure fame. If not preserved entire, they will yet be remembered by fragments; in volumes of specimens and extracts, or happier still! embalmed in those

* 'Nullum esse librum tam malum ut non ex aliquâ parte prodesset.'

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vast works which will consign to posterity the history of great nations; with the whole story of their political, social, and intellectual development. How many authors, else utterly forgotten, will leave minute relics of themselves in the notes and citations of such works as those of Gibbon and Macaulay. It is but a plank from the wreck, to be sure; but it is something.

Nor do the fond author's hopes end here. We have compared the vast relics of decayed and mouldering literature to the animal and vegetable remains on which our living world flourishes; in which it fastens its roots, and over which it waves its luxuriance. A fanciful mind might pursue the analogy a little further, and discern some resemblance between the mutations and revolutions of literature and books, and those incomparably greater, and yet, to us, scarcely more interesting changes which have swept over the surface of the material world. Geologists tell us of the successive submersion and elevation of vast tracts of earth, — now rich in animal and vegetable life, — then buried for unnumbered ages in oblivion, — then again reappearing to the light of day, and bearing, dank and dripping from the ocean bed, the memorials of their past glories. It is much the same with the treasures of buried literature. Long whelmed beneath the inundations of barbarism, or buried in the volcanic eruptions of war and conquest, we see them, after centuries of 'cold obstruction,' once more coming to light; — the fossil remains of ancient life; — forms of power, of beauty, or deformity; — characterised indeed by many analogies to the present species of organised life, but also by many differences.

The revival of classical literature, after the dark ages, was the greatest and most splendid of these recoveries of the past; and must have awakened in the minds of the generation which witnessed it, emotions very similar to those with which men gazed on the treasures of Herculaneum and Pompeii, when those ancient cities were first opened to the day.

Though this is the grandest of all such restorations, let the author remember for his comfort, (if not too bashful,) that a similar process is perpetually going on, though on a smaller scale. Discussions and controversies, which had been hushed for ages, break out again, like long silent volcanoes; men turn with renewed eagerness to the opinions of persons who had been forgotten apparently for ever; and names which had not been heard for centuries, once more fill men's mouths and are trumpeted to the four winds. A pleasantly oracular saying, or a half-anticipation of some newly discovered truth, is found in the voluminous writings of an ancient author — and excites a passing

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glow of veneration to his name and works. In the indefatigable grubbings and gropings of the literary antiquary again, scarcely any authors need despair of an occasional remembrance; of producing some curiosities for those cabinets where the most precious and the most worthless of relics are preserved with impartial veneration. It is hard to say what his spade and mattock may not bring up. What honour to furnish to the Cuviers of critical science, though but in a fossil bone or shell, a theme for their conjectures and learned dissertations; and perhaps be even constructed into a more magnificent creature than nature ever made the original! Who could have hoped, a few years back, to see the re-appearance of so much of our early literature as we have recently witnessed? And who could have anticipated how wide a range the transient, but while they last, most active fashions of literary research would take? Now it is Saxon, Danish, Norman antiquities; — now local traditions, and old songs and ballads; — now the old dramatists have their turn, and now the old divines. Who could have expected to see the venerable Bede's 'opera omnia' in English as well as Latin, published in all the glories of modern typography? 'It is 'hard to say,' says Sir Thomas Browne, speaking of our bodies, 'how often we are to be buried:' the same may be said of our minds; and though this successive resurrection and entombment is not immortality, it bears a close resemblance to transmigration. It is true that a malicious wit might hint that not a little of this exhumed literature is immediately recommitted to the dust, and that its resurrection is but for a second celebration of its obsequies. They will be inclined to say what Horace Walpole says of some other antiquarian recoveries, — 'What signifies raising the dead so often, when they 'die the next minute?'

How singular has been the destiny of Aristotle! After having been lost to the world for ages, we see him making a second and wider conquest, and founding the most durable and absolute despotism of mind the world has ever seen! After a second dethronement, he is now fighting his way back to no mean empire, — an empire promising to be all the more permanent, that it is founded in a juster estimate of his real claims on the gratitude and reverence of mankind, and that he is invited to wield the sceptre, not of a despot, but of a constitutional monarch.

But our author sighs, and says with truth and naïveté, 'there are so few Aristotles!' We reply, with a perseverance in suggesting consolation worthy of Boethius or Mr. Shandy, that, supposing none of these sedatives sufficient to soothe wounded

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vanity, there are still others. And among them, assuredly not the least, are those least thought of; we mean, the pleasure of composition itself; perhaps, after all, the greatest of an author's rewards: just as in so many other cases, happiness is found, not in the object we professedly seek, but in the efforts to obtain it, and in the energetic employment of our faculties. If, indeed, the experience of Buffon were that of authors in general, none would deny this, and the passion for writing would become a universal madness. Speaking of the hours of composition, he says, 'These are the most *luxurious* and *delightful* moments of 'life; which have often enticed me to pass fourteen hours a day 'at my desk, in a state of transport; this gratification, more 'than glory, is my reward.'* But we fear that there are not a few writers, and of no mean fame, who, while conceding that when their minds wrought freely and their faculties lay in sunshine, the moments of composition were among the happiest of their life, would also affirm that those in which they have had to struggle against the *vis inertiæ* which prevented them from commencing their task, or had to contend with half-formed conceptions and intractable expressions, till the sun broke through the mist, and thought became clear and words obedient, were among the most painful. Well spoke one who has, we apprehend, experienced all the raptures and all the agonies of composition:—

> 'When happiest Fancy has inspir'd the strains,
> How oft the malice of one luckless word
> Pursues the enthusiast to the social board,
> Haunts him, belated, on the silent plains.
> Yet he repines not, if his thought stand clear
> At last, of hinderance and obscurity,
> Fresh as the star that crowns the brow of morn.'

We are inclined to place the pleasure of writing itself, among the chief incentives of authorship; and the proof is found in this, that so few ever stop when they have once begun, —not even for neglect or poverty. 'There are millions of 'men,' says Byron, 'who have never written a book, but few who 'have written *only one*.' And Walter Scott's testimony to the inveteracy of the *cacoethes scribendi* is equally strong. Not even the ointment of sarcasm and satire can cure it.

Perhaps even this will not be taken as sufficient compensation: why then let the author remember that in the only intelligible sense, he enjoys almost as extensive a fame as his betters. There

* Cited in 'Curiosities of Literature.' See the whole of the amusing anecdotes on Literary Composition.

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is a little circle of which each man is the centre; and this narrow theatre is generally enough for the accommodating vanity of the human heart. Indeed, it is of that microcosm in which each man dwells, that even the loftiest ambition is *really* thinking, when it whispers to itself some folly about distant regions and remote ages, whose unheard plaudits will never greet his ear, and which he utterly fails to realise. It is, after all, the applause of the familiar friends, among whom he daily lives, that he craves and loves. It may be doubted whether Musæus was ever so delighted with the thought of posthumous renown, as he was when his little boy, discovering from an upstairs window a fresh troop of visitors coming, as the child supposed, with the usual offering of congratulations on his father's sudden success, cried out, 'Here 'are more people coming to praise papa!'

Should our friends and family form too small a sphere for the vaulting ambition of self-love, we must needs content ourselves with the questionable comfort suggested in the case of our literal death, not only by Cicero and his imitator Mr. Shandy, but by all other consolers, from the time of Job's comforters downwards;—that it is the 'common lot,' and that 'what is the doom of our betters is good enough for us.' Nor will vanity fail to whisper, 'Not the worthless alone are for-'gotten,—gold, silver, pearls, and jewels strew the bottom of 'the ocean. It is not the will of man, but the law of nature, 'that I should die.'

In truth, for an honest man, the single sentence already quoted from Pliny will be consolation enough. Like every other honest man who does his duty to the present hour, and who dreams not of asking immortality for his merits, it will be sufficient to the writer, to have 'served his generation.' Nor need we say, in how important a degree each individual has done this! It is a topic easily improved upon, by the happy facility of human vanity; for all are ready enough to believe—and certainly authors as much as any—that they have not trifled life away; and to think of their doings much as Uncle Toby did of his mimic fortifications: 'Heaven is my witness, brother Shandy, 'that the pleasure I have taken in these things, and that infinite 'delight in particular, which has attended my sieges in my 'bowling-green, has arose within me, and I hope in the Cor-'poral too, from the consciousness we both had, that in carrying 'them on we were answering the great ends of our creation.'

But, without a gibe, the destiny of the honest writer, even though but moderately successful, and much more if long and widely popular, is surely glorious and enviable. It may be true that he is to die,—for we do not count the record of a

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name when the works are no longer read as any thing better than an epitaph, and even that may vanish; yet, to come into contact with other minds, even though for limited periods, — to move them by a silent influence — to co-operate in the construction of character — to mould their habits of thought — to promote the dominion of truth and virtue — to exercise a spell over those we have never seen and never can see, — in other climes, — at the extremity of the globe, — and when the hand that wrote is still for ever, — is surely a most wonderful and even awful prerogative. It comes nearer to the idea of the immediate influence of spirit on spirit than any thing else with which this world presents us. It is of a purely moral nature; it is also silent as the dew — invisible as the wind! We can adequately conceive of such an influence only by imagining ourselves, under the privilege of the ring of Gyges, to gaze, invisible, on the solitary reader as he pores over a favourite author, and watch in his countenance, as in a mirror, the reflection of the page which holds him captive; now knitting his brow over a difficult argument, and deriving at once discipline and knowledge by the effort — now relaxing into smiles at wit and humour — now dwelling with a glistening eye on tenderness and pathos — and in either case, the subject of emotions which not only constitute the mood of the moment, but in their measure co-operate to the formation of those *habits* which issue in character and conduct; now yielding up some fond illusion to the force of truth, and anon betrayed into another by the force of sophistry; now rebuked for some vice or folly, and binding himself with renewed vows to the service of virtue; and now sympathising with the too faithful delineation of vicious passions and depraved pleasures, and strengthening by one more rivet the dominion of evil over the soul! Surely, to be able to wield such a power as this implies, in any degree and for limited periods, is a stupendous attribute; one which, if more deeply pondered, would frequently cause a writer to pause and tremble, as though his pen had been the rod of an enchanter.

Happy those who have wielded it well, and who

'Dying leave no line they wish to blot.'

Happier, far happier such, in the prospect of speedy extinction, than those whose loftier genius promises immortality of fame, and whose abuse of it renders that immortality a curse. Melancholy indeed is the lot of all, whose high endowments have been worse than wasted; who have left to that world which they were born to bless, only a legacy of shame and sorrow; whose vices and follies, unlike those of other men, are not per-

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mitted to die with them, but continue active for evil after the men themselves are dust.

It becomes every one who aspires to be a writer to remember this. The ill which other men do, for the most part dies with them. Not indeed that this is literally true, even of the obscurest of the species. We are all but links in a vast chain which stretches from the dawn of time to the consummation of all things, and unconsciously receive and transmit a subtle influence. As we are, in great measure, what our forefathers made us, so our posterity will be what we make them; and it is a thought which may well make us both proud and afraid of our destiny.

But such truths, though universally applicable, are more worthy of being pondered by great authors than by any other class of men. These outlive their age; and their thoughts continue to operate immediately on the spirit of their race. How sad, to one who feels that he has abused his high trust, to know that he is to perpetuate his vices; that he has spoken a spell for evil, and cannot unsay it; that the poisoned shaft has left the bow and cannot be recalled. If we might be permitted to imagine for a moment that it is a part of the reward or punishment of departed spirits, to revisit this lower world and to trace the good or evil consequences of their actions, what more deplorable condition can be conceived than that of a great but misguided genius, taught, before he departed, the folly of his course, and condemned to witness its effects without the power of arresting them? How would he sigh for that day which shall cover his fame with a welcome cloud, and bury him in the once dreaded oblivion! How would he covet as the highest boon the loss of that immortality for which he toiled so much and so long! With what feelings would he see the productions of his wit and fancy, proscribed and loathed by every man whose love and veneration are worth possessing. With what anguish would he see the subtle poison he had distilled take hold of innocence; watch the first blushes of still ingenuous shame, see them fade away from the cheek as evil became familiar, trace in *his* influence the initial movements in that long career of agony and remorse and shame which awaits his victims; and shudder to think that those whose faith he has destroyed, or whose morals he has corrupted, may find him out in the world of spirits, to tax him as their seducer to infamy and crime! *

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* To see this matter in its true light must, we fear, be left to the more unclouded vision of another world. Literary vanity is almost the last foible that is surrendered in this. There is much knowledge of human nature, as well as keen satire, in the tale which Addison

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Even such authors, however, will reach the oblivion they have desired at last; for this must be the ultimate doom (whatever might otherwise have been the case) of all who have set at defiance the maxims of decency, morality, and religion, — however bright their genius, and however vast their powers. As the world grows older, and, we trust, better — as it approximates to that state of religious and moral elevation which Christianity warrants us to anticipate, many a production which a licentious age has pardoned for its genius, will be thrown aside in spite of it. In that day, if genius rebelliously refuse, as it assuredly will not — for the highest genius has not even hitherto refused — to consecrate itself to goodness, the world will rather turn to the humblest productions which are instinct with virtue, than to the fairest works of genius when polluted by vice. In a word, the long idolatry of intellect which has enslaved the world will be broken; and that world will perceive that, bright as genius may be, virtue is brighter still.

Happy the writers who, if destined to live so long, have, with souls prophetic of the great change, and true to the dictates of morality and religion, never written a line but what after-ages may gratefully turn to for solid instruction or innocent delight; and happy also all who, though not destined to see those distant times, have in any measure contributed to form and hasten them!

Plato, in a well-known passage of his Phædrus, describes Socrates as contending for the superiority of oral instruction, by representing books as *silent*. The inferiority of the written word to the living voice is in many respects undeniable; but surely it is more than compensated by the advantage of its diffusive and permanent character. Great as has been the influence of Socrates, he owes it almost entirely to the books he refused to write! and it might have been greater still, had he condescended to write some of his own.

But the chief glory of all human literature — taking it collectively — is, that it is our pledge and security against the retro-

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tells of the atheist, who, bewailing on his death-bed the mischief his works would do after he was gone, quickly repented of his repentance, when his spiritual adviser unhappily sought to alleviate his grief by assuring him that his arguments were so weak, and his writings so little known, that he need not be under any apprehensions. 'The 'dying man had still so much of the frailty of an author in him, as 'to be cut to the heart with these consolations; and, without answer-'ing the good man, asked his ffiends where they had picked up such 'a blockhead? and whether they thought him a proper person to 'attend one in his condition?'

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gradation of humanity; the effectual breakwater against barbarism; the *ratchet* in the great wheel of the world, which, even if it stands still, prevents it from slipping back. Ephemeral as man's books are, they are at least not so ephemeral as himself; and consign without difficulty to posterity what would otherwise never reach them. A good book is the Methuselah of these latter ages.

We must conclude, however, lest we should have reason to apply to ourselves the words of old Fuller: 'But what do I, 'speaking against multiplicity of books in this age, who trespass 'in this nature myself? What was a learned man's compliment, 'may serve for my confession and conclusion. *Multi mei similes 'hoc morbo laborant — ut cùm scribere nesciant, tamen a scribendo 'temperare non possint.*' — Even as it is, we fear that some of our readers will be disposed to say that we have illustrated the 'vanity' without proving the 'glory' of literature.

ART. II. — 1. *The Physical Atlas;* a Series of Maps and Notes illustrative of the Geographical Distribution of Natural Phenomena. By ALEX. KEITH JOHNSTON, F.R.G.S., F.G.S. Imperial Folio, 30 Maps and 94 pp. Letter-press. London and Edinburgh, 1848.

2. *The Physical Atlas of Natural Phenomena.* Quarto edition. Part I. Reduced from the edition in Imperial Folio, for the use of Colleges, Academies, and Families. London and Edinburgh, 1849.

THE periodical literature of a people embodies very intelligibly the kind and extent of social and intellectual progress they have attained at the moment of its appearance. What the many read must accord in the main with the taste and opinions of the many for the time: And as soon as tastes and opinions change, the hue and tone of periodical literature will change also. But it is only the lighter and more popular tastes of a nation which its periodical literature can be expected to reflect: we must look elsewhere for evidence of their solid acquirements, and of the nature, indeed, of their more permanent and established taste.

It is when a large and expensive work, like that now before us, issues from the press, that we can reasonably infer that the subject of which it treats has already taken hold of the public mind; and has obtained a place among the intellectual wants of the country in which it appears. And the inference will be

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strengthened where, as in the present instance, the larger work is attended by a humbler companion, fitted for the school and the schoolmaster. Such publications assume that the old and the young, the rich and the poor, are joining in the demand.

In this point of view, British science has reason to congratulate herself on the appearance of these Physical Atlasses, and may point to them with some degree of pride; for even abstruse departments of natural knowledge must have been popularised among us, before publishers could be encouraged to make the necessary efforts for rendering their beautiful results accessible to all. Indeed, though Oxford and Cambridge have hitherto done but little for the advancement of this kind of knowledge, we are satisfied, from our own experience of other countries, that in no part of Europe are the sciences of observation so generally appreciated, and so widely diffused among the mass of ordinarily-educated people, as in our own.

The Physical Atlas of Mr. Keith Johnston comprises four series of maps: — a geological series of ten maps; a meteorological series of five maps; a hydrographical series of six maps; and a phytological and zoological series of nine maps.

The first series contains four maps of the mountain systems and chains of Europe, Asia, and America; one of the glacier regions of the Alps; two of the most remarkable volcanic phenomena; one double map, representing the general geological structure of the globe; and two single maps, the special structure of the British Isles.

The second series consists of physical charts of the Atlantic, Indian, and Pacific Oceans; maps of the river systems of Europe, Asia, and America; and a tidal chart of the British Seas.

The third series represents the isothermal lines and lines of equal barometric pressure, in one map; the geographical distribution of hurricanes, typhoons, and other aërial disturbances, in a second; the polarising structure of the atmosphere in a third; and, in two hyetographic maps, the general distribution of rain over the whole world, and its more special distribution over the surface of Europe.

The fourth series exhibits the geographical distribution of plants in general in one map, and that of the plants which serve as food for man in another; that of the mammiferous, the carnivorous, and the ruminant animals respectively, in three maps; that of birds and reptiles, in two maps; and, in two more, the ethnography of Europe and that of the British Islands.

For the idea of these interesting maps we are indebted to the illustrious Humboldt; for the first execution of them to Professor Berghaus, of Berlin; and for the present improved, enlarged,

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and beautifully-executed Atlas to the hands and head of Mr. Keith Johnston, of Edinburgh.*

From a work so rich in information, and so varied in its materials, it is almost impossible to select and compress into a moderate compass any thing which will give the general reader a satisfactory idea of its character and contents. It is a merit which may justly be conceded to these thirty maps, that almost every one of them embodies the materials of many volumes — the results of long years of research — and exhibits the most valuable thoughts of the most distinguished men of the age, pictured visibly to the eye.

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* Other works of this kind, more comprehensive in some senses, but of a more special kind, have been projected in other countries, but are almost all as yet unexecuted. Of these, the linear and shaded maps of criminal statistics by M. Guerry are an admirable example, and are now ready for the press. The one which embraces the widest range of subjects is the 'Administrative and Statistical 'Atlas of Belgium:' it is projected by the well-known geographer of Brussels, M. Van der Maelen, in co-operation with the eminent statist M. Heuschling, to whom Belgian statistics are under so many obligations. Its title and proposed contents are as follow: —

'"Atlas Administratif et Statistique du Royaume de Belgique," dressé et publié en collaboration avec M. Xavier Heuschling, par Philippe Van der Maelen.

'Cet atlas se composera d'une série de cartes construites à l'échelle de 1 à 400,000 sur une feuille grand colombier. Chaque carte, comprenant toutes les communes du Royaume avec leur circonscription territoriale, sera consacrée à une branche spéciale de l'administration ou à une partie de la statistique, d'après un système arrêté à l'avance. Ainsi il y aura une carte pour chacune des divisions communale et provinciale, judiciaire, ecclésiastique, militaire, etc.; des cartes historique et archéologique, hydrographique et orographique, météorologique et médicale, géologique, botanique, zoologique, agricole, forestière et minérale, industrielle et commerciale, financière, douanière, domaniale, electorale; des cartes pour les voies de communication, les postes et messageries, pour la population absolue et relative, par langues et dialectes, par cultes, par professions et conditions sociales, pour la mortalité et la reproduction, pour la bienfaisance, le paupérisme, la criminalité et les prisons, pour l'instruction publique, les sciences, les lettres et les arts. Un texte explicatif et descriptif, donné en marge, complétera les détails de chaque carte; les renseignements seront puisés aux meilleures sources et dans les documents les plus récents. En un mot, les auteurs se proposent d'appliquer à l'administration et à la statistique générale du pays, la pensée de Condorcet lorsqu'il prédit l'époque où l'état de nos connaissances ne pourra plus être exposé que dans des tableaux synoptiques.'

What a mass of interesting information such a book would contain! but what dozen men are equal to the compilation of it?

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It might appear at first sight, and especially to the unlearned into whose hands the Atlas should come, as if the subjects illustrated in these maps had been taken at random out of the vast domain of natural knowledge, in order to form the book; as if the races of men and the distribution of birds and reptiles had no connexion whatever with geological strata and fossils, or with Alpine glaciers; as if the geographical distribution of plants, the polarisation of the atmosphere, and the tides, temperatures, storms, soundings, and currents of our seas and great oceans, were subjects wide apart from each other; as if the position and parallelism of mountain chains, or of active and extinct volcanoes, the distribution of typhoons, the course and limits of Indian hurricanes, the sources and directions of rivers, the regions which nourish the various plants on which we live, and the study of the races of men who, from time to time, have conquered and peopled the different parts of our own islands, were fields of research so discontiguous and remote, that even philosophers might long traverse them all without once meeting on any common ground.

But far different is the expectation of the eager scholar, who has once looked over Humboldt's 'Kosmos,' or Mrs. Somerville's 'Connection of the Sciences.' He enters on the examination of the various branches of natural knowledge in the well-grounded confidence that they will be found to constitute a harmonious WHOLE, closely cemented in all its parts. And though any work on the phenomena of nature which should embody even all we at present know would still exhibit many large gaps, yet the instructed eye will perceive a common unity pervading all, and points of connexion among the most distant and apparently discordant topics of which it treats. So a uniting thread may be traced through the varied subjects delineated in the maps of this Physical Atlas, and discussed in its letter-press;—a thread which untwists, as you follow it, into many strands, representing different trains of thought—any one of which will lead us from map to map in search of reasons for the new facts that successively strike us, and will bring us at last to the ethnographic series — to Man himself, and his varieties, — as palpably and intimately concerned with the first of the topics, whatever that may be, with which we had set out.

We shall better succeed, we believe, in imparting to our readers some conception of the multifarious and yet singularly well digested information comprised in the present work, by asking them to accompany us in tracing a few of the connecting links which the series of maps thus presents to an intelligent student, than by any catalogue or specimens of their contents.

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We propose, therefore, to select a leading train of thought suggested by one of the earliest maps, and shall see how far, in following it out, the succeeding maps will furnish us with the materials necessary for our progress.

Turn, for example, to the first or geological series, and, among these, to that which represents the geology or palæontology of the British Isles, coloured under the direction of Professor Edward Forbes. How rich in obvious instruction, — how suggestive of interesting thought and inquiry, is this map! The various colours represent, not only the various rocky formations, but diversified mineral productions also, and different agricultural capabilities and tendencies. They indicate where great cities establish themselves, and why; what brings masses of people together in particular localities, of what special class this population is composed, and what are likely to be its moral and social dispositions; why one manufacture takes root on this spot, and another on that; why here corn waves, or cattle fatten, or sheep crop the springing herbage; why here the rich proprietor and the wealthy farmer live together in comfort, and encourage each other in progressive improvement — why there husbandry is backward, the proprietor in difficulties, and the cultivator wasting life and means in a heartless struggle.

It must be well known to most of our readers that the black spots of varied extent and form, which here and there stand out like blots on the surface of a geological map of Great Britain, indicate the districts in which mineral fuel is found and is more or less extensively dug up. Upon such black spots, therefore, on whatever map they are seen, it is almost certain that a large population either already exists, or will spring up at some future period; that the employment of this population will be in mining for coal — in digging or smelting the ores of iron or copper or lead — in moulding and baking pottery — in fabricating machinery and other works in metal — in manufacturing glass, or alkali, or alum — in converting the raw cotton and wool and flax into woven and printed cloths of various texture — or in some of those many other arts which busy themselves with crude materials on a large scale, and which require much mechanical power at a cheap rate, to admit of their being economically carried on.

The natural reason for the growth of large towns and crowded populations, for a principal class at least, such as Swansea, Bristol, Merthyr-Tydvil, Nottingham, Wolverhampton, Birmingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Manchester, and Glasgow, — (since other considerations give importance to London, Liverpool, Dublin, Cork, Belfast, &c.) — is to be found in the geological struc-

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ture of the rocks on which the people live. And as long as crowded haunts are permitted to breed pestilence and immorality, an inspection of the map will enable us to pronounce also on the social and moral condition, actual or future, of the inhabitants—and to tell both in what way and to what extent they contribute to the general wealth and power of the state, and what care and provision of moral and intellectual superintendence ought to be assured to them in return.

Again, at the southern extremity of Lanarkshire, where it touches Dumfries, and is bordered by the still infant streams of the Nith and the Clyde, our map indicates a region of lead mines, the dwelling-place of a thoughtful, intelligent, book-loving, faithful, and steadfast people. Upon the Allan, and the Wear, and the Tees, in Northumberland and Durham, and among the higher Yorkshire dales, there are similar mines, and a similar people: and so where Derby boasts its Peak and the country round Matlock likened to the Vale of Tempe, and in Flint and Devon, and in ancient mining Cornwall, where tin and copper have been followed deeper into the bowels of the earth than in any other part of the world. These seats of buried riches are at once visible upon the map; while to the instructed eye it also points out in them the home of a peculiar race of people—higher altogether in mental habits, in morals, and in enterprise, than what other and perhaps neighbouring spots are nourishing. And when on the geological maps of other countries similar colours present themselves, they tell of similar mineral accumulations, and of the probable existence, actual or future, of an equally ingenious, hardy, and persevering people.

Without dwelling further on the fund of thought, hidden, so to speak, beneath the varied colours of a geological map, we may at once assume, that the mineral riches which these colours intimate, prove likewise the existence of materials for exchange and exportation, either native and raw, or manufactured into various products of skilled labour. Such materials necessarily give rise to commercial intercourse with other countries, and to a demand for that varied knowledge of the resources of those countries, and of their coasts and seaports and rivers which the foreign merchant must possess, and that familiarity with the physical history of the seas, which is indispensable to a navigator, and which the book before us embodies. Led by such reflections we might proceed to the other charts and maps of the Physical Atlas, and show how one train of thought connects each of them in succession with the geological map of the British Islands, from which we started;—how the meteorological and hydrographical series are rich in the kind of inform-

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ation which an educated seaman must delight to have before him, and how the entire phytological series forms a species of *vade-mecum* for the enlightened British merchant.

But we prefer to follow another train of thought, suggested by the palæontological map, which to our minds is more striking, and will, we think, prove both more interesting and more instructive to the reader. To the student of Agriculture in its largest sense, the colours of a geological map are especially instructive. They tell *him* the where and the wherefore, in reference to many of the most interesting questions which bear on rural progress and agricultural history.

In every country of Europe there are tracts of land which from the most remote antiquity have been more densely peopled than the surrounding regions. These are the districts which, on the arrival of the earliest settlers, were found in their natural state to be susceptible of easy and profitable arable culture. Soils easily laboured and moderately pervious to water invited the earliest husbandmen, and with least toil yielded the heaviest crops of corn. Other tracts, again, have grown during all historic time a perennial herbage, where cattle graze or sheep fatten, which the plough has rarely violated, and seldom with a profit to the over-venturesome husbandman. On others, again, poverty prevails both in corn and cattle; with chilly fields or wind-obeying sands and penurious homesteads; and broad bands are seen to cross whole kingdoms—sometimes naturally to separate them—on which even modern skill and enterprise have failed as yet to raise up vegetable luxuriance and rural plenty.

A geological map rightly understood indicates of itself where these several agricultural differences naturally exist; for the soils partake of the general characters of the rocks by the crumbling of which they are formed; and the colours of the map show the limits to which these several rocks extend.

In Great Britain generally, the old and new red sand-stones, and in Scotland the trap rocks also, have formed and generally sustain soils of easy culture, which have been subject to the plough for the longest period, and on which the most ancient villages and church towns exist. The long undulating stripe of lias clay, which winds with varying breadth and outline from the mouth of the Tees to Lyme Regis, and the Oxford clay and that of the Weald, are covered by soils too stubborn in their native state to yield at the proper seasons to the persuasions of the harrow and the ploughshare;—and accordingly experience has taught the farmer to leave them in perpetual grass. And if the eye be turned to the northern side of the Scottish border, a tract of country of a greyish tint is seen to stretch from St.

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Abb's Head on the east, to the Mull of Galloway on the west, characterised by poor soils and humbler farmers,—over which cold inky lochs and wide heaths, at not unfrequent intervals, arrest the traveller on his way.

A geological map, therefore, is an invaluable storehouse of agricultural information. The tints which variegate its surface express diversities of soil, inheriting different agricultural qualities; and these qualities determine the nature of the crops which can be most profitably grown, the kind of improvement which is required, and the pecuniary outlay which is most likely to be repaid. And what makes this knowledge the more important, is the interesting fact, to which we have alluded,—that what is true of soils represented by a given colour in one country is generally true of those represented by the same colour in another. Thus the agricultural experience of a particular region, instead of having a merely local value, as men used to think, becomes incorporated with the common experience and knowledge of mankind. Other things being equal, the same colours indicate soils generically the same; the culture, which succeeds on them in one part of the world, ought to succeed in others; the same implements should be required, the same grains and roots grown, the same stock thrive, the same improvements be attempted; and, with equal skill and prudence, equal profits might be expected.

How simple and yet how large the views which the statesman may derive from the study of this branch of science! The agricultural resources and capabilities of the various countries of the globe are uncovered, as it were, to his eye; and with these, the springs of their past difficulties or greatness, their powers of actual resistance or endurance, their prospects in future time, their value as conquests or colonies.

Of such views, the most extensive and most comprehensive are to be obtained from the second chart of this series — the chart which exhibits the geological structure of the entire globe, according to the researches of M. Ami Boué.

There are some among us who of late years have delighted in holding up Russia and the United States, as objects of our political apprehension. When they learn to decipher the tints of the map of which we are speaking, they will probably think themselves entitled to draw from them still more alarming prognostications. Judging from the wealth and power which her small patch of blue has given to England, we may augur a lofty after-history to the empire of the Autocrat, as well as to our relatives beyond the Atlantic. But this lofty future England *hopes* to see and share; she does not fear it. Mental

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and moral culture are now inseparable, we think, from physical and material development; and we have the consolation of believing that the freaks of power in past ages will become impossible among our posterity.

We have said that, *other things being equal*, the colours of the geological map indicate certain almost universal agricultural truths. But many circumstances occur in nature to alter the conditions, and more or less effectually to modify the conclusions to which geological data alone would lead us. Among these, the most influential are the several elements which are comprehended under the general term of climate. We must turn our attention, therefore, to a few of these; and see how far and in what parts of the earth they interfere with our wider deductions.

British crops during the past harvest suffered from unusual, unseasonable, and, in some places, overwhelming rains. The fall of rain, therefore, is to be taken into account as an element of climate, which will always be likely to affect our reasonings on agricultural capabilities. Nothing is more certain than that the amount of rain and the seasons of its descent determine in a great degree the nature of the husbandry of every country. Of this the most complete and instructive illustrations are presented by the two rain maps which are comprised in the meteorological series of the Atlas.

Like the shadows of clouds scattered over an April sky, dark spots rest on various parts of the rain map of the world. The Indian islands, and China, and the shores of Hindostan, and the central zones of Africa and America, and our own Britain and Ireland, lie in the blackest shade. They are, in reality, the oftenest clouded over, and the most frequented by rain. The bright sunshine which rests on Northern Africa, and Central Asia, and on the shores of Mexico and Peru, tells of perpetual drought, and barrenness, and sand; while the dark riband which encircles the globe a few degrees north of the equator, is resonant with the fearful thunder of the tropical regions, accompanied by deluges of rain which rarely cease.

But from the rain map of the wide world, we willingly turn to that of Europe—and resume our thread of agricultural observation. On comparing the indications of productive capability which this map exhibits with those of the geological charts, we observe that in some places the two concur, while in others they are opposed. In some districts, which by their geological structure are naturally arable, the quantity of rain, the months in which it comes down, and the number of rainy days are all in favour of cereal culture; while in others the quantity of

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rain, or the season of its fall, is such as to condemn the country to pasture only, or to cover it with unprofitable bogs.

To those who interest themselves with the general advance of European agriculture the lines and shadings of this map have much meaning. We have said that, generally speaking, similar colours on the geological maps of two countries indicate not only similar soils, but similar methods of improving them. Now improvement by drainage is a method which, in Great Britain and Ireland, is universally acknowledged to be of the first importance and of the most certain profit. We sometimes express our wonder, therefore, that the other nations of Europe are so slow in following our example. But the fall of rain, no less than the nature of the soil, is an element in every question concerning the necessity or propriety of drainage. Now the former of these elements is supplied by the map before us for every part of Europe; and it is satisfactory to learn from it that the experience of the British islands, and especially of the best cultivated parts of Scotland, is directly applicable to large portions of Europe, and supports the general expediency of thorough drainage wherever the nature of the soil would otherwise warrant an opinion in its favour.

But the temperature of the air in any particular place has also an important bearing upon the actual productiveness of its soil, whatever may be its mineral character, and however propitiously the rains may fall upon it. To study this point, we must turn to the lines of equal mean temperature, the isothermal lines of Humboldt, which are delineated on the first map of the meteorological series. To the numerous questions — historical, social, and sanatory — which the study of these lines and of the letter-press which accompanies them is fitted to suggest or answer, it would lead us from our immediate subject even to advert. That the land is permanently frozen in Labrador and Kamschatka, in a latitude as southerly as Dublin, while it annually thaws in Lapland, and suffers itself to be tilled and cropped almost to the North Cape, in the high latitude of seventy degrees; that in North-western America, in like manner, far within the Russian limits, the line of permanent ground frost bends northwards to the fifty-sixth, and in North-western Europe to the seventieth degree, while towards the South Pole it binds up every known spot of land south of sixty degrees: — these facts, besides their interest in other points of view, especially illustrate the value and necessity of a chart of isothermal lines to a clear understanding not only of the agricultural capabilities of a country, but also of the extent to which we ought to confide

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in the partial generalisations on the subject, to which other considerations may have predisposed us.

But another question here presents itself, which leading us away for awhile, will bring us back again by and by to lines of equal temperature. If soil, and rain, and duly-tempered warmth favour us, can we grow any crop we like in every locality? — does it rest with ourselves only which plant to choose? — what we shall sow and what reap? To this inquiry our Atlas answers distinctly — No. Two maps on the geographical distribution of plants, which yield to none of the others in the quantity, variety, and importance of the facts they embody, present us with the reasons for this reply.

Look at those lofty peaks of the Himalaya, the Andes, and the Alps, which lift their hoary heads far up into the thin air. How the various coloured rings succeed each other, and girdle the mountain sides with varying vegetation! On the Himalaya, as we mount above the plains, the pinus longifolia, neoza, and deodara successively disappear; — followed first by the oak, then by the birch, by the juniper, or rhododendron, and, finally, by the alpine plants and the lichens, which give place, in their turn, to perpetual snow. Among the Andes, we ascend first through the regions of palms, of tree ferns, and of the vine; then, leaving behind us all great trees, we pass the zone of the cinchonæ, the successive regions of maize and of barley, and, through dwarf and obscure plants, again escape into unsullied snow. In the Alps and Pyrenees, the walnut and the chesnut are followed by the oak, the beech, and the birch; and, after them, the pine trees occupy the limit of larger vegetation.

These mountains present miniature pictures of the vegetation of the globe. If for the successive belts of the mountain we substitute zones of the earth, and instead of climbing the actual peaks ascend from the equator towards the poles, we shall in our progress pass through a similar series of changing vegetable tribes, till we reach the perpetual frosts of the Polar regions. We may, indeed, imagine the earth to consist of two huge mountains applied base to base at the equator. We ascend the one or the other of these mountains, according as our faces are turned towards the north or towards the south; and in either case, except that the girdles are broader, we find our mountain begirt with similar cinctures of diversified vegetation.

But on this topic we do not dwell — though the map before us abounds in facts among which we could delight to linger. These diversities of vegetation are all connected with successive alterations in the relative temperatures of the zones on which they

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respectively flourish. Whether we proceed pole-wards from the equator, or upwards from the mountain base, the warmth of both air and soil diminishes; and we have already, in speaking of isothermal lines, recognised the temperature as an element which must conspire with the fall of rain and the nature of the soil, to ensure a similar vegetation in different localities.

But the second map of this phytological series, that which exhibits the geographical distribution and cultivation of the plants which serve as food for man, introduces us to other new conditions which still further modify the nature of vegetable growth upon a given soil. Altitude, latitude, the positions of isothermal lines, and the fall of rain, taken in connexion with our geological considerations, are not all of them sufficient to determine, in every case, whether this or that plant may be profitably grown within particular limits. The mean winter and summer heats (the isochimenal and isotheral lines indicate them), and especially the latter, are of as much importance as any of the circumstances we have yet adverted to. These temperatures Professor Berghaus has introduced into the present map, and in the letter-press has brought together a mass of interesting information in regard to the thermal conditions on which the growth of our cereal and other crops depends. It is not the mean temperature of the year, nor the lowness of the winter cold, but the mean warmth of the summer months, which, other things being equal, determines the ripening, and therefore the profitable culture of our several species of bread corn. Thus a mean summer temperature of 46½° is on the continent of Europe the thermal condition which is indispensable for the cultivation of barley. In the Atlantic islands a few degrees higher become necessary, and in Iceland, which has a mean summer temperature of 49½°, unseasonable rains prevent it from ripening at all. As for wheat, the extreme winter cold of Cumberland House in the territory of the Hudson's Bay Company (lat. 54° N. and long. 102° 20′ W.) does not prevent either it or maize from ripening; the prevalence of a mean summer temperature of 57° or upwards, being sufficient to bring the former grain to maturity. With the vine again a contrary law obtains. Not only must the mean summer heat be at least 64½°, but the mean winter temperature must not fall below 33½°. The map before us clearly shows to what a comparatively limited portion of the earth's surface the successful cultivation of the vine is restricted.

We may here be permitted to notice in passing, how very natural have been, and even how necessary, those changes in culture and in commerce, which the history of international traffic shows us to have taken place from time to time; changes

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attended, no doubt, by local suffering and temporary distress, but the consequence in reality of physical laws. The policy of states and their fiscal regulations have too often been opposed to these laws; and interests have sprung up which in the absence of a fettering legislation could never have existed. When wiser councils ultimately prevail and these fetters are removed, the loss for a time to any such artificial interests is soon compensated by the greater good which the free operation of the laws of nature will secure to the community at large.

'In every locality,' say the notes to this map, 'that culture, the produce of which is inferior in price or in quality to that which is imported, is ultimately abandoned. On the one hand, the potato and Indian corn, which in comparison with wheat are new in the old world, have spread by degrees to the extreme possible limits, and become general every where. At the same time, by an inverse movement the cultivation of the sugar cane has disappeared from Spain, Sicily, the Canary Islands, and the northern coast of Africa; and that of the vine has retrograded in the north-west of France, and disappeared in England. The cultivation of the olive has also receded in some localities of France and the north of Italy. It is in vain to attempt the explanation of this retrograde movement by the modifications of climate caused by tillage, or the cultivation of forests, &c.: it is not the climate which has changed; but political, commercial, and industrial circumstances have simultaneously produced a variation in the agricultural limits of species.'

The reasons for all this are recorded in the maps. Take the case of sugar as an example. This plant, according to Humboldt, will thrive where the mean temperature is from 64° to 67°. It may be cultivated with advantage where this mean is not lower than 67° or 68°, but it thrives best where the mean temperature is 76° or 77°. Other things being equal, therefore, those countries which enjoy the latter mean temperature will ultimately beat all others out of the market. Now the map of isothermal lines shows that southern Spain enjoys a mean temperature of 64° to 67°; it has long ceased, therefore, to supply sugar to foreign markets. Northern Africa is a little below 70°, and the Canary Islands a little above 70°, and the sugar culture has, in consequence, also forsaken them. Barbadoes, Jamaica, Demarara, and Surinam, have all a mean temperature which exceeds 77°—the most favourable degree of warmth. But Cuba, and the more favoured parts of north-eastern Brazil, about Pernambuco, enjoy the precise temperature which is most propitious to this special crop. *All other things being equal*, therefore, these countries — provided only that they can supply the demand — must ultimately drive the other sugar producers we have named out of the markets of the world.

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In ancient times certain restricted cultures, for instance this of sugar and cotton, were carried on in certain localities under certain physical conditions. The East, no doubt, still produces the sugar cane and cotton plant, as well as ever. But in other parts of the world, as in America, other localities have been gradually discovered to enjoy physical conditions more favourable to the same culture, though at first without civilised inhabitants by whom it could be conducted. The settlement and growth of a new race in these countries, the increased demand on the part of the augmenting population of the old world for such vegetable productions as they were most fitted to yield, and the cheapening of the means of transit by the progress of navigation, have developed the advantages of a more appropriate soil and climate; so as to fully account for many most important fiscal changes which statesmen, who allow themselves to be guided at once by the indications of nature and the exigencies of society, are, sooner or later, compelled to introduce. The West entered into competition with the East, much later in the case of cotton than in that of sugar;—and only at the call of the Manchester manufacturers. The experiments which are now carrying on in India will soon determine whether the monopoly of the cotton market, which America has so singularly acquired, depends upon natural or upon artificial and accidental causes.

But further, climate is modified by the presence and by the direction of mountain chains; and consequently the agricultural capabilities also of the countries through which they run. This new condition sends us back to the geological series, and to the four maps of the mountain systems and chains of the several continents. The information in regard to our special topic supplied by these maps,—such as, in the words of Humboldt, 'that 'the grouping of mountains into chains divides the surface of 'the earth into different basins, sometimes into narrow circular 'valleys surrounded by lofty walls, circus-like cauldrons which, 'as in Greece and a portion of Asia Minor, give individual local 'characters to the climate, in respect of warmth, moisture, fre-'quency of winds and storms, and transparency of the atmo-'sphere,'—and the numerous illustrations of such facts which they afford, are highly worthy of the attention of our readers. But we pass on to another less known and obvious, but very interesting, influence upon vegetable growth which others of these maps place before our eyes.

We are familiar with the effect of prevailing winds or currents of air in forwarding or retarding vegetation, in every part of the globe; and also with the mollifying influence of large bodies of water on the climate of the adjoining land. But the special

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effect of currents of water, of those mighty sea rivers which in various directions traverse the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, is not so generally understood. In the physical charts of these oceans which the 'Atlas' contains, the course, extent or size, velocities and temperatures of these great sea rivers, are by shaded outlines and numerous notes made distinctly intelligible. We notice only two or three of the facts connected with them, which bear upon the subject of practical agriculture.

The Gulf Stream, as it is called, has been heard of by every one. Commencing to the south of the Cape of Good Hope, it crosses the southern Atlantic, enters the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico, and by the straits of the Bahamas rushes again eastward, at the rate of 40 to 100 miles a day, along the coast of America and the banks of Newfoundland, till it strikes against the Spanish and French coasts, or, rushing further north among the Hebrides and the inlets of the Norwegian coast, finally loses itself in the Arctic Sea and towards the shores of Spitzbergen.

The waters of this great river are warmer than those through which they flow — especially than those of the Northern Atlantic — by many degrees; and thus they carry warmth with them to whatever shores they come.

An inspection of the maps of isothermal lines, and of the geographical distribution of cultivated plants, will bring under the eye of the reader the remarkable curve which the isotherm of thirty degrees and the isothere of fifty take towards the North Cape; and will show him how the geographical limit of the growth of barley bends in like manner, — enabling the Laplanders to live and to cultivate grain, in a latitude which in every other region of the globe is subjected to undissolving frost. That the warmth borne towards this region by the ever-flowing gulf stream is one cause of this remarkable bend in the lines of warmth, and of the consequent extension of the limits of human habitation and of the growth of corn, shows what a close connexion may subsist between the most remote studies and pursuits; and how much the rewards even of skilful labour and the value of whole regions of country may be dependant upon causes the least dreamt of or generally suspected. Stop the gulf stream, or turn it southward or westward, when it reaches the centre of the Northern Atlantic, and ice and unmelted snow would cover Lapland and Norway with a continuous glacier; and life and culture would disappear, not only on the western Scandinavian borders, but in all probability on the northern parts of our own island.

The mariner who first crossed the central Atlantic in search of a new world was astonished when, on the 19th of September,

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1492, he found himself in the midst of that great bank of sea-weed — the sea-weed meadow of Oviedo — the Sargasso Sea*, which, with a varying breadth of 100 to 300 miles, stretches over twenty-five degrees of latitude, covering 260,000 square miles of surface, like a huge floating garden, in which countless myriads of minute animals find food and shelter. Now, it is the eddy of the numerous sea rivers which collect in one spot, and the cold water of the Northern Atlantic mixing with the warm streams of the western and southern currents, which produce the temperature most fitted to promote the amazing development of vegetable and animal life. What becomes of the dead remains of this vast marine growth? Do they decompose as fast as they are produced? or do they accumulate into deposits of peculiar coal, destined to reward the researches of future geologists and engineers, when the Atlantic of our day has become the habitable land of an after time?

In the chart of the Pacific Ocean we are presented with another remarkable instance of the influence of sea rivers on vegetation. From the shores of South Victoria, on the Antarctic continent, a stream of cold water, sixty degrees in width, (the reader will recollect that in high latitudes the degrees of longitude are very narrow,) drifts slowly along in a north-east and easterly direction across the Southern Pacific, till it impinges upon the South American coast to the south of Valparaiso. There it divides into two arms; one of which stretches south and east, doubles Cape Horn, and penetrates into the south-western Atlantic; the other flows first north-east and then north-west along the shores of Chili and Peru, carrying colder waters into the warm sea, and producing a colder air along the low plains which stretch from the shores of the Pacific to the base of the Andes. This current, discovered by Humboldt, and called after his name, lowers the temperature of the air about twelve degrees; while that of the water itself is sometimes as much as twenty-four degrees colder than that of the still waters of the ocean through which it runs. The cold air seriously affects the vegetation along the whole of this coast: at the same time, that the cold stream raises fogs and mists, which not only conceal the shores and perplex the navigator, but extend inland also and materially modify the climate.

The beautiful and beneficent character of this modifying influence becomes not only apparent but most impressive, when we consider, as the rain map of the world shows us, that on the

* Sargasso Sea of the Spanish and Portuguese, Kroos Zee of the Dutch, and Grassy Sea of the English navigators.

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coast of Peru no rain ever falls; and that, like the desert Sahara, it ought therefore to be condemned to perpetual barrenness. But in consequence of the cold stream thus running along its borders, 'the atmosphere loses its transparency, and the sun is 'obscured for months together. The vapours at Lima are often 'so thick that the sun seen through them with the naked eye 'assumes the appearance of the moon's disk. They commence 'in the morning and extend over the plains in the form of 'refreshing fogs, which disappear soon after mid-day, and are 'followed by heavy dews which are precipitated during the 'night.' The morning mists and the evening dews thus supply the place of the absent rains; and the verdure which covers the plains is the offspring of a sea river. What a charming myth would the ancient poets have made out of this striking compensation!

We may here be indulged in a momentary digression, for the purpose of remarking the wonderful revolution which steam navigation is destined to accomplish in the commercial intercourse of this west coast of South America. To sail northwards with the current from Valparaiso to Callao, a distance of 1600 miles, occupies eight or nine, and from Callao to Guayaquil four or five days; while the return from Guayaquil to Callao occupies twenty-five days on an average, and to Valparaiso often several months. Steam already succeeds in returning to Callao, against wind and current, in five days — and to Valparaiso in about as many; and improved machinery will soon shorten the time still further. The means of maintaining an extensive steam navigation are also discovered to be abundant — the coast about Talca, to the south of Valparaiso, being described by Mr. Wheelwright as 'one entire mass of coal.' What a number of contrivances seem here to be heaped together to make amends for one original deprivation!

We have now adverted more or less fully to each *series* of the maps contained in the Physical Atlas; and trust we have shown how naturally the consideration of a single subject leads us from one to the other, and how large a fund of novel information bearing upon that subject is found awaiting us in every chart we turn to. But there is still one element of agricultural prosperity, no less influential than soil and climate, to which we have not yet adverted, but to which the last two maps in the Atlas forcibly draw our attention. This element is Man himself.

We confine our field of vision at present to Europe. Various countries of this quarter of the globe, possessing equal advantages of soil and climate — as favourably situated in respect of physical position, means of intercourse with other nations, settled govern-

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ment, public encouragement to agriculture, means of improvement of all kinds — are seen, nevertheless, to exhibit very unlike degrees of productiveness in the soil and of comfort and independence among those who till it, or who are directly supported by its produce.

Those who have not previously reflected on the importance of the human element, and the influence of variety of race in the development of the resources of a country, will discover in the two ethnographic maps materials for thought of a more curious and more serious nature than any we have yet considered. A general acquaintance with the actual condition of agriculture in the several kingdoms of Europe will enable the careful student of the first of these maps — the Ethnographic Map of Europe — to trace a not indistinct connexion between that condition and the colours by which the varieties of the human race who occupy these kingdoms are distinguished from each other.

The three great varieties — the Sclavonic, the Teutonic, and the Celtic — divide among them all the better parts of Western Europe; but the countries they respectively occupy exhibit very different degrees of agricultural prosperity. Portugal, Spain, France, Ireland, Wales, and the central Highlands of Scotland, are all inhabited by Celtic communities more or less pure; and are all generally deficient in agricultural skill. The low country of Scotland, England, Flanders, Switzerland, and Germany — nearly in the order in which we have arranged them — take agricultural precedence of the Celtic countries; and in all these the Teutonic blood predominates. The Sclaves are described as a slow people, wedded to old ideas, and eminently tardy in social progress. But they occupy in general extensive plains, in which the population is thin, and land abundant; and where the stimulants to energetic cultivation, which operate in southern and western Europe, do not as yet exist. Their true agricultural tendencies or capabilities as a race, therefore, cannot hitherto be satisfactorily defined.

There are no difficulties of this kind in the case of the Teutonic and Celtic races. In the same country, under the same government, and upon the same description of land, we find the two races alike engaged in tillage, but with very different results. In France, the admixture of Teutonic blood in the north of the kingdom has had an important effect in raising the farmers of Normandy and of French Flanders into the first rank of continental agriculturists. In Belgium, the agricultural distinction between the Flemings and the Walloons is marked with the same distinctness; while in Italy, the Lombards and the Tuscans are

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much more advanced in rural improvement than the Italians of the south.

But our own islands, as represented in the 'Ethnographic 'Map of Great Britain and Ireland,' may convey to us more striking and intelligible examples of the influence of race upon agricultural habits than, so far as we know, are to be found in any other country of Europe. In certain parts of these islands agriculture is forward, and is still rapidly advancing; in others it is laggard, and is exerting itself but feebly to keep pace with the progress of the time. After making every possible allowance for all other influences, the least observant must have noticed, (not merely by dissimilarity of speech, but by the more enduring dissimilarities of form and complexion,) that the districts so distinguished from each other are inhabited by men differing in race; and must have felt inclined to ascribe the distinction, in some degree, to diversity of blood.

The entire population of Great Britain and Ireland consists of varieties of the Celtic and Teutonic races, either comparatively pure or mixed in varying proportions. The districts occupied by—the actual homes of these varieties and mixtures, and the proportions in which they are everywhere intermingled —are represented by colour and distinctive designations in the map before us. Of course such a representation can only be generally correct; yet, as an approximation to a true picture of this most embarrassing subject, it is deserving of grave attention.

It appears to be historically true that the Celtic race were the first possessors of these islands, as well as of the west of Europe in general; and that it has gradually yielded to the encroachments of the Teutons, who now predominate in Western Europe. Spain, Portugal, France, Wales, the north-western parts of Scotland, and nearly the whole of Ireland, are the countries in which the Celtic blood still principally prevails.

But in Great Britain the crosses, arising chiefly from the numerous invasions to which our insular position once exposed us, are almost endless. The leading features, however, the characters and dispositions of the greater tribes who from time to time have colonised the coast, and driven the older inhabitants back into the interior, are still more or less observable.

It is in travelling along the east coast, and occasionally dipping inland, that we see these differences, and the social habits or tendencies which accompany them, most distinctly developed. If we start from the Wash and traverse the county of Lincoln, we find, in the names of towns and other records, traces of the ancient Northmen who so habitually ravaged all our eastern

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coasts. And though the slowness of the Saxon and Flemish* stock with which it has been chiefly peopled, may have contributed with its foggy climate, among other causes, to make this county be regarded in former times as the Bœotia of England—(Henry VIII. called it in his anger, 'the most brute 'and beastly shire of all his realm'); —yet the recent agricultural advancement, both of the elevated heath and low marsh lands of Lincoln, may possibly be due to an emerging influence of the old Danish blood.

Crossing the Humber, the descendants of the Northmen almost exclusively prevail, and in Holderness and the East Riding, it is the Scandinavian race nearly unmixed, which has improved and tilled so well the chalk wolds and south-eastern clays.

From York to the neighbourhood of Newcastle, and across the island to the Solway Firth and the bay of Wigton, a smaller amount of the Scandinavian element exists intermixed with the ancient Pictish aborigines; and if in some portions of this large tract of country the generally less forward character of its agriculture disappears, it may perhaps be traceable to natural differences in the soil, as on the red sandstone of Carlisle, —or to conventional differences of tenure, as in the leases of Scotland — by which the tendency of races is modified, and different customs and modes of cultivation introduced.

From Newcastle to Edinburgh, the same Scandinavian race which peoples Holderness re-appears along the entire coast line; and it seems only reasonable among the causes of the early improved and still improving character of Northumbrian farming, to give some credit to the change of race which is so strongly marked, both on the face of the present map and in the dialect of the inhabitants.

The backward condition of the county of Durham in an agricultural sense has been ascribed to its richness in mineral wealth; and there may be some truth in this supposition. But it is within only the last thirty or forty years that nearly all the great coal fields in the heart of the county have been opened;

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* Tusser, in his 'Five Hundred Points of Husbandry' (1557), alludes to the Flemings, those of his district probably — Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex — in no very complimentary terms, as lovers of measly pork: —

> 'Thy measled bacon-hog, sow, or boar,
> Shut up for to heal for infecting thy store,
> Or kill it for bacon, or souse it to sell,
> For Flemming that loves it so daintily well.'

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yet its agriculture, compared with that of other districts, was comparatively little higher forty years ago than it is at present. Admitting, therefore, that the expenditure of so large a proportion of the energy and capital of this county in mining for coal may of late years have retarded the natural development of its agricultural resources, the race of men into whose hands the land has been delivered may nevertheless be an element to which its present inferior condition should, in part, at least, be ascribed:—although the ungenial nature of the soil itself is in many cases undoubtedly to blame.

Whoever has followed the progress of Scottish agriculture along the coast lines and across its central divisions, parallel to the great vallies of Strathmore, of the Forth and the Clyde, must have observed that the general physiological characters of the improving race are almost every where the same, and that their migrations assume certain definite and intelligible directions. This is especially the case upon the eastern coast. The Ethnological Map indicates pretty nearly the definite direction we are speaking of; and the Geological Map of Great Britain, to which we have previously referred, makes this still more remarkable. If we compare the colours which tinge the coast lines along these two maps respectively, we shall find an evident connexion between the inferences to which they severally point.

Scandinavian blood keeps the precedence from Berwick, Roxburgh, and East Lothian, almost to the gates of Edinburgh. On the opposite shores of the Forth it reappears somewhat mixed, and is in possession of the low and fertile districts which border the sea and the rivers as far as Inverness—and afterwards in a purer form to the very extremity of Caithness. This will be seen on the Ethnographic Map of Mr. Kombst.

In the same direction the Geological Map of Mr. Edward Forbes, by dark brown and deep red colours, reveals the prevalence of old red sandstone and trap rocks,—the parents generally of fertile and easily cultivated soils. On these the finest husbandry of Scotland has accordingly taken root; most advanced in the more southern portions, but systematically improving even towards the extreme north. Without further examination, and from the inspection of the maps alone, we should feel inclined to infer that a natural connexion must exist between these two classes of facts. But personal observation and the history of existing progress seem actually to prove it.

The region of the Lammermuir hills, which has its natural eastern termination at St. Abb's Head, divides the red land—the old red sandstone and trap soils—of Haddington from that of

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Berwick. This purple-shaded hilly country stretches quite across the island, from St. Abb's Head on the east to the Mull of Galloway on the west. Except in its valleys and along its river courses, this district forms a zone of poor, cold, inhospitable land, bare of trees and naturally unpropitious to corn, but abounding in heathy hills, bogs, moors, and lochs. Into this land, in the counties of Peebles and Selkirk, the east coast farmers of Scandinavian blood have here and there penetrated; and especially where an outburst of igneous (trap) rocks happened to give a local richness to limited localities; but as a general rule, they shun this elevated country and the new appliances it demands, scaling but rarely the Lammermuir hills, and preferring to expand in a northerly direction, along the red land on which they were born, and with the culture of which they are most familiar.

The history of agricultural progress, recent and actual, on the northern portion of the east coast confirms this observation. Along the Moray Frith and the shores of Caithness and Sutherland, the fathers or grandfathers of many of the leading practical farmers have been Lothian or Berwickshire men; and a strong blood relationship has made its way among the rural families of this whole coast line. No one who knows the transformation which the last fifty years have effected upon the appearance and productiveness of Sutherland, will deny that the blood of the cultivator, no less than that of the stock he rears, is a most important element in the value of the harvests which given soils in given climates are found to yield.

A feeling of agricultural rivalry, perhaps of jealousy, has of late years been awakened between the Lothian farmers in Scotland and the Lincolnshire farmers in England. The latter have been led to believe that as a body they are not second, either in skill or in visible progress, to the most famous of their Scottish brethren; and, without presuming to decide the point, we must allow to our southern neighbours a very large share of merit indeed. But if, as we have conjectured, the Danish element has something to do with the farming progress and energy of Lincolnshire, it may not be uninteresting to our Scottish friends of the east coast, to remind them that the Scandinavian includes the Danish element; and that thus similarity of blood may have had something to do in giving life and success to the rural exertions of both communities. Somewhat allied in race, they have been so in industry also; and, instead of conceiving any childish jealousy, they may well rejoice in each other's progress—as all reasonable Britons must rejoice in the growing prosperity of our Transatlantic cousins.

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From other parts of our own island, and most strikingly from Ireland, we might adduce numerous instances of the way in which geological and ethnographic maps illustrate each other — how, on the one hand, the nature of the soil gradually leads to a change in the race of its inhabitants; and how, on the other hand, the race may gradually alter the natural characters of the soil as indicated by geology. We will adduce only one example of each of these consequences, drawn from the same northern part of Britain to which we were just alluding.

The Orkney Islands in the Ethnographic Map are coloured of a pale green. Where King Haco ruled and died, there must be much Scandinavian blood; but the Celto-Gaelic is supposed to predominate in the present inhabitants. They differ, therefore, from the yellow-shaded northern coasts, in which the purer Teuton blood is found. But the Geological Map colours these islands dark brown; and their soils are consequently similar to those of the red land of which we have been speaking. The same general connexion, therefore, does not here exist between the rocks and the people which we met with in our journey from Berwick, with few interruptions, all the way to the county of Caithness. It is a curious fact, however, that the improvement of the means of communication — by mails, by steamers, and by railroads — between these islands and the different parts of the mainland is at this moment rapidly removing this apparent incongruity. The same temperament which deters the sons of the red soil from migrating across the Lammermuir hills, has hitherto confined them chiefly to the lower parts and to the mainland of Scotland. But it has recently come to their knowledge that the Orkney Islands, in many parts, bear a soil of similar kind, and equal in value, to that which their own forefathers have so long tilled, and far easier to cultivate than the low sea-side lands of Sutherland, which the *gentlemen* who hold their annual symposia at Golspie, have so triumphantly overcome. Migrations, therefore, are taking place to the Orkneys, under the recent facilities of steam. Farmers of purer Scandinavian descent, of stouter frames, and graver heads and heavier purses, are fast settling there; and are already reaping abundant harvests of corn where their Celtic predecessors had hitherto failed to bring out the capabilities of the soil. Thus future ethnologists will find it necessary to mingle in the successive maps of these islands more and more of the Scandinavian yellow with the Celtic blue — until the existing discord between soil and race shall have insensibly disappeared.

Another example presents the converse of all this. It is taken from the changes at present proceeding under the hands of the

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energetic population of Aberdeenshire. The geological tints of this county are generally unfavourable to great agricultural improvement. But the ancient Danish and other varieties of Teutons, whom different motives brought from time to time to settle on this coast, discovered sources of wealth in its rivers and harbours; and spreading inland along the banks of the Dee and the Don, and by the sides of their many tributary streams, and over the wider hollows which occur in the upper country and on the more fertile bases of its granitic hills, they long ago raised corn and cattle almost equal to those of their northern and southern neighbours. But the easier and more naturally fertile spots being now pre-occupied, they have allowed their patient energy — at first more slowly and reluctantly, but of late years fully and freely — to expand itself over the higher and less favoured adjoining lands.

The same thing has taken place to a greater or less extent throughout the inner borders of all the red land with which we have been brought in contact, along the confines which separate the Scandinavian from the Gaelo-Teutonic blood; and thus the reader, should he ever trace our footsteps through this country upon his own feet, must not expect to find the limits of race any where exactly bounded by purely geological divisions. But the less hospitable space over which the improving Teutonic influence has spread, is at the present time broader, perhaps, and more striking in Aberdeenshire than in any other part of the North. The agricultural efforts by which that county is now steadily advancing, are, indeed, very encouraging to the student of social progress. They exhibit the natural expansion of a persevering people; who, after having already occupied all the soil, the tillage of which was suitable to their habits, were driven to attempt the improvement of the less familiar and promising districts, on which the Celt had hitherto slumbered out his ill-provided and penurious life. Here, therefore, he sees a natural cause in operation, which will gradually destroy that clear connexion between the tints of the Geological and Ethnographic maps which we have found subsisting over so large an area at present.

But our limits warn us that we must here drop our agricultural thread. The line along which it has guided us, from the beginning of our Atlas to its close, has not only exhibited the vast amount of varied and attractive information which these maps have brought together; but it has enabled us to see how ample are the uses of natural science — how it abounds in grave thoughts, full of practical and moral bearing — how intimately all its branches are connected — and how impossible it is to follow

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out a train of thought originating in any one of them, without at the same time borrowing help and light from every other. There are few minds, like that of Humboldt, so naturally capacious and so marvellously trained, that, without foreign aid, they can take in at a glance the entire domain of natural knowledge; and view the universe in all its parts as one single and united whole. To more limited faculties, seeking for greater generalisation than we can compass of ourselves, an Atlas like the present is an invaluable help. And this, not merely because the mind is enlarged and enlightened and refreshed by such wide views, but because it is at the same time sustained and purified — and made more reverent of *Him* in whom the fulness of all knowledge dwells.

At the commencement of this article we presumed to hope that it was a fair inference, from the appearance of an Atlas like the present, that natural knowledge was beginning to assume, among the public at large, a place more commensurate with its inherent importance, and with its bearings on some of the most interesting questions of social life. Under this impression we welcome with equal satisfaction the humbler Atlas, which the Messrs. Johnston are preparing for the use of schools, of which some of the maps are now before us.

Positive knowledge bearing on the pursuits and occupations of after life, and on the wants and mutual relations of the various classes of society, is the kind of information in which our schools have hitherto been most conspicuously deficient. But whatever the taste and the desire for it may be — and both the taste and the desire are becoming greater every day — the machinery or tools for imparting it must be not only made ready, but be brought within the reach of all, before the most willing instructor can comply with the demands of an advancing age. In this point of view the School Physical Atlas* is a very seasonable contribution to our works on education.

Future legislators will probably wonder how those who guided the fortunes and diplomacy of nations could see their way through the intricate relations of the different countries of the world, without the knowledge which maps like the present will have made familiar to themselves: Future agriculturists will scarcely understand how their forefathers could have got

* We regret to find that the school series is not intended to include a geological map of the United Kingdom. By printing the colours from stone, as is done with the small Geological Map of France, coloured by Elie de Beaumont, it might be got up at a comparatively low price.

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on, without the lights which geology and physiology, and the study of temperatures and rain maps, and ocean currents and botanical geography, only can afford. And the reader of books will be surprised that men could pretend to run through such works as the 'Kosmos of Humboldt,' the 'Physical Geography 'of Mrs. Sommerville,' or the 'Botanical Lectures of Schleiden'*, without having before them a Physical Atlas and its well constructed maps. The time may come when such an Atlas will be as much a part of an ordinary library as a common Geographical Atlas is at the present day.

ART. III. — *The Eve of the Conquest, and other Poems.* By HENRY TAYLOR.

THE admirers of every poet whose enterprise, genius, and fortune have succeeded in producing that rare phænomenon, a long poem of sustained interest and sterling worth, are generally as ardent in their affection for his minor poems, as in their reverence for his more elaborate and more distinguished work. A volume of Milton will most probably open of itself somewhere near the Allegro or the Lycidas; and while Petrarca's 'Africa' (his 'magnum opus') reposes in oblivion, his sonnets, mere relaxations, so trivial that the good Canonico saw no reason for not writing them in the vulgar tongue, live in the hearts of thousands, or at least in the more cordial part of their fancy.

It is not surprising that it should be so. A long poem, if conducted with a genius equal to the theme, has indeed its advantages, especially those of comprehending a larger sphere of interest, employing a greater number of the poetic faculties, and including more various elements in a richer harmony and ampler keeping. On the other hand, it is seldom conceived, as a whole, with the completeness which belongs to the design of a short poem; and that portion of it which did not enter into the original conception, is in danger of hanging about it with an awkwardness which betrays a prosaic origin. Again, no amount of executive skill can wholly atone for defects in the subject matter; and the subject of a composition of any length is apt to reveal, at the last moment, some inherent defect, as provoking as the black spot which sometimes comes out in the marble, when the statue is all but finished.

There are other advantages which belong exclusively to a short poem. It is rendered buoyant by a fuller infusion of that

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* Die Pflanze und ihr Leben. Leipzig, 1848.

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essential poetry which pervades, rather as the regulating mind than the vivifying soul, a body of larger dimensions. The particular beauty which results from symmetry is most deeply felt, when the piece lies within so small a compass, that the grace of proportion is recognised by an immediate consciousness, and not merely detected by patient and progressive survey. In the case, too, of pieces, consisting of a few lines only, though they may not treat directly of a passage of human life, they, for the most part, will have been suggested by something experienced or observed, and thus touching nature at many points, will draw strength from frequent contact with its native soil; whereas a longer work, even though not abstract in its subject, joins thought on to thought and image to image, without remanding the poet to the common ground of reality; and being thus 'carved out of 'the carver's brain,' is apt, if not of first-rate excellence, to meet with a cold response from men whose associations are different from those of the poet. It may be added, that short poems bring us more near to the poet: — And to impart and elicit sympathy is among the chief functions of those who may be called the brother-confessors of mankind. For, however devoid of egotism he may be, he must unavoidably present more aspects of his own many-sided being, when expatiating on many themes, and in many moods, than when engrossed by a single task. Their brevity also makes them more minutely known, and more familiarly remembered. They are small enough to be embraced: and if we cannot repose beneath them as under a tree, we can bear them in our breast like flowers.

Mr. Taylor's short poems are characterised by the same qualities which distinguish 'Philip Van Artevelde' and 'Edwin 'the Fair.' That robust strength which belongs to truth, and that noble grace which flows from strength when combined with poetic beauty, are exhibited in them not less distinctly than in the larger works by which his reputation has been established. Their subjects, as well as their limits, for the most part, exclude Passion in its specific *tragic* form; but, on the other hand, they are wrought out with a more discriminating touch than his dramas. There is in them a majestic tenderness ennobled by severity; and, at the same time, a sweetness and mellowness, which are often missed in the best youthful poetry; and which come not till age has seasoned the instrument, as well as perfected the musician's skill. While not less faithful to nature, they have more affinities with art than their predecessors. Retaining the same peculiar temperament, light, firm, and vigorous, (for true poetry has ever a cognisable temperament, as well as its

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special intellectual constitution,) their moral sympathies are both loftier and wider, and respire a softer clime. To this we should add, that their structure is uniformly based upon those ethical qualities, simplicity, distinct purpose, and faith in man's better nature, which are not less essential than any intellectual gifts to excellence in poetry. The present volume, we regret to say, is but a small one. It includes, however, many different sorts of poetry; and the specimens of each are such finished compositions, that we think they must have been selected from a larger number. The longest is one of the Narrative sort. There is also a singularly beautiful specimen of the Elegiac; two poems, the 'Lago Varese' and the 'Lago Lugano,' which, from their union of picturesque description with human interest, we should refer to that philosophical Idyl, so characteristic an offspring of modern times; a Dramatic scene, or rather a philosophic disquisition, interwoven with a personal interest, and felicitously cast in the dramatic form; and an Ode—for the 'lines, written soon after the return 'of Sir Henry Pottinger from China, 1845,' have far more pretension to the title than many poems to which it is conceded.

We will begin with the second of those we have now mentioned, — 'Lines written in remembrance of the Hon. Edward 'Ernest Villiers.' It is so short as to admit of being quoted as a whole: —

'A grace though melancholy, manly too,
Moulded his being: pensive, grave, serene,
O'er his habitual bearing and his mien
Unceasing pain, by patience tempered, threw
A shade of sweet austerity. But seen
In happier hours and by the friendly few,
That curtain of the spirit was withdrawn,
And fancy light and playful as a fawn,
And reason imped with inquisition keen,
Knowledge long sought with ardour ever new,
And wit love-kindled, show'd in colours true
What genial joys with sufferings can consist.
Then did all sternness melt as melts a mist
Touched by the brightness of the golden dawn,
Aerial heights disclosing, valleys green,
And sunlights thrown the woodland tufts between,
And flowers and spangles of the dewy lawn.

'And even the stranger, though he saw not these,
Saw what would not be willingly passed by.
In his deportment, even when cold and shy,
Was seen a clear collectedness and ease,
A simple grace, and gentle dignity,

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That failed not at the first accost to please;
And as reserve relented by degrees,
So winning was his aspect and address,
His smile so rich in sad felicities,
Accordant to a voice which charmed no less,
That who but saw him once remembered long;
And some in whom such images are strong
Have hoarded the impression in their heart,
Fancy's fond dreams and memory's joys among,
Like some loved relic of romantic song,
Or cherished masterpiece of ancient art.

'His life was private; safely led, aloof
From the loud world, — which yet he understood
Largely and wisely, as no worldling could.
For he by privilege of his nature proof
Against false glitter, from beneath the roof
Of privacy, as from a cave, surveyed
With stedfast eye its flickering light and shade,
And gently judged for evil and for good.
But whilst he mixed not for his own behoof
In public strife, his spirit glowed with zeal,
Not shorn of action, for the public weal, —
For truth and justice as its warp and woof,
For freedom as its signature and seal.
His life thus sacred from the world, discharged
From vain ambition and inordinate care,
In virtue exercised, by reverence rare
Lifted, and by humility enlarged,
Became a temple and a place of prayer.
In latter years he walked not singly there;
For one was with him, ready at all hours
His griefs, his joys, his inmost thoughts to share,
Who buoyantly his burthens helped to bear,
And decked his altars daily with fresh flowers.

'But farther may we pass not; for the ground
Is holier than the Muse herself may tread;
Nor would I it should echo to a sound
Less solemn than the service for the dead.
Mine is inferior matter, — my own loss, —
The loss of dear delights for ever fled,
Of reason's converse by affection fed,
Of wisdom, counsel, solace, that across
Life's dreariest tracts a tender radiance shed.
Friend of my youth! though younger yet my guide,
How much by thy unerring insight clear
I shaped my way of life for many a year,
What thoughtful friendship on thy deathbed died!
Friend of my youth, whilst thou wast by my side

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Autumnal days still breathed a vernal breath;
How like a charm thy life to me supplied
All waste and injury of time and tide,
How like a disenchantment was thy death!'

The longest poem in the collection is that which has given the volume its name. 'The Eve of the Conquest' is an impassioned narrative of those events in King Harold's life which connected themselves with the Norman invasion. So adapted to the purposes of song, both from its poetical and its historical interest, is the fall of the last of England's Saxon kings, that few literary accidents are more singular than that it should not have been before now worthily recorded in verse. With the present poem we have one fault to find: the scale on which it is written is not large enough to allow of this noble theme being treated in that ampler manner, to which the narrative powers here exhibited are evidently adequate. The event described, paramount as it was in political importance, was but proportionate to the characters of the two men who at that great crisis stood opposed to each other, not only as the heads of hostile armies, but as the representatives of contrasted principles and contending races. The character of Harold was one of heroic material and heroic dimensions; and, with one exception, it was without stain. Of that fatal error, his engagement to William, — imposed upon him, it is true, iniquitously, but sacrilegiously violated, — Harold, as here described, is deeply sensible, although he is no penitent. A great character, with one great flaw in it, appears to present us with the truest tragic effects; for without such a flaw no place is reserved for poetic justice. A saintly character would be strong enough for tragic purposes; but its strength is that spiritual strength which disowns itself, and is 'hidden' in a might greater than its own. This is doubtless one of the reasons why martyrdoms have been so seldom chosen for the source of dramatic interest. Tragic strength must be based upon exclusive self-reliance. Now exclusive self-reliance is the spirit that goes before a fall; and it is one of the functions of tragedy to illustrate, by the confutation of a fatal reverse, the insufficiency of such merely human strength, and the madness latent in such pride. The chief events of 'The Eve 'of the Conquest' are of historical fame. Those of our readers who are least acquainted with history will have learned them from the Harold of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton — which, as well as his 'Last of the Barons,' is truly an epic in prose: — it is needless, therefore, to recount them here. We are introduced to Harold in his tent the night before the battle. Inly disturbed, he seeks repose in vain; and at midnight sends for his daughter,

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who is found kneeling, in mourning garb, 'with naked arms, 'that made an ivory cross upon her breast,' before the altar of the chapel in the convent where she has taken refuge. He informs her that, in seeking for the meeting, his purpose is to make her the depositary of his confession, and also of his vindication. Of the three personal descriptions, — that of Ulnoth, his youngest brother, who had been surrendered as a hostage to William, and to liberate whom Harold had sought the Norman court; — that of the Norman duke himself; and — that of the duke's daughter Adeliza, we will cite only the last. The martial fame of her father's guest had long before made an impression on her imagination not unfavourable to the attachment, which ere long grew up between them: —

'" A woman-child she was: but womanhood
By gradual afflux on her childhood gain'd,
And like a tide that up a river steals
And reaches to a lilied bank, began
To lift up life beneath her. As a child
She still was simple, — rather shall I say
More simple than a child, as being lost
In deeper admirations and desires.
The roseate richness of her childish bloom
Remain'd, but by inconstancies and change
Referr'd itself to sources passion-swept.
Such had I seen her as I pass'd the gates
Of Rouen, in procession, on the day
I landed, when a shower of roses fell
Upon my head, and looking up I saw
The fingers which had scattered them half spread
Forgetful, and the forward-leaning face
Intently fixed and glowing, but methought
More serious than it ought to be, so young
And midmost in a show."'

It is thus that the King concludes his narrative: —

'" Here we stand opposed;
And here to-morrow's sun, which even now,
If mine eyes err not, wakes the eastern sky,
Shall see the mortal issue. Should I fall,
Be thou my witness that I nothing doubt
The justness of my doom; but add thou this,
The justness lies betwixt my God and me.
Twixt me and William . . . . . ."

Then uprose the King;
His daughter's hands half startled from his knee
Dropt loosely, but her eye caught fire from his.
He snatched his truncheon and the hollow earth

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Smote strongly that it throbbed: he cried aloud —
"Twixt me and William, say that never doom
Save that which sunders sheep from goats, and parts
Twixt Heaven and Hell, can righteously pronounce."
— He sate again, and with an eye still stern
But temperate and untroubled, he pursued:
"Twixt me and England, should some senseless swain
Ask of my title, say I wear the Crown,
Because it fits my head."'

The poem ends with a monumental group: —

'In Waltham Abbey on St. Agnes' Eve
A stately corpse lay stretched upon a bier.
The arms were cross'd upon the breast; the face,
Uncover'd, by the taper's trembling light
Show'd dimly the pale majesty severe
Of him whom Death, and not the Norman Duke,
Had conquer'd; him the noblest and the last
Of Saxon Kings; save one the noblest he;
The last of all. Hard by the bier were seen
Two women, weeping side by side, whose arms
Clasp'd each the other. Edith was the one.
With Edith Adeliza wept and pray'd.'

If a comparison were to be made between Mr. Taylor's poetry and that of the other poets of this age, the poem from which we have just quoted might furnish a common measure; inasmuch as almost all our modern poets, however different their style, spirit, or views of art, have occasionally written in the narrative form. In the narrative poetry of Scott and of Southey the predominant elements are those of costume, manners, and incident. In Byron's narrative the chief ingredient is passion, or what passes for passion with those who have never considered the affinities between genuine human passion and elevated action. The narrative of Keats is characterised by its pervading sense of beauty; that of Mr. Tennyson by its rich and shaping imagination, and its captivating diction; that of Mr. Leigh Hunt by its picturesque vivacity and abundant grace; that of Mr. Landor by an antique refinement and stateliness, which are recognised by all who delight in Greek poetry or Greek sculpture; and which, for the same reason, are as repulsive to those who judge by a meaner sense, as the chill of the marble would be to a blind man's touch. Mr. Coleridge's 'Christabel' is the investment of mystical reveries in robes as bright, but as thin as a lunar rainbow, and in music that comes and goes like the sound of a distant waterfall. His 'Ancient Mariner' is the subjective Odyssey of a psychological age, adumbrating in vision the struggles (fall, ex-

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piation, and restoration) of that interior life whose action is thought, and whose eras are convictions. Perhaps of all narrative poetry, the one which differs most widely from Mr. Taylor's is that of Shelley. To the latter it was always easier to soar in rapture than to stoop to fact: and a lyrical spirit so wings his narrative, that it can hardly keep its footing on the ground. Mr. Wordsworth's narratives are instinct with profound reflection, and a yet more profound humanity. He feels, however, more for man than for men. If the human mind be 'his 'haunt and the main region of his song,' he sings of it not as manifested in individuals merely, but as it exists archetypally. Within it, as in a western sky, he recognises 'a spirit far more 'deeply interfused,' of which it is the mansion; and his especial gift is to follow the traces of a love larger than human, — which yet ebbs and flows along the channels of the human affections. The nature which he celebrates is itself more than half supernatural; a nature which, if unredeemed, is also in a large measure unfallen; a nature as different from that which imparted to the masculine writings of Crabbe their hard, dry sadness, and half-cynical, yet ruthful truthfulness, as if it had belonged to another planet. This fact is not always observed by those who discuss the religious bearings of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry; and who, in deprecating the glories which he seems to attribute to unassisted human nature, have perhaps never pondered the meaning of those lines of his, a needful comment on his philosophy: —

'By grace divine,
Not otherwise, O Nature, are we thine.'

The most marked characteristic of Mr. Taylor's narrative, as well as of his poetry in general, we should say to be that practical Truth which constitutes reality. We here use the word reality not less as contrasted with the poetry of abstract thought, than with the miscreations of morbid passion, capricious fancy, or fashionable convention. This quality of reality, or truth, is one the searching nature of which has seldom been appreciated, although that small department of it which relates to the picturesque has been much insisted on: nor can we better illustrate our opinion of Mr. Taylor's poetry than by pointing out the degree and mode in which it embodies the various forms of this great poetic attribute. The form of truth most saliently exhibited in the poem from which we have last quoted, is truth of character. Within its narrow compass five characters are sketched, with different degrees of fulness; but each with that masterly handling and graphic vividness which brings them home to us as realities, more like the characters recorded by a contemporary

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chronicler than the impersonated passions of second-rate poets or second-hand historians. These are the qualities which we should have looked for in the narrative of a dramatic poet. In this respect Mr. Taylor's poetry reminds us less of his modern compeers than of the masters of an earlier and manlier time. The vigorous delineation of character, a quality in poetry commonly associated with humour, has immortalised Chaucer; and it is that which imparts such a noble animation to Dryden's tales, though in his hands it lost its discriminative delicacy and pathos, as well as most of its occasional homeliness.

Poetic truth, in this primary form, truth of character, has for many years been little expected and seldom found. Modern representations of character have for the most part been feeble, vague, and superficial. The cause of this great defect is yet more to be deplored. The delineations of the poet have been copies of copies, or arbitrary creations of fancy, only because the poet has no longer had frequent opportunities of studying from living models. What was once said, a little invidiously, about 'matter 'too soft a lasting mark to bear,' applies no longer exclusively to that sex in which the fault might most easily be pardoned. If modern society has reached a higher average of decorous virtue; yet individual robustness, — and therefore character, — like intellectual greatness, is rarer than it was in ruder times. The aids and appliances which are now multiplied round men, enfeeble them. The shield of law renders it no longer necessary that every man should be competent to his own defence: and the division of labour has forestalled the necessity of intellectual self-reliance, and of that large yet minute development of faculties which was produced when, for the work of one man, the most opposite qualities were required. Industrialism, likewise, — while the prosperity which is its just reward too often betrays it into selfishness, — is a sedative to the passions. A certain social uniformity ensues, exercising a retarding force like the resistance of the air or the attrition of matter, and insensibly destroying men's humours, idiosyncrasies, and spontaneous emotions. It does so, by rendering their concealment an habitual necessity, and by allowing them neither food nor sphere. Men are thus, as it were, cast in a mould. Besides — the innumerable influences, intellectual and moral, which, at a period of diffused knowledge like the present, co-exist and co-operate in building up our mental structure, are often completely at variance with each other in origin and tendency: so that they neutralise each other's effects, and leave a man well stored with thoughts and speech, but frequently without aim or purpose. If to these considerations we add the fact, that greatness and strength are only produced where they

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are reverenced and only reverenced where required, we shall have gone far to account for that want of robustness which belongs to modern character, and that tameness with which, consequently, it is portrayed.

Nor is this all. It is not Individuality alone that is lost when the conventionalities of society overlay the humanities. Simplicity of character is likewise destroyed by a spurious self-consciousness, by subserviency to Opinion — that irresponsible censorship, — by vanity, and, most of all, by that complexity of life which makes little things great, and shuts great things out from our view. But, without simplicity, ideality cannot exist. The elementary type of character is broken down, therefore, among us; its body losing its marmoreal compactness, and its outline all precision. Robustness, the very substance of character, being thus precluded, as well as Individuality and Ideality, — the two great attributes by which its form is determined, — Art becomes decorative merely; and the poetic delineation of man, in losing its sublime nakedness, retains but a feeble hold of the true and the real.

These obstacles are indeed less formidable in narrative than in dramatic poetry, because in the former a less vivid sympathy with character is required. While in dramatic poetry character is conceived by the intuition of a passionate sympathy, — in narrative, and especially in epic, it is the offspring mainly of an imaginative contemplation. The tragic poet looks on human action from all sides, and with the eyes of all men; the epic poet regards it from above and with the eyes of the Muse. Tragic poetry is for this reason the more versatile and the more ardent. Narrative, when it takes its highest form, that of the epic, is the more comprehensive, impartial, and sublime.

The poem of 'Ernesto' is remarkable for its deep pathos and romantic interest. It opens with a striking retrospect —

> 'Thoughtfully by the side Ernesto sate
> Of her whom, in his earlier youth, with heart
> Then first exulting in a dangerous hope,
> Dearer for danger, he had rashly loved.
> That was a season when the untravelled spirit,
> Not way-worn nor way-wearied, nor with soil
> Nor stain upon it, lions in its path
> Saw none, — or, seeing, with triumphant trust
> In its resources and its powers, defied, —
> Perverse to find provocatives in warnings
> And in disturbance taking deep delight.
> By sea or land he then saw rise the storm
> With a gay courage, and through broken lights,
> Tempestuously exalted, for awhile

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His heart ran mountains high, or to the roar
Of shattered forests sang superior songs
With kindling, and what might have seemed to some,
Auspicious energy; — by land and sea
He was way-foundered — trampled in the dust
His many-coloured hopes — his lading rich
Of precious pictures, bright imaginations,
In absolute shipwreck to the winds and waves
Suddenly rendered.'

We have only room for the conclusion of the love story: —

'—— Once again
He sate beside her — for the last time now,
And scarcely was she altered: for the hours
Had led her lightly down the vale of life,
Dancing, and scattering roses, and her face
Seemed a perpetual daybreak, and the woods
Where'er she rambled, echoed through their aisles
The music of a laugh so softly gay
That Spring with all her songsters and her songs
Knew nothing like it. But how changed was he!
Care and disease and ardours unrepressed,
And labours unremitted, and much grief,
Had written their death-warrant on his brow.
Of this she saw not all — she saw but little —
That which she could not choose but see she saw —
And o'er her sunlit dimples and her smiles
A shadow fell — a transitory shade —
And when the phantom of a hand she clasped
At parting, scarce responded to her touch,
She sighed — but hoped the best.
When winter came
She sighed again; for with it came the word
That trouble and love had found their place of rest,
And slept beneath Madeira's orange groves.'

The second form of truth exhibited in Mr. Taylor's poetry, is that which may yet more properly be termed reality, consisting, as it does, mainly in its affinities with life, action, and fact, — a subject but glanced at in our preliminary remarks on occasional poetry.* It is not the trifling mind alone, which fails to appreciate the need of veracity in poetry. The ultra-admirers of the

* Half the pleasure we take in Cowper's poems and letters, is from his throwing his own poetic nature into so many familiar incidents. In this manner, what are called 'Occasional Poems' have touched the heart and fancy and embellished the existences of many persons, by showing them that there is a poetic side in our daily life, 'a shadowy 'setting off the face of things,' which otherwise they might have never known. — *Ed. Rev.*, vol. lx. p. 178.

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abstract and recondite are apt to underrate its importance also. Without denying that a deep philosophy must be indirectly involved in the highest poetry, we would only observe that the foundations of the building may well remain underground. A certain degree of plainness is absolutely necessary to keep a poet vulgar, in the good sense of the word, — that is, catholic; for it is his proudest office to take his stand, with Homer and Shakspeare, on the highways of life, leaving its byways to those who lack the faculty which elicits the beautiful from common things. Moreover a thought rendered palpable by being, if we may so speak, incarnate in a fact, will thus become connected with a feeling likewise; and feeling is a solvent through the aid of which thought penetrates dull and otherwise inaccessible natures. There are other admirers of poetry, to whom the imagination is all in all. But it is no disparagement of that great faculty to observe that though it can organise a world of order out of a chaos, it cannot create one absolutely out of nothing. All species of truths, in fine, are the better for mutual fellowship; the breed is the sounder for being crossed; and the humble truth of literal fact is the alloy, which only debases the ideal truth of poetry to make it malleable.

The opinion that a close observation of outward things is unworthy of poetry proceeds, not from too exalted a theory of Art, but from an unworthy estimate of Nature; as if the latter were something merely material, existed but for temporal purposes, and turned up by accident only its various products of good and evil. Truth of fact is worthy of reverence, on the contrary, because Nature itself has been modelled upon a frame-work of moral truth; while the kindred world of Circumstance is ruled by Providence. The most common events of human life are instinct with latent principles, which, if at all times detected, — as they are on those occasions which are especially termed providential, because they happen to be especially noted, — would at all times approve themselves divine. Among the attributes of the inspired writings is to be noted the power with which they bring home to us the sublimest truths, not by a didactic process, but in brief, luminous commentary upon some casual occurrence; drawing forth the truth of the idea, as if by electric touch, from the truth of fact, which in its ordinary state is at once its shrine and its veil. So is it with Song — that lower form of inspiration which yields us the poetic rather than the spiritual interpretation of nature — that lore which, like a higher lore, is manifested 'nusquam majus quam in minimis.' But it is not to the common eye that Nature reveals this lore. She offers it, indeed, to all; but it is only 'a gift of genuine *in-*

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sight' which can penetrate into her meanings. We see for the most part, not that which exists, but that which we select from the mass of surrounding objects, and combine into a perspective of our own arranging. We select, reject, and combine according to some internal formative principle; and a prejudice or a fancy may build up our world. The ordinary condition of men is to have eyes and to see not. It is the prophet who claims the title, of 'the man whose eyes are open;' nor do we possess any faculty more exalted or more inspired than that which enables us truly to see what lies around us, and to see that it is good. Among the countless wastes of intellect and power, there are few more deplorable than those committed by poets (and among them are to be found poets of every class except the highest), who, passing Nature by, have expended ability and industry on worthless themes, recommended but by the fashion of the hour; thus painting their frescoes with adulterated colours and on a tottering wall. While their ambitious works have mouldered into dust, how many an unpretending ballad has escaped, as if by miracle; and when disinterred like some old coin, has circulated from hand to hand, not in consequence alone of the skill that shaped it, but because it bore the sovereign impress of Nature. To all men of genius who have thus laboured, may be given that praise which an eloquent and original critic has bestowed upon the English professors of a kindred art*; 'that although 'frequently with little power and desultory effort, they have 'yet, in an honest and good heart, received the Word of God 'from clouds, and leaves, and waves, and kept it.' Artists trained in this school work in a region as wide as the universe, and as deep as the heart of man. They, in their degree, preach a faith which was delivered once for all, and follow the footsteps of truth whithersoever it goes. They are fellow labourers with all who have received a commission to teach and have not spoken by a usurped authority. Their subjection to nature has been their true freedom, a thing never connected with an arrogant independence. The human mind must ever rest upon something: and nature, in tendering her aid to those who add from their own stores as much as they receive from hers, does but substitute the ministry of her works for the prompting of books; thus vindicating that originality which refused to trust itself alone. It is from the union of Nature and the human Mind that Art as well as Science derives its origin and principle of growth. Accordingly, the most ingenious products of the imagination, un-

* 'Modern Painters.' By a Graduate of Oxford. Second edition. P. 60.

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fecundated by nature, have always remained barren. Poetry drawn ultimately from experience flows forth in a rich and manly vein; for in its larger harmonies it reconciles all that belongs to our humanity. Poetry, on the other hand, which testifies nothing of what the eye has seen and the hand handled, is innutritious and hard, consisting mainly of *à priori* thoughts, and untested feelings, with no living bond to connect the two classes.

Not less important than truth in character and truth of fact, is that truth which relates to sentiment and to thought. Thought without truth is but serious trifling. There is no subject which will not suggest innumerable thoughts to as many different minds, or to the same mind in its various moods. Of these thoughts, while all are perhaps at first equally imposing, nine out of ten will unfortunately prove unsound. It is by the inspiration of genius and of a right mind that a poet is drawn toward the true thought, and warned away from the rest. One of his chief calls is to vivify true thoughts; and so to strengthen and cleanse the minds of men by the inbreathed virtue of the imagination, as to raise them above the solicitation of inferior suggestions. Our intellectual strength is in proportion as we realise the superior exclusively. It is a mistake to cram poetry with many thoughts; for it is not their multitude but their gravity that makes poetry truly intellectual. It is a still greater mistake to wander in search of originality. Without originality, indeed, there is no true poetry; but where originality exists, it will be found unsought; since, however much the mind of one poet may in structure resemble that of another, his life, which feeds that mind, has been his alone. Originality does not invent, so much as detect, the new; revealing to us what lay about our feet, but lay there unobserved, until a beam fell upon it, as on a dew-drop in the grass, or a stream in a distant landscape. Half the noblest passages in poetry are truisms; but these truisms are the great truths of humanity; and he is the true poet who draws them from their fountains in elemental purity, and gives us to drink. People are in the habit of supposing that they believe truths with which their inner mind has never once been in contact. They are not aware that, in morals, as in physics, few of the objects with which we seem in contact really touch us; nor that it is impossible to determine how small a particle of vital truth will affect us, if it have once been incorporated with our internal and structural constitution. The difference between a seeming and a real belief is brought home to us in religious matters by vicissitudes chiefly. In poetry — which is concerned with

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the Indicative rather than the Imperative of Truth—it is by the inspired strokes of Genius that we are made to feel, how wide is the gulf which separates the eternal verities of nature from that world of semblance in which our superficial being moves.

At all periods the analogy between moral truth and the truth of poetry has been acknowledged; and great poets have always exercised, either directly or indirectly, a privilege of exhortation, instruction, and reproof, like that which constituted a part of the prophetic 'Burden' of old. It is the especial province of poetry to assert the cause of virtue and justice, and to rebuke corruption whether exalted in high places, or diffused throughout the body of society. Chaucer and Dante shot many a Pythian shaft against the secular ambition of the clergy, the opprobrium of their day. Milton spake, if more briefly, yet with more lasting efficacy in verse than in prose, — though his prose was poetry, — against the civil oppressions of his time. The social corruptions of a later date, though intertwined with much of generous promise, have yet been regarded with an undazzled eye, and denounced with an unsparing tongue, by the chief poets of our age. Its unspirituality in sentiment, its empiricism in philosophy, its covetousness, its restlessness, and its emptiness, have felt the lash, not of splenetic satirists, but of great moral teachers; — who, watching with a sleepless heart the progress of the nation, did not fail to remember that progress is impossible without stability, and that even a 'stationary state' in morals, not to speak of retrograde, when overbalanced by a rapid economical advance, must end in subversion and overthrow. To every period in the life of nations, as well as of individuals, is assigned its especial trial. Thus the highest civilisation is found to nourish in its bosom social griefs and perils peculiarly its own — its own vices — its own passions. But, while the lesser wits, 'twinkling the miscellanies o'er,' put on the livery of their age, its better natures are ranged on the other side. Mr. Taylor has assailed the prominent evil of our times in a narrower circle, and with a weapon short and sharp. His estimate of some important characteristics of English society is expressed in the concluding stanzas of the poem entitled 'Lago Lugano.'

> 'Ambition, Envy, Avarice, and Pride —
> These are the tyrants of our hearts: the laws
> Which cherish these in multitudes, and cause
> The passions that aforetime lived and died
> In palaces, to flourish far and wide
> Throughout a land—(allot them what applause
> We may, for wealth and science that they nurse
> And greatness)—seen upon their darker side
> Bear the primeval curse.

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'Oh! England, "Merry England," styled of yore!
Where is thy mirth? Thy jocund laughter where?
The sweat of labour on the brow of care
Makes a mute answer — driven from every door!
The may-pole cheers the village green no more,
Nor harvest-home, nor Christmas murmurs rare.
The tired mechanic at his lecture sighs;
And of the learned, which, with all his lore,
Has leisure to be wise?

'Civil and moral liberty are twain:
That truth the careless countenances free
Of Italy avouched: that truth did we,
On converse grounds and with reluctant pain,
Confess that England proved. Wash first the stain
Of worldliness away; when that shall be,
Us shall "the glorious liberty" befit
Whereof, in other far than earthly strain,
The Jew of Tarsus writ.

'So shall the noble natures of our land
(Oh! nobler and more deeply founded far
Than any born beneath a southern star,)
Move more at large; be open, courteous, bland,
Be simple, cordial, not more strong to stand
Than just to yield, — nor obvious to each jar
That shakes the proud: for Independence walks
With staid Humility, aye hand in hand,
Whilst Pride in tremor stalks.

'From pride plebeian and from pride high born,
From pride of knowledge no less vain and weak,
From overstrained activities that seek
Ends worthiest of indifference or scorn,
From pride of intellect that exalts its horn
In contumely above the wise and meek,
Exulting in coarse cruelties of the pen,
From pride of drudging souls to Mammon sworn,
Where shall we flee and when?'

We will quote another remarkable passage in which Thought and Sentiment are enlivened by Passion — Passion in a subordinate capacity, as sustaining moral declamation, and contradistinguishing poetic eloquence from versified rhetoric. It is the conclusion of the poem "written after the return of Sir Henry 'Pottinger from China,' and sums up a vindication of Captain Elliot, Sir Henry's predecessor in the Chinese command: —

'What makes a hero? — Not success, not fame,
Inebriate merchants and the loud acclaim
Of glutted avarice, — caps tossed up in the air,
Or pen of journalist with flourish fair,

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Bells pealed, stars, ribands, and a titular name, —
These, though his rightful tribute, he can spare;
His rightful tribute, not his end or aim,
Or true reward; for never yet did these
Refresh the soul or set the heart at ease.
—What makes a hero? An heroic mind
Expressed in action, in endurance proved:
And if there be pre-eminence of right,
Derived thro' pain well suffered, to the height
Of rank heroic, 'tis to bear unmoved,
Not toil, not risk, not rage of sea or wind,
Not the brute fury of barbarians blind,
But worse, — ingratitude and poisonous darts
Launched by the country he had served and loved:
This with a free unclouded spirit pure,
This in the strength of silence to endure,
A dignity to noble deeds imparts
Beyond the gauds and trappings of renown:
This is the hero's complement and crown;
This missed, one struggle had been wanting still,
One glorious triumph of the heroic will,
One self-approval in his heart of hearts.'

Another form of poetic truth is the truth of passion. Without reality, poetic passion must ever be insincere. The passion of purely ideal poetry plays in the air with flame that has no heat; and in poetry of a meaner sort, rhetoric and exaggeration are, in fact, a device to hide its absence. Poetic passion is a subject but little understood. The cravings of ungovernable appetite, and the ravings of impotent self-will, expressed in swelling sentences hysterically broken, pass for passion with very inflammable, or with very cold readers. Passion, however, like that nature from which it springs, is not often in convulsion; and, like that truth which is its sanction, does not always speak in a loud voice. He has no eye for passion, who can describe only its agonies. There are indeed seasons when it is 'perplexed in 'the extreme,' and when, mounting to its height, it manifests itself in ruin. Even then there is in it a retributive strength, and a light that illumes the waste. For the most part, however, it is slow, serious, profound; soft, yet irresistible; consummating; not killing, but making alive; no volcanic outbreak, but that far mightier fire from the heart of things which is revealed only in its benefits, and which, equably diffusing itself, quickens the sacred growth of fruit and flower. There is no subject which poetry can worthily treat without passion, for it is by love only that it penetrates into the life of things, and knows them. The wondering faith of the child, and the ardour of manly passion,

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are united in that keen poetic sensibility to all Beauty, without which the poetic faculty itself lacks a vocation and remains mute. It is not merely when he touches personal relations that Mr. Wordsworth is impassioned, as in his 'Complaint of a 'forsaken Indian Woman,' or in that poem 'There is a change, 'and I am poor,' in which so little is expressed, and so much implied; or when, lifting up his heart to embrace nations, he records the 'Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of 'Switzerland,' or breathes that devout dirge over 'the Extinc- 'tion of the Venetian Republic.' It is to be found also in all his loftier communings with nature, when he interprets her lonely sighs, or deciphers her hieroglyphics, or 'counts for old 'Time,'

> 'His minutes, by reiterated drops,
> Audible tears, from some invisible source
> That deepens upon Fancy.'

It clings to the four fraternal yew-trees of Borrowdale as closely as the 'unrejoicing berries' with which their boughs are 'as if for festal purpose decked:' nor is there in all that mighty forest of poetry,

> 'High over-arched with echoing walks between,'

in which it might more justly be said that the spiritual inspiration of Pan was for the first time truly heard, than that a merely Pantheistic worship is celebrated, — a single leaf which has not been shaken with the breath of Passion, or a fount in which Passion has not dipped her hands.

Passion, too, can be stately and unfamiliar, as in that passage in Mr. Landor's 'Count Julian,' in which the injured Father addresses Roderick: —

> 'The hand that hurled thy chariot o'er its wheels,
> That held thy steeds erect and motionless
> As molten coursers on some palace gate,
> Shakes as with palsied age before thee now.'

But to return. The highest and most passionate reality is that which belongs to the cause of truth and justice. That half truth, that

> 'Most men
> Are cradled into poetry by wrong,
> And what they learn in suffering, teach in song,'

is based on the relations between passion and truth. Suffering and wrong, so far as they initiate a soaring spirit into the mysteries of a painful yet purifying reality, are among the wholesome bitters on which the poet feeds. They give him that

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tender, yet austere and sharp seriousness, without which the imagination cannot work through the sphere which it must penetrate before it issues into the perfect day. The error, however, into which Mr. Shelley fell, and to a far greater degree Lord Byron, (who, as the former tells us, suggested the lines which we have just quoted,) was the assumption—a most unreasonable one—that the poet must himself be the victim of suffering and wrong. The world is always full of these trials; and surely, if the poet's sympathies be but large enough, he may kindle into a wise indignation, or 'share the passion of a just 'disdain,' though he should have no personal injuries to resist or to revenge. Sympathy is essentially connected with reality: Egotism, therefore, to a certain degree, must be the antagonist of both: Yet egotism—even the egotism of the most limited egotist—is often mistaken for passion. Lord Byron would in many poems have been thought cold but for the energetic exhibition of self-love—with some persons, to be sure, the least inconstant form of affection. The same is true of Rousseau, who felt much more for himself than others, and whose egotism is commonly reflected in that of his readers, when not resented by it. Rightly to sympathise, the poet ought to be endowed in equal measure with unselfishness and with sensibility; and poetic passion favours this twofold endowment, for it merges the poet's merely individual being, in proportion as it melts it into that of surrounding things.

Truth of passion, though rooted in the soil of a truthful and poetic heart (and where the moral ground of poetry is shallow its intellectual growths will ever be stunted), is in no small degree promoted, as well as guarded, by another species of truth,—truth of style. While the importance of style in prose compositions is universally acknowledged, its equal, if not greater importance in verse has been too frequently disregarded by modern poets. With the merely technical rules of style poetry has indeed little concern; just as in its diction it is able (the more apprehensive method of the imagination superseding such aid) to dispense with many particles and copulatives, which are yet necessary in prose as links to unite the leading parts of speech, and define their mutual relations. Those who 'build 'the lofty rhyme' are thus enabled to discard the small stones and rubble, and to rear Cyclopean walls, of materials simple, solid, and proportionally beautiful. But this very independence of what is trivial in style renders attention to its essential principles yet more obligatory. Without a pure and masterly style, a poet may be popular, but he will never become classical. It is

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also that branch of the poetic art in which the poet meets with the largest return for his expenditure of care; for art, in its higher departments, works unconsciously, and but sophisticates itself when it works by rule. His care, however, must be habitual, conscientious, and temperate; and not the overstrained and morbid labour which corrects and re-corrects until the unity of the original conception is lost, and all freshness has been dissipated. Any excessive tension of the faculties precludes the highest species of art — art which hides itself. A truthful style is a vigorous style; which of itself gives individuality to character, vividness to description, weight, purpose and point to sentiment and to thought. A truthful style shows itself in two different ways: truth of conception — that is, of the logic and the rhetoric of poetry — and truth of diction. The logic of poetry is indeed distantly related, if at all, to the syllogism of the understanding: but it is not the less certain, as has been observed before now, that the imagination works by a logical method of its own; and that he only who is impressed by its laws is capable of those great acts of induction, deduction, and inference, which are to be found alike in Shakspeare and Bacon, and without which a great poetic creation would be as impossible as a course of scientific discovery. The logic of poetry has, however, humbler functions likewise. A just principle of division, and a sagacious distribution of the subject matter, are necessary, if poetry is to keep as well as to take possession of the hearts of men, which seldom continue permanently divorced from their intellects: and it is for want of some moderate appreciation of categories, that there are to be found in many a popular poem passages which, were they not tricked out in gay apparel, would carry on their very faces the absurdity and incongruity which really belongs to them.

A deficiency of truthfulness in style is yet more noticeable in the bad rhetoric than in the false logic of ordinary poetry. It displays itself first by a superabundance of figures. A metaphor tells us what things are like, not what they are. In many cases indeed this is all that we can know; and the higher species of symbol, by tracing things apparently diverse, to a common law, is unquestionably an organ of philosophy. It is in fact the basis of that analogical argument upon which Bishop Butler has built so stately a fabric, and of that 'Philosophia Prima,' spoken of by Bacon: as such, too, it is of the same kind with the parable, the great oriental method of instruction, which, in one form or another, has flourished on every soil. Where employed in its place it seems impossible to prescribe a limit to its use: for it is the most concise, the most piercing, and the most luminous method of imparting ideas at once compre-

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hensive and subtle. But figurative writing has passed the limits within which it can minister to the purely beautiful, as often as it so penetrates the subject intended to be illustrated, as to destroy its apparent solidity, and to leave no quiet surface for the repose of light and shade. Nor do figures, when used out of place, simply fail in effect. They are exposed to a yet more serious charge. If brought in to make plainer what is already plain, they but confuse the understanding and divert the attention The result is worse still, if they are introduced for the purpose of ornament,—for they then betray an unsusceptibility on the part of the poet to that primal beauty of truth, which finds in obtrusive ornament only an incumbrance. But there is another form of error more mischievous than mere excess. It is, by incongruous images, and yet more by broken or absolutely false metaphors, that untruthfulness in the rhetoric of poetry is fatally evinced. In most such cases there will be a coldness about them, and probably a prolixity of expression, which prove that they were but after thoughts. Another and more common defect in style is the use of quasi-metaphors in its ordinary texture; a tawdriness which, without imparting significance, destroys all manly plainness, and produces nothing but what is incoherent and inconclusive. Analogous to this defect is that of showy lines, ambitious point, and over-vivacious expressions which, as it were, admire themselves, and mar the context. When Mr. Shelley speaks of

'That paradise of exiles, Italy,'

and Lord Byron describes the human skull as

'The dome of thought, the palace of the soul,'

we neither deny the energy nor the cleverness of the expression. But would Homer or Dante, or Shakspeare, have variegated their poetic robes with such purple patches? As soon would they have cut capers at a coronation. These are the sallies of an irregular ambition, catching at applause; and they are as inconsistent with that grave, unrapacious, scarcely conscious desire for sympathy, which ought to be a poet's external stimulus, as with that quietness and confidence which is his internal strength.

Another element in style alluded to above, is that of diction. Here, also, the first requisite is truth. Unequivocal words alone carry weight with them. Vivid truth prevents diffuseness also; for truth implies character, and it is through brief, select expression that thoughts exhibit their characteristic features with a prominence unblunted by details. Clearness and intensity are thus found together; and to write with these is to write

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with force. Words are frequently called the dress of thought; but they stand to it in a much closer relation, clothing it consubstantially as the skin covers the body, or as the bark covers the tree. We think in language: as our thoughts are, our words will be; nor can we think truthfully without rejecting vague constructions, grammatical irregularities or feebleness, and excess in the use of poetical licences. There is a mystery in words; and it is impossible to explain the full power which they possess not only in consequence of their defined meaning, and through their associations, but also from those untranslateable ideas which are yet effectually insinuated into us by their harmony and cadence. Very stately processions of words are frequently marshalled with a very prosaic pageantry; and, on the other hand, where but two or three words are found together, the spirit of poetry may be in the midst of them. It is the singular felicity of our language that, by its two elements, the Latin and the Saxon, two different species of impression are conveyed. Words of a Latin origin address the intellect chiefly, and impart their meaning to it with a peculiar distinctness. That meaning, however, is arrived at by analysis, and as if by a rapid process of translation; for which reason, it can only be thus presented to the heart and the moral being, as it were through a veil. The Latin element of our language is therefore peculiarly serviceable where dignity is required, and where complex thoughts or delicate gradations of sentiment, like the neutral colours of a picture, are to be revealed. The Saxon element, on the other hand, is the one in which moral truth resides. Its brief appeals come home to us immediately, not mediately; address our whole being and not a portion of it; and thus, borne in upon us instantaneously and intensely, speak directly to the heart, in its own words of pathos and of power. Neither part of our language should be depreciated; but wherever the Saxon part conveys the exact meaning, it conveys it best; and by those writers whose merits are truth and strength, it will ever be made the substance of their diction.

There is yet another department of poetic truth — that, namely, which relates to the picturesque in landscape. A truthful observation of scenery is a different thing from a passionate love of it. In most modern poetry description occupies a large space; (in some instances man becomes but a dot in the landscape;) — but it is seldom executed with even technical accuracy, and yet more seldom with a higher truth. The poets of antiquity, on the contrary, regarded picturesque nature as so entirely subordinate to man, that they have hardly left us a

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single poetical landscape. Humboldt, in his Kosmos, citing Schiller, has observed of the Greeks: 'With them the landscape 'is always the mere background of a picture, in the foreground 'of which human figures are moving.' It was rather the pleasurable than the beautiful that they prized in nature; yet their descriptive touches, however light, are always spirited, and are faithful whenever they demand notice and descend to particulars.

We do not agree with those who affirm that either in painting or in poetry truth is sacrificed by the process of poetic generalisation. It is, however, necessary to determine what that process, commonly spoken of at random, really is. It does not consist in the description of imaginary scenes made up of finer materials than have affinity with this earth; nor yet in the composition of eclectic landscapes by the arbitrary juxtaposition of natural features modelled upon different types of beauty. It is effected, we should say, by an instinctive appreciation of those features in a scene which are essential and characteristic, and by the vivid delineation of them, unincumbered by details, which would only conceal them. It requires, therefore, a learned eye, and a knowledge of Nature's comparative anatomy. To generalise is but to mark the generic in contradistinction to the particular; and thus to extricate and exhibit that ideal which nature, while she suggests it, is careful also, as though with a *disciplina arcani* of her own, to veil beneath her multiform and ever changing robes. Art, which has neither the life, the variety, nor the fathomless depth of nature, compensates for these defects by discriminativeness; and, exercising a reverential criticism on nature, selects one meaning from nature's countless meanings, isolates it, and places it before us with a luminous precision and permanence. Thus to interpret nature, is not to improve nature; but to bring one of her simpler harmonies within the ken of inferior intelligences, which, in the infinitude of her complex harmonies, would otherwise have found there nothing but confusion. Such generalisation is a process of subtraction, not addition, — of dividing into groups, not of crowding into masses; and while it renders the scene objectively more general, by divesting it of local and accidental particulars, it at the same time stamps upon the picture the unity of the *genus*, and supplies it with that palpable centre which the finite symmetry of art requires. It reproduces the scene that we beheld, not as it was seen only, but as remembered: and it presents it not merely as taken in by the eye of the sense, but as recognised by that eye of the imagination which 'half creates' in order that it may wholly receive. For whether we contemplate a scene from nature's exhaustless gallery, or a

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copy of it by a human hand, something more than attention is requisite. The mind must be active not passive. Nor can we, without a sympathetic energy on our part, truly discern the beauty which lies before us.

A scene rightly generalised is not less but more true than that of which the casual phænomena are reflected as in a mirror, because it presents to us in separate purity the intellectual and abiding truth of nature; and it becomes ideal merely by revealing nature's ideas, which ever correspond with those of a sound imagination. A great portrait painter will catch a truer likeness than the best possible Daguerreotype.* He too sees the essential by becoming blind to the accidental. In nature, as in art, the superfluous is ever at war with the beautiful, the strong, and the spiritual. Old truths have, therefore, still to be rediscovered, the good to be disinterred, and the beautiful to be revealed again. Though the arts that minister to nature can but give her of her own, yet *that* they can give; and poetic generalisation, by simply wafting away, as with a purer breath, the cloud that obscures her countenance, imparts to her

> 'The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream.'

The truth of these principles is confirmed by their congruity with the philosophy of the drama, by which it is shown that the ideal in character is attained without any sacrifice of the individual: they coincide, indeed, with that whole theory of art, as old as Aristotle, by which representation is distinguished from servile copying. On such grounds only can art vindicate its proper place, as something above that nature in the concrete, which is the sole domain of the sensual eye; and as rising therefore into harmony with that universal, creative, and exalted nature which the poetic insight alone can reach. It is only when we acknowledge the affinity of the beautiful and the true, — perceiving beauty itself to be but the outward manifestation of the highest truth which commeasures and reconciles the truth of idea and the truth of fact, — that we can appreciate the dignity of art. Art, so considered, becomes the excellence of imagined beauty, yet not illusory; and is at once the widest reality of nature's truth, yet the freest from all participation in the common or the unclean. The 'fundamental antithesis,' under which successive facts are reduced to ideas, exists equally in the

* See in 'Hay's Science of Proportions in the Human Head and Countenance' (p. 35. and note E.), two passages very applicable to our present purpose from Cousins' 'Philosophy of the Beautiful:'—'Art 'must devote itself to the production of the ideal and of nature equally.'

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arts as in the sciences, where Dr. Whewell has used it for the expression of philosophical truth.

Untruthfulness in the delineation of outward nature is the fault by which a poet's insincerity is most easily detected; though this is a fault not likely ever to exist in one department only. Untruthfulness in the representation of character is of course observable only by those who have an eye for character; and its absence will be easily pardoned by all to whom poetry is but an amusement, an opiate, or a dram. False sentiment will find many to sympathise with it: false passion will pass with many who yet could well appreciate true passion: false logic and a general artificialness in style will meet with few sufficiently in earnest to demand truth in such matters,—or who have faith enough even to be sceptics. But false description is a scandal to the outward senses: and if a poet plants his willows on the mountain side, or insists upon the yeomanly oak bathing its unbound tresses in the flowing stream,—still more should his apples be bold enough to come 'before the swallow 'dares,' and his lambs begin to bleat for a better shepherd 'when 'rivers rage and rocks grow cold,' he may possibly, if not very much the fashion, fall in with readers who will object to being deceived with their eyes open. Untruthfulness in description is sometimes called want of keeping. We should have included this want by name in our black list of offences against poetic truth, but that, properly understood, it is less a special offence than the essence of them all. For, truth of keeping is the largest form of truth. Where it exists, not only will truth be found in the various departments which we have enumerated; but those departments of poetry, and indeed all its elements, will be combined in just proportions. More than a certain amount of moral sentiment, for example, will not accord with more than a certain proportion of human passion, however genuine both of them may be. The diction, which would be prolix in dramatic or narrative verse may be in admirable keeping with that meditative poetry, in which a thought has a substantive value on its own account—'filling its horn with light' as it advances from phase to phase, till it stands before us full-faced. Thus also the degree in which description should enter into a poem is a question of keeping. A picture by Raphael would not have been improved, if the landscape part of it had been made more prominent.

It is not, indeed, the quantity and prominence of the landscape only, but its character also, which is determined by the general character of the picture; and it has been poetically

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pointed out*, that those early masters whose predominant characteristics were aspiration and sanctity, chose, as a fit interpreter for the saintly forms in the foreground, a sky whose purity and simplicity should be expressive of the *infinity* of heaven — the 'luminous distance' of evening, with its pale green, or the morning's 'still small voice of level twilight behind purple hills,' so suggestive of 'spiritual hope, of longing and escape.' In corroboration of this remark it will be observed that pictures in which one artist has painted the figures and another the landscape, are not often noted for their harmony or their truth. A still more intimate union has, indeed, been attempted; and there are pictures in which a Venetian hand has supplied the colouring to a Florentine design. If such pictures are among the wonders of art, they are seldom its best examples. The colouring of Titian would have sensualised, and the radiance of Coreggio have etherialised the conceptions of Michael Angelo; but the loss of his sublime strength, thus neutralised, would not have been compensated for by any accession of alien qualities. Nor more successful, probably, would have been the experiment, in case those earlier masters, to whom we have alluded, had been able to add the Florentine vigour of design and variety of composition to their own especial merits — spiritual elevation, and the quietude of pathetic beauty. It is common, indeed, to express an edifying amazement on account of their want of variety, relief, &c. While many an eloquent connoisseur has been doling out to them his supercilious and qualified commendations, young ladies, fresh from the boarding school, have turned for a moment from the Guido or the Carlo Dolce which they were copying, to glance at a Saint of Pinturrichio, Perugino, or the old Seer of Fiesole; and have compassionately wondered that the austere should be unbending also, that the ascetic should be unfamiliar, and that the absorbed should reply to their inquiries with such unloquacious eyes. Objections brought against great works, not on the ground of faults but of deficiencies, are for the most part frivolous and vexatious; for no excellency is attained except by sacrifice. Every great poem as well as picture by necessity includes some high qualities in a greater, and some in a lesser degree; and, to be perfect or approach perfection, it must possess them in a due proportion. This proportion is determined, not by external rule, but inwardly, by the imagination, which conceived the poem originally, and conceived it as a whole. Accordingly, the law of just keeping is to be accounted the truth of the imagination. If this proportionate truth

* 'Modern Painters,' vol. ii. p. 40.

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be wanting, not only will the result be unsatisfactory, but the work will thus be proved to have been spurious in its origin; since a work of art, to be genially produced, must be homogeneous or harmonised. It is impossible for a healthy imagination to beget hybrids or monsters: these are not natural conceptions: but it is very easy for an unsteady and uninspired hand to join together a piece of ill-assorted though splendid patchwork.

Meanwhile, a first-rate poem supposes a still higher unity. It is not only the product of the imagination; it is the offspring and exponent of the poet's total being. Now, the being of man is one; his various faculties exhibiting but different modes of intellectual action, and his manifold principles of thought branching out from a single stem. The unity of the poet's nature ought, therefore, to be imaged in his intellectual progeny. Every portion of it, as it grows, must be a true reflection from his own mind, or from nature as contemplated by that mind; its elements, however complex, must be fused into a crystalline oneness; its parts must be graduated by a just law of proportion. The result of all, namely, a perfect truth of keeping will, consequently, be but an expansion of that truth which was inherent in the impulse and germinal idea from which the poem sprang. These observations are borne out by the fact that every first-rate poet is felt to be the regent of a separate sphere, and the master of a complete poetic world of his own; in which, while every element is proportionate to every other element, it is not less distinguished by its dissimilarity, both as to relative proportion and intrinsic character, from the corresponding element in the work of other poets. Their mode of viewing life, character, and nature is as different in the several great poets, as is the species of thought, sentiment, or passion which they express. A corresponding diversity will be always found in their styles, however free from mannerism. In one it is expressive, in another suggestive; in one energetic, in another adroit. In Dante it is intense, in Milton solemn, in Homer divinely familiar and friendly, in Shakspeare elastic and joyously strong, unexhausted in resource, and incalculable as the curves of shells or the endless variety of outline in forests and clouds. In all it is truthful. For art in its versatility is a shadow of nature's infinitude; and many revelations still leave the depths of truth unfathomed.*

* The same diversity will be found in the mode in which different poets exhibit the faculty of what is called poetical painting. 'The 'representations in the "Fairy Queen," in "Paradise Lost," and in

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It is from a perfect truth of keeping that poetry chiefly derives its verisimilitude — a quality without which it can make no appeal to the heart. Poetry professes to have witnessed that of which it makes report. If its witness be true, the sympathies of men will eventually seal that truth and receive that witness: if its tidings be but hearsay, its empiricism will be proved by the inconsistent babbling with which men describe what they have not known. Let a man's theme be ever so high or ever so low, he may have seen what he speaks of, or he may have only wished to see it. Burns, when he describes a daisy uprooted by the plough, is not more truthful than Dante, when Dante sings of the choirs that rejoice in heaven. The former sees with true poetic insight that which actually exists; the latter with a more creative eye, but with equal truthfulness, sees that which might exist, and which, if it existed, would appear as it presented itself to him in definite and authentic vision. It is thus that in arduous instances of fore-shortening, positions of the human form which could never have been observed, even in the model, by the outward eye of the painter, are faithfully exhibited by his inspired guesses. Dante's unshaken self-possession in the midst of the marvels around him, is itself a proof that his vision was true; for had it been false, that artificial excitement, which alone could have sustained the illusion, would have swept him into the vortices of splendour and motion which he describes; and he would have written with as unsteady a hand as his imitators have ever done. Self-possession, a thing very different from unimpassioned sedateness, is a note of mature greatness in poetry; and it is so noble a resultant of it that Repose itself, which has often been extolled as an ultimate merit in art, may, perhaps, derive no small part of its charm from the fact that it is among the modes by which self-possession is evinced. This is one of the characteristics, which mark the analogy between the inspiration of the true poet and that of the true prophet. Without it enthusiasm runs into madness, and passion is self-destructive: without it greatness, instead of rolling onward in an ever ascending wave, perpetually tumbles over like a breaker, and loses itself in foam. Closely allied to self-possession is that rare attribute — poetic Moderation — which excludes such ex-

'Dante's "Inferno," have each a specific character, appropriate to 'the poems in which they are found respectively. The first are 'dream-like, fit for fairy-land; the second are cosmological: they are 'grand symbols of the universe; while Dante's Spirit-world, espe-'cially the first division of it, is described with matter-of-fact parti-'cularity.' — *Appendix to Coleridge's 'Biographia Literaria,'* — last edition.

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aggerated admiration of one especial excellence as might lead to the neglect of others. The highest poetry rests upon a right adjustment of contending claims. Some persons are advocates of the sensuous, and others of what has latterly been called the subjective; but poetry of the first order reconciles both demands, — being of all things the most intellectual in its method and scope, while in its form and imagery it is the largest representation of visible things. Partaking at once of the nature both of Science and of Art, it spiritualises the outward world while it embodies the world of Thought. It composes also the border warfare between passion and imagination. Though passion frees a man from self, yet it sells him in bondage to outward things: — it clasps the material world like a vine, sucks out and circulates its life blood, stirs up heroic natures to high achievements, — and yet, being servile in its nature, it makes the end of their wanderings a blind subjection to Fate. Passion is, therefore, the sanguine life of that tragic poetry which hailed in Bacchus a master, — just as the poetry of mirth and grace boasted a protector in Mercury. The imagination, on the other hand, passes through all barriers, spurns the mountain tops and feeds on each succeeding object, but only till it has gained strength to outsoar it. This is the poetry which sought a patron in Apollo, — the lord of light, deliverance, and healing. Passion by itself would violate the freedom, imagination would transcend the limits of art. Whatever qualities tend to maintain this twofold equipoise, to which the innumerable balances of poetry are subordinate, promote its keeping and its truth.

Poetry is a large thing, and poetic truth is but one department of it. There are few of its departments which have not been ably illustrated in the recent as well as the earlier periods of English literature; and to exalt any one of them with exclusive reverence, is among the last things we should desire. The root of theological heresy has been traced to a disposition arbitrarily to select and lift on high some one great verity, which in thus losing its relative position loses half its value. And no doubt such a disposition is equally fruitful in poetical and philosophical heresies. It has seemed to us, however, that we could not better illustrate our views respecting Mr. Taylor's poetry than by these imperfect remarks on that poetic truth, which we account his most striking characteristic; and which, from its intimate relations with strength and with beauty, we deem the foundation of excellence, not only in poetry, but in every art that possesses a moral origin, and subserves a human end.

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ART. IV.—1. *Sacred and Legendary Art.* By Mrs. JAMESON. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1848.

2. *Iconographie Chrétienne. Histoire de Dieu.* Par M. DIDRON. Paris, 4to.: 1843.

3. *Manuel d'Iconographie Chrétienne, Grecque et Latine, avec une Introduction et Notes.* Par M. DIDRON. Paris, 8vo.: 1845.

UP to the Reformation, or nearly so, Art was the pensioner and ally of religion. During the middle ages she was not only her favourite handmaid, but one of her most attractive teachers. The productions of religious Art were declared to be 'laymen's books;'—schoolmasters to teach ignorant people the way of faith, and stimulants to excite them to devotion. Yet, in many respects Art, and more especially the Art of the middle ages, to which these volumes principally relate, is the worst possible expositor both of religious facts and of religious doctrines. The least consideration of the manner in which the Legendary Art of the middle ages has dealt with the representation of incorporeal beings, and with spiritual teaching, will satisfy us of this. We shall see at once how the artist and the legend writer have borrowed from each other, and built upon each other; and how encouraged by this mutual reliance, the boundaries of the literal and the spiritual, the actual and the mythical, have been disregarded and overleapt by both,—until the involved and intricate result has become a ponderous system of dim allegory and puerile fable—too vast for the most capacious belief, and calculated, by its contradiction to all ordinary experience, to invite and encourage universal scepticism.

We will consider first a part of the subject which is not included in Mrs. Jameson's eloquent and beautiful volumes, but is excellently treated by M. Didron;—the manner in which the Divinity was represented in ancient religious Art.

Many centuries elapsed before Christians ventured to delineate in bodily form, the ineffable majesty of *the Eternal Father*, whom no man hath seen or can see. In the Duke of Devonshire's Benedictional of St. Ethelwold,—an inestimable manuscript illustrated in the best manner of the tenth century,—the Holy Spirit is depictured as descending upon the Saviour, at his baptism, in the form of a dove, but no attempt is made to represent the awful Being, whose approving voice, benignly uttered from the heaven of heavens, gave a sanction to the solemn rite. In a subsequent page of the same manuscript, where the holy child

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is presented in the temple, a mysterious hand, the hand of Providence, issuing from the clouds above, points out the babe to the aged Simeon and Anna. That mighty pointing hand, the idea of which was derived from certain passages in Ezekiel (ii. 9.; viii. 1. 3.), and which is common, in several forms, both in Greek and Latin art, was the nearest approach to a representation of the everlasting Father, until about the commencement of the thirteenth century. From that time artists became bolder: and, the ice once broken, Art seems to have rushed forward unawed to the indulgence of its wildest caprices. The Great First Cause appeared originally as an aged man; afterwards as a crowned king, or as an emperor, clothed in imperial purple, bearing in his hand the orb of universal sovereignty; and finally, near upon the time of the Reformation, as a pope, vested in a cope and crowned with the tiara. The danger and debasement, the anthropomorphitic tendency, of this humanisation of the form of the Divinity, is obvious. Its predominance indeed was not established without great opposition *; but it ultimately prevailed universally.

The representation of *the Divine Son* was, for obvious reasons, thought less liable to the objections which had been so long entertained against the personification of the Father. But it had perils of its own. Tradition overlayed it with fables; and theologians made it a subject of controversy. Here, too, the earliest representations were only Symbolical — symbolical of the office of the Redeemer. He was the lamb slain for the sins of all mankind: and was therefore depicted, as such, standing upon an eminence, the blood flowing down from his wounded side in every direction in innumerable rills: Or he was a pelican freely dispensing his blood for the nurture of his spiritual children. The figure of the cross naturally brought to mind Him who hung upon the accursed tree: the lion, again, was a prophetical symbol, from its being the emblem of the tribe of Judah; and the fish had not only a connexion with the waters of baptism, but in its Greek name — composed of the initial letters of Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ Τἱὸς Σωτήρ — *Jesus Christ, the son of God, the Saviour*, was found to contain a mystical declaration of the generation and office of the Redeemer! But, in process of time, the symbols were mistaken or abused. Practices sprang up in explanation of them which did not please the church. In the seventh century the use of the most customary of them, the lamb, was accordingly forbidden; and in its stead the veritable human form of Him, who was slain from the foundation of the world,

* The opposition still rages. Ed. Rev. for July, 1847, p. 208.

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was directed to be lifted up before all eyes. This was the origin of the crucifix.

But out of the same decree arose a celebrated dispute. If the Redeemer was to be imaged as he appeared upon earth, it was necessary to ascertain what manner of man he was. The want was no sooner made known, than authentic representations were discovered on every hand. It was found that Nicodemus and Saint Luke, and even Pontius Pilate, had painted portraits of the Son of Man; and that the poor woman, whom his compassion had cured of an issue of blood, after she had spent all her substance upon earthly doctors, had testified her gratitude by the erection of a votive marble statue. But the favourite likenesses, as their title indicates, were the *veræ icones* impressed upon napkins: and among these two were pre-eminent. One was found upon the handkerchief of a woman, who, as the Saviour passed to Calvary, bending and staggering under the burden and agony of his cross, with true womanly compassion wiped the great drops 'as of blood' from off his brow. The other, similarly impressed, had been sent by the Saviour himself to an earthly potentate. King Abgarus of Edessa desired to possess a portrait of the Messiah; and commissioned his principal painter, the president of his Royal Academy, to proceed to Judea to accomplish his royal desire. The face of the Redeemer shone so bright that it foiled the painter's art: But the royal piety was not allowed to pass unrewarded. The Saviour applied a handkerchief to his countenance, and sent back a miraculous likeness under the care of the baffled artist.

Both these likenesses represented the Redeemer as a comely person, full of grace and beauty, the fairest among the children of men. But it was thought by the Eastern divines that the mystery of the work of redemption would be rendered more sublime, if certain descriptions, both prophetical and historical, of the mean and abject appearance of the Messiah were accepted literally. Upon this ground they contended against the accuracy of the *veræ icones:* And the question divided the whole Christian world. East and West were marshalled under opposing banners. Augustine, Jerome, and Ambrose were ranged against the authority of Cyril, Tertullian, Justin, and a scarcely less noble band of followers. In the course of years the Eastern Church became divided against itself; Chrysostom and Gregory Nyssen dissented from the general voice of their brethren — and the *veræ icones* triumphed. The letter of Lentulus, most fortunately discovered and most conveniently descriptive, portrayed the person of the Saviour in a way entirely opposed to the Eastern theory. The victory

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was confirmed by the authority of Pope Adrian I., and by the eloquence of St. Bernard; who declared that the marvellous beauty of the Son of Man exceeded that of angels, and was an object of joy and admiration to the heavenly hosts. The triumph was completed by the canonisation of the charitable woman to whom the church was indebted for the best known *vera icon*, by the pretty name, (although it be either a blunder or an anagram) of Veronica, and by the granting of indulgences to pious pilgrims to the holy *sudarium*. And, finally, the infallibility of the church, upon this as upon all other occasions, has been subsequently proved by the event. The miraculous *sudarium* of Veronica clearly possesses the power of self-multiplication. Whether it can be multiplied by splitting, as it seems bank notes can be, we are not informed;—but we have found accounts of nine of these wonderful handkerchiefs scattered about in various places in Italy, France, and Germany; and we make no doubt that diligent research would discover many more. The one which many of our readers may have seen exhibited at St. Peter's during the ceremonies of the holy week, is probably the best known; another at Toulouse has the good fortune of being authenticated by no less than fourteen papal bulls; and another at Turin is very respectably supported by four. What has become of the *sudarium* of King Abgarus we have never heard; but there is a very curious old picture in eleven compartments, in which this sacred relic is represented with one version of its legend, in the collection of Prince Wallerstein, now in Kensington Palace. In Greek art the lineaments of the Saviour have long been fixed, nearly in accordance with the letter of Lentulus. Western artists, on the other hand, did not adhere to any single type; and have consequently been often obliged to identify their representations by some emblem, in addition to the encircling glory of the divine *nimbus*. The absence of a beard—the wearing of a crown—naked feet—the holding of a book or of the cross, have all been used for this purpose; however, in cases of doubt,—and they are very many—the last is the only emblem that can be depended upon.

But the divine personification which exemplified most clearly the embarrassment of art in representing the incorporeal and incomprehensible, is that of *the Holy Spirit*. The vision granted to the Baptist, of the Spirit 'descending' upon the baptized Saviour 'like a dove,' was accepted by ecclesiastical artists as an authority. The brooding dove became the universally recognised form for the influencing and inspiring Spirit. But, occasionally, theological artists desired to depict the hypostatic character of the Holy Spirit with the minute precision of the

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Nicene creed. They wished to image the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, both as an influence, and as a person. And here their art was foiled. They could only exhibit the double nature by a double representation. The sacred person was accordingly figured in a human form scarcely distinguishable from that of the Father or the Son; and the dove, the emblem of inspiration, was superadded, sometimes in one position, sometimes in another; sitting on the shoulder of the human form, hovering over its head, or clutched in its hand, exactly like a hawk perched on the fist of a sovereign prince.

To have overcome so great a difficulty, even in a way which we now may deem ridiculous, was regarded at the time as a notable achievement. At least, this mode of representing the action of inspiration became popular. It was applied in a variety of subordinate instances, many of which were easily misunderstood; in some cases with rather singular results. For example, the great teachers of the church were held, not without reason, to have derived their wisdom from above. In order to call attention to this accredited doctrine, artists placed the holy emblem of the dove upon the shoulder of the spiritually enlightened father. Sometimes the bird was drawn in the very act of whispering wisdom into the sage's ear. The people had learned what was meant by the juxtaposition of one of the persons of the Trinity and the dove; but they were confused and deceived by the same personification, in connexion with a well-known doctor or a pope. They consequently soon put a literal construction upon it. The rumour ran that these holy men had been attended, each by his inspiring dove; and the writers of legends, who must often have been driven hard for facts, gladly accepted a tale already sanctioned by popular belief. Thus were the legends enriched by the poverty of art. This tale is told of St. Thomas Aquinas, of St. Basil, of St. Gregory the Great, of St. Hilary of Arles, of eight other saints of less mark and note; and, finally, we may add, of Mahomet.

In other cases, the double representation produced consequences still more strange. Every one, however ordinarily uncritical, who has beheld the attempts which have been made by imitative art to combine in one picture, or piece of sculpture, a representation of a person in two separate states of existence, has felt painfully conscious that something is wanting — some label, clue, or key, to help us to make out the story. For example, in the modern instances of the monument erected to the Princess Charlotte of Wales at Windsor, and of a similar one in the nave of Gloucester Cathedral to the memory of a lady who died

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in child-birth, (if we recollect rightly, at sea,) there is, in each case, a design with a double aspect. The person who is the subject of the monument is beheld bodily in two distinct conditions: in death and in life. The latter is of course intended for a view of spiritual life. But Art possesses no means by which it can make such an intention known, and the result is, that everybody is puzzled, and asks for an explanation. If the difficulty is thus obvious when the endeavour is to portray the succession of two actions, with the nature and sequence of which every one is familiar, how greatly must it be increased when there is to be superadded the interpretation of a theological dogma, or some incident or moral with which very few can be acquainted. The following illustration is not presented as one of *la difficultè surmontèe.*

The church held that a voluntary submission to martyrdom was an act of transcendent merit, the value of which was, as it were, offered or contributed by the martyr to that fund of works of supererogation, of which the church is the dispenser. Such an event was naturally a favourite with painters, desirous of doing honour to a martyr: and hence the popularity of these odious subjects. The offering was set forth emblematically; the instrument by which the martyrdom was effected being, generally speaking, adopted as the emblem. In many cases this was as plain as such things usually are. An arrow, or a club, or a cross, or a gridiron, or a saw, or a wheel, told the tale pretty clearly. But in the case of decapitation there was thought to be a difficulty. The sword had done its work so often, and was already so determinedly appropriated to the great Apostle of the Gentiles, that alone it would not suffice. Artistical ingenuity solved the difficulty by the following devices. The holy martyr in the full bloom of life and vigour, was represented bearing his own head, couped or erased, in heraldic language, as the case might be,—in a charger, in the instance of *St. John the Baptist;* or, in the instance of *St. Denis*, and sundry other saints both male and female, in their hands. The consequence was the same as in the case of the whispering dove. The people understood the representation literally. The popular faith became in due time enshrined in a legend; and to this day thousands of excellent people devoutly believe that St. Denis walked, head in hand, from Paris to Mont Martre. The example of the patron of France was courteously followed by many other saints of the same polite country. Mrs. Jameson remarks, that St. Denis 'appears to have set the fashion in that 'country,' and that in every instance in which she has met

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with a representation of this interesting miracle, the saint has been French. (Vol. ii. p. 349.)*

But we have wandered a little from our course; and want of space must now compel us to pass over the mediæval representations of the Triune Divinity, although it is a very curious part of the subject. We must also forego all notice of the divine nimbus, or head-glory, and of the aureole, or body-glory — those luminous atmospheres surrounding divine persons, which Christians borrowed from their heathen predecessors. The resources of pictorial art in clothing incorporeal beings with outward form and substance were equally taxed in the opposite direction — in the person of *The Spirit of Evil.* Here, again, as in the instance of the Holy Spirit, the earliest figure — that of the symbolic serpent — had a kind of authority derived from Holy Writ. All ancient nations however had adopted this peculiar symbol, and pursued it into a variety of forms and fables. On this point Hebrew and Egyptian, Celt and Goth, were all agreed, — whether their works of art were gross or spiritual, vulgar or refined. In early Christian art the serpent is usually, although not invariably, present at the temptation of Eve; and always is so, when the Creator is shown passing judgment after the fall. We meet with it also as an accompaniment to the chalice, in the beautiful emblem of *St. John the Apostle.* The legend reports that a devilish attempt was made upon the life of the saint by mixing poison in the sacramental cup. The beloved disciple took the consecrated vessel in his hand. At his holy touch the poison refused to do its work — and issued from the cup in the shape of the serpent-emblem of the Evil One! while the guilty agent, who had been seduced by the malice of the Devil, fell dead at the apostle's feet. The serpent was long remembered as the personified demon of infidelity, in such legends as those of *St. Patrick* and other saints, who cleared whole countries of those noxious animals. But, without entirely disappearing from Art, it soon yielded its place to the dragon, for which there was similar authority in Holy Writ. The mere mention of that ever-famous imagination of artists and legend-writers, must call up in every mind a host of histories and works of art; which still retain their power over the young, and must be allowed even by the old to possess no little curiosity and in-

* We have been in all ages such servile imitators of the fashions of our tasteful neighbours, that it is scarcely a contradiction of Mrs. Jameson's remark to remind her, that St. Osyth, an Anglo-Saxon lady of royal birth, is represented on the seal of her nunnery near Colchester, as following the example of the patron of France. Archæolog. xviii. 445.

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terest. The contest between good and evil is nowhere more picturesquely personified in this shape, than in the legend of *St. Martha,* who rescued the people of Aix from the power of the demon of infidelity, or, as it was stated emblematically, from the great dragon called the Tarasque, by sprinkling the monster with holy water and binding him with — her garter! The perpetual conflict reappears in the legend of *Maid Margaret,* meek and mild, who encountered the devil of earthly pride and fleshly temptation with no other weapon than a simple cross. In his envenomed rage the demon swallowed saint and cross and all. The lady perhaps might have been digested, but the tough texture of the cross was more intractable. The venomous beast accordingly gnashed his teeth, and writhed, and finally burst in twain; when cross and saint victoriously emerged to light, and ever since have taken their stand above the conquered monster, in many a goodly cathedral and in many a beautiful book. The same Protean story comes back to us in *St. Sylvester,* the legendary converter of Constantine. Saint Sylvester had baptized the emperor: but the people of Rome were still infidels — kept under the power of a filthy dragon, whose envenomed breath destroyed great numbers of them daily. The saint descended to close quarters with the demon, in a moat at the bottom of a flight of 142 steps. It was the place, to which the dragon customarily repaired for food. When the monster appeared, the saintly hero instantly seized him by his protruding mouth, passed a thread three times round it — at the same time pattering an exorcism — marked the ligature with the sign of the cross, and having thus bound, subdued, and shackled him, cast him off to die at his leisure. But all these dragon-fights of sacred chivalry are eclipsed by the achievements of our own *St. George;* who, it is declared by a certain authority very credible in these matters, 'pluck'd 'out the dragon's heart.' *His* dragon was larger and more voracious than any of the others. Mrs. Jameson's description of the creature is exceedingly terrible — and scarcely less so that of the old romancers —

'He cast up as loud a cry
As it thunder'd in the sky:
He turn'd his body toward the sun,
It was greater than any tun;
His scales were brighter than the glass,
Harder they were than any brass;
Between his shoulder and his tail
Was forty foot withouten fail.'

Mrs. Jameson thinks that the identity of the pictorial repre-

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sentations of these monsters leads to the supposition that 'there must have been some common origin for the type chosen 'as if by common consent, and that this common type may have 'been some fossil remains of the Saurian species, or even some 'far off dim tradition of one of these tremendous reptiles sur-'viving in heaven knows what vast desolate morass or inland 'lake, and spreading horror and devastation along its shores.' (Vol. i. p. xxxvi.) Poverty of artistic invention, and the fact that artists were addressing themselves to a people who were familiar with a certain form of dragon,—which, if they wished to be understood, they could no more depart from than they could from the common form of man,—appear to us to be reasons equally plausible. If the real legendary dragon should ever turn up, we have no doubt he will be found in company with the sea serpent, or with the original of the Apocalyptic beast, of which so striking a sketch has been lately presented to the public in 'Ra-'bett's Chart of incontrovertible Evidences.' In the meantime we may remind those who feel inclined to investigate the subject, that many remains of the kind are scattered about in various parts of the country, especially on the sea coast. In St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, there is a rib of the very dragon of Wantley—which, to the unlearned, seems to have been a cetaceous animal.

The consummation of the bodily ideal of the Evil Spirit was attained in a grotesque and hideous mis-rendering of the human form. In the earliest of these pictures, the Devil is merely a malevolent, subtle-looking, winged man, with dark raven locks; either bearing upon his brow the crown of earthly majesty, or with a glory dimmed and obscure surrounding his head. Under the former of these appearances, he tempts Eve, in the Caedmon MS. in the Bodleian,—a MS. of the tenth century; while, under the latter, he torments poor Job, in a Bible of the same century in the Bibliothéque Nationale at Paris. But the solemn and poetical feeling which prompted these representations, was gradually lost in the three next succeeding centuries. As a hideous dwarf with scaly extremities, Satan hovered round St. Genevieve, striving with mouth and bellows to extinguish the holy candle, which helped her to thread her way to early mass through the dark and miry streets of ancient Paris. Horns, and claws instead of feet, make their appearance in Laurati's great fresco of hermits in the Campo Santo. In later conceptions of the temptation of St. Anthony, and especially in Salvator Rosa's celebrated picture, the tempter appears in a form of abomination which could be terrible only to children. 'All painters,' (says Southey, in his 'Omniana,') 'represent the devil with a 'tail; and in one of the prints to the Dutch translation of

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'Bunyan's Holy War, it may be seen in what manner his 'breeches-maker accommodates it. But, though poets and 'painters agree that he wears a tail, and that it is in that place 'where tails are more appropriate than in the situation where the 'barber places them; and though many sinners, and still more 'saints, who have seen him, have noticed this appendage, it is not 'so generally known how he came by it. It grew at his fall, as 'an outward and visible token that he had lost the rank of an 'angel, and was fallen to the level of a brute.' It was not, however, we believe, until the beginning of the sixteenth century that he was fully invested with all the customary monstrosities which ultimately appertained to his 'ugliness complete.' In these details we read the history of Art. As simplicity and sublimity decline, the awe, which results only from grandeur of conception and force of expression, is sought for in the accumulation of trivial and oftentimes ridiculous particulars. It belonged to the genius of Milton, as compared with that of Tasso, to return to the true idea of Satan.

Another spiritual object, which was a favourite subject of the Art of the middle ages, was *the human soul*, especially at its moment of departure from the body. It was exhibited passing forth from the mouth, with the last expiring breath,—sometimes in the shape of a dove, sometimes in that of a new-born babe, naked and without any distinction of sex. When the form assumed was that of a babe, the little child was held to be under the care of *St. Michael*, among whose duties was that of attending death beds. Legions of obedient angels waited upon the nod of this great chieftain, ready to do battle with the Evil One; for, in some one of his demon shapes, the Evil One was sure, upon such occasions, to be hovering upon the celestial road. This was a deeply rooted portion of the popular belief; and St. Michael was in consequence the dedicatee of cemetery chapels,—as well as the elected patron of those societies of Sisters of Mercy, who specially devoted themselves to attend upon the dying. If the spiritual condition of the departed soul was unquestionable, it was either consigned to angels to be borne to its heavenly rest, generally in a linen sheet,—(as shown in the seal of the abbey of Bury Saint Edmunds,—because Christ's body was wrapped in linen); or was permitted to fall into the clutches of the ever-watchful demon, as his rightful prey. The odour of sanctity would of course keep him at a distance; so would consecrated tapers (which accordingly to this day are commonly lighted in the chambers of Roman Catholics at this hour of need); and equal efficacy was attached to the ringing of bells. 'It is said,' remarks Mrs. Jameson, quoting from Durandus, 'that the 'wicked spirits that be in the region of the air fear much when

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'they hear the bells ringen;' and the great ritualist adds,—what gives a kind of universality to the superstition, and marks the degree of civilisation to which its origin attaches,—'and this 'is the cause why the bells be ringen when it thundereth; to the 'end that the foul fiend and wicked spirits should be abashed and 'flee, and cease from moving of the tempest.' The same practice prevails in China, in the South Sea Islands, in Africa, and among many barbarous nations, and is still traceable in our own passing bell.

In case the religious condition of the soul were doubtful, it was delivered over by St. Michael to a judicial ordeal—nothing more or less than being weighed in a pair of scales, poised in the stout hand of the righteous archangel—

'——— the golden scales yet seen
Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign.'

Whilst the balance hung in suspense, it was assailed by the accusing spirit with a multitude of artifices. Little imps would hide themselves, craftily crouching at the bottom of the scale; and if that was not sufficient to incline the beam, Satan himself, raging in wrath and fury, would throw himself, clad in scaly armour (as in a fresco painting lately found at Islip), upon the scale, treacherously making manifest the full weight of the sins to which himself had been the tempter. Mrs. Jameson has produced an instance, by Luca Signorelli, where the vulgar demon is represented grasping with filthy talons at the slightly sinking scale, as if preparing to seize upon his expected prey. Occasionally, she remarks, instead of talons, the fiend is armed with a long two-pronged fork, such as is given to Pluto in the antique sculpture. (Vol. i. p. 78.) As was but fair in such a contest, the other scale was assisted by the guardian angels of the departed, and occasionally by the Virgin and other kindly helpers. Similar interference is to be seen in some pictures of Purgatory. The legends upon this subject are innumerable. Mrs. Jameson gives us one as audacious as any which Dante or Michael Angelo could put into a 'Last Judgment':—

'One night, a certain hermit sat meditating in his solitary hut, and he heard a sound as of a host of wild men rushing and trampling by; and he opened his window and called out, and demanded who it was that thus disturbed the quiet of his solitude; and a voice answered, "We are demons; Henry the Emperor is about to die in this mo-"ment, and we go to seize his soul." The hermit charged them to call upon him on their return and let him know the result. They did so. "Now," said the hermit, "how has it fared with the em-"peror?" "Ill to desperation!" answered the fiend, in a fury. "We came at the right moment; the emperor had just expired, and

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" we hastened to prefer our claim; when, lo! his good angels came " to save him. We disputed long, and at last the angel of judgment " (St. Michael) laid his good and evil deeds in the scales, and behold! " our scale descended and touched the earth; the victory was ours! " when, all at once, yonder roasted fellow (for so he blasphemously " styled the blessed St. Lawrence) appeared on his side, and flung a " great golden pot (so the reprobate styled the holy cup) into the " other scale and ours flew up, and we were forced to make off in a " hurry; but at least I was avenged on the golden pot, for I broke " off the handle, and here it is;" and having said these words, the whole company of demons vanished. Then the hermit rose up in the morning, hastened to the city, and found the emperor dead; and the golden cup which he had piously presented to the church of St. Lawrence was found with only one handle, the other having disappeared that same night.' (Vol. ii. p. 161.)

This terrible ordeal once passed, the trembling spirit — trembling although victorious — ascended to the realms of bliss, surrounded by its heavenly guardians, and welcomed by rejoicing choirs. Visions of the glorious soaring of the saints through 'heaven's wide champaign,' even to a point almost within sight of the everlasting gates, were granted to many of their earthly followers, — and have formed pictorial subjects of the grandest character. Amidst the most ravishing music, St. Antony beheld the spirit of Paul the hermit, 'bright as a star, white as the 'driven snow, carried up to heaven by the prophets and apostles, 'and a company of angels, who were singing hymns of triumph 'as they bore him through the air.' In these vague and mysterious words the scene flits before us shadowy and dream-like. The soul is there, in dazzling beauty and in purest light; but its lineaments are not beheld. It is described as borne away; but it is not figured. Unfortunately all the illusion of the scene is lost, when Art attempts to realise it. Whether the spirit ascends in the form of some innocent beauty, the perfection of female grace and loveliness, or in that of a new-born infant, there can be nothing spiritual in the pictorial representation — nothing too pure or bright for mortal vision, the most unpurged. It is now nothing but a human beauty, or a human child: and the artists of the middle ages often made the poverty of their Art still more conspicuous, by encircling the heavenly baby's puny brow with a crown, a mitre, or a tiara, or some other token of the part which the ascending saint had played on earth.

The teaching of Art, exemplified in the persons of the spiritual hosts who throng the courts of heaven, —

> 'The progeny of light,
> Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers, —
> —Michael of celestial armies prince,

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> And he in military prowess next,
> Gabriel,' —

with all the numbers beyond number of cherubim and seraphim, is dwelt upon at large by Mrs. Jameson. All of them — from 'angel-heads in stone, with pigeons' wings,' and little piping urchins full of childish grace and playfulness, to Raphael's glorious impersonations of the very height of human majesty, intellect, adoration and love, — are only disappointing approximations. They may have refined and elevated our conceptions of the beauty of human forms and human expression: though they have not done always even that. And, in an attempt, where Milton and Flaxman — the most entitled to make it of mortal men — have been found to be rather below than above themselves, who can hope that it is possible to succeed?

Art is equally ineffective when it aspires to teach spiritual truths. We have already incidentally given one or two examples of its inefficiency — two more will suffice. The first shall be *The marriage of St. Catherine.* The union between the regenerated spirit and the Redeemer is here symbolised by the most intimate of human relationships — a marriage. The legend itself, as it has come down to us, is singularly beautiful. The Spouse of Christ — the future day-dream of many a nunnery — was a person of royal dignity, though of a Pagan family. Upon the death of her father, being yet almost a child, she succeeded to the vacant throne. At an age when girls have scarcely given up their dolls, the youthful queen put away childish things, opened her heart to divine philosophy, shut herself up in her palace, and looked with contempt on worldly amusements and royal splendour. But her subjects became dissatisfied with a female sovereign. They desired, as the Jews who went to Samuel at Ramah, to be like other nations. They wished to have a King to judge them, and go out before them, and fight their battles. Their complaints penetrated in time even to the study of the contemplative Catherine. A parliament (so says the old English translation of the legend) was called. The estates met, and Mr. Speaker presented the desires of the faithful Commons at the feet of her Majesty. His speech was one of subtle Elizabethan flattery. In its exordium he especially commended the royal Catherine for 'four notable gifts' — the nobility of her blood; the greatness of her power; her surpassing skill in science, cunning, and wisdom; and the perfection of her bodily shape and beauty. The Queen's reply was an astute echo to Mr. Speaker's address. She promised to take a husband: — if they would find her one who should possess four similar 'notable gifts.' He was to come of blood, so noble that all men should worship him; to be so great,

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that his wife should never think that she had made him a king; so rich, that none should surpass him; so beautiful, that the angels should desire to behold him. The princes, lords, and councillors, departed from the royal audience in despair; and Catherine's mother whispered in her ear, 'Alas, my daughter! 'where shall ye find such a husband?' 'If I do not find him,' was the answer of the determined spinster, 'he shall find me, 'for other will I none.' 'And she had a great conflict and 'battle,' adds the legend, 'to keep her virginity.' The world was, of course, ransacked to find the required bridegroom; and, of course, in vain. Catherine's virgin bower would have remained inviolate to this day, but—some persons will shudder at what we are about to write—but for the ingenious contrivances of a match-making mother! The Virgin Mary 'appeared out of 'heaven' to a holy hermit who lived secluded 'two days' journey 'off' in the desert; and commissioned him to offer her son to the royal Catherine, as the very person whom the specification had prefigured. The young lady, *selon les règles*, required a portrait. It was procured, of course miraculously. One glance of the glory of the heavenly countenance set on fire the heart of the earthly maiden. All things else were discarded from a bosom now entirely possessed by love divine. Books and spheres, Plato and Socrates, philosophers and their teaching, became tedious as a twice-told tale. Now did she penance for contemning love. Love—the love of her glorious heavenly bridegroom—inflamed her heart, gave a new direction to every faculty, and drove out whatever objects had before engaged her thoughts. She placed the picture in her study; and that night, as she slept upon her bed, she dreamed a dream. What ensued shall be told in the words of the old legend, cited in aid by Mrs. Jameson:—

'In her dream she journeyed by the side of the old hermit, who conducted her towards a sanctuary on the top of a high mountain, and when they reached the portal, there came out to meet them a glorious company of angels, clothed in white, and wearing chaplets of white lilies on their heads; and Catherine, being dazzled, fell on her face, and an angel said to her, "Stand up, our dear sister Catherine, "and be right welcome." Then they led her to an inner court, where stood a second company of angels, clothed in purple, and wearing chaplets of red roses on their heads; and Catherine fell down before them, but they said, "Stand up, our dear sister Catherine, for thee "hath the King of Glory delighted to honour." Then Catherine, with a trembling joy, stood up and followed them. They led her on to an inner chamber, in which was a royal queen standing in her state, whose beauty and majesty might no heart think, nor pen of man describe, and around her a glorious company of angels, saints, and martyrs: they, taking Catherine by the hand, presented her to

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the queen, saying, "Our most gracious sovereign Lady, Empress of "Heaven, and mother of the King of Blessedness, be pleased that we "here present to you our dear sister, whose name is written in the "Book of Life, beseeching you of your benign grace to receive her "as your daughter and handmaiden."

'Our Blessed Lady, full of grace and goodness, bid her welcome, and taking her by the hand, led her to our Lord, saying to him, "Most sovereign honour, joy, and glory be to you, King of Blessed-"ness, my Lord, and my Son! Lo! I have brought into your blessed "presence your servant and maid Catherine, which for your love "hath renounced all earthly things!" But the Lord turned away his head and refused her, saying, "She is not fair nor beautiful enough "for me." The maiden, hearing these words, awoke in a passion of grief, and wept till it was morning.

'Then she called to her the hermit, and fell at his feet and declared her vision, saying, "What shall I do to become worthy of my celestial "bridegroom?" The hermit, seeing she was still in the darkness of heathenism, instructed her fully in the Christian faith; then he baptized her, and with her, her mother Sabinella.

'That night, as Catherine slept upon her bed, the Blessed Virgin appeared to her again, accompanied by her divine Son, and with them a noble company of saints and angels. And Mary again presented Catherine to the Lord of Glory, saying, "Lo! she hath been baptized, "and I myself have been her godmother!" Then the Lord smiled upon her—and held out his hand and plighted his troth to her, putting a ring on her finger. When Catherine awoke, remembering her dream, she looked and saw the ring upon her finger! and henceforth, regarding herself as the betrothed of Christ, she despised the world and all the pomp of earthly sovereignty, thinking only of the day which should reunite her with her celestial and espoused Lord.' (Vol. ii. p. 82.)

Here every thing is clear. It is a dream indeed — beautifully minute and picturesque, far fuller, than the Song of Solomon, of admirable moral meaning and heavenly wisdom, — but still a palpable dream. Let Art try its hand upon the same subject, and it instantly becomes a vulgar reality. A bridegroom, placing a ring upon the finger of a virgin bride, cannot represent any thing but a real espousal. It matters not that he stands a boy upon his mother's knee, and that choirs of angels form the hymeneal group. The human portion of the transaction in this case may appear strange — but this was the character of all these marvels: It may be difficult to be understood — but this would only bring out more vividly the one obvious fact, supposed to be represented in the picture. The consequence was certain. The fact would fasten itself all the sooner in the popular belief, in spite of a previous legend not generally known, or a mystical interpretation, too recondite for the naked human eye.

Another glorious truth, allegorised in one of the most popular

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of these legends, is the superiority of the intellectual and moral part of our nature over the physical. This is the proper rendering of those representations of the legend of *St. Christopher;* which were painted or sculptured in half the churches of Europe before the Reformation. Their design, in a rude and barbarous age, was to teach hard-handed uninstructed men, that there is something better than strength; that 'Wisdom strengtheneth 'the wise more than ten mighty men that are in a city.' The legend describes this great verity with all reasonable particularity. Christopher personifies the Samson of Christendom.

'Four and twenty feet he was long, and thick and broad enow,
Such a man, but he were strong, methinketh it were woe.'

Proud of his vast strength,

'He said he would with no man be, but with one that were
Hight lord of all, and under him, none other that there were.'

In accordance with such a determination, the huge infidel first forsook the service of an earthly king, and entered that of the Prince of Darkness, because he had discovered that his late master trembled at the power of the demon. In like manner he quitted Satan, as soon as he found that even he stood in awe of the mysterious Being who once died upon the rood. He then betook himself to a wandering life, passing hither and thither like a true knight errant, in search of the crucified Redeemer. For a long time he roamed up and down in vain. But in the end, a venerable hermit wisely advises him to cease from this uncertain rambling. He bade him fix himself in one place and pass his time in doing deeds of mercy;—this might possibly attract towards him the attention of the Saviour. 'Knowest 'thou,' inquired the hermit, 'a certain river, strong, wide, and 'deep, and often swollen by rains, and wherein many people 'perish who attempt to pass over?' Christopher acknowledged that he knew the place. 'Since thou will neither fast nor pray,' continued the hermit—(the reader will mark the preference given to prayer and fasting)—'go to that river, and use thy strength to 'aid and to save those who struggle with the stream, and those 'who are about to perish.' 'It is a service that pleaseth me 'well,' said the giant; and away he went, to enter at once upon his labour—rooting up as he passed along, a palm tree from the forest, which he used as a staff to support and guide his steps whilst in the raging water. The legend shall tell the remainder of the history:—

'When Christopher had spent many days in this toil, it came to pass one night, as he rested himself in a hut he had built of boughs, he heard a voice which called to him from the shore: it was the

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plaintive voice of a child, and it seemed to say, "Christopher, come "forth and carry me over!" And he rose forthwith and looked out, but saw nothing; then he lay down again; but the voice called to him in the same words, a second and a third time; and the third time he sought round about with a lantern; and at length he beheld a little child sitting on the bank, who besought him, saying, "Christo- "pher, carry me over this night." And Christopher lifted the child on his strong shoulders, and took his staff and entered the stream. And the waters rose higher and higher, and the waves roared, and the winds blew, and the infant on his shoulders became heavier, and still heavier, till it seemed to him that he must sink under the excessive weight—and he began to fear: But nevertheless, taking courage, and staying his tottering steps with his palm-staff, he at length reached the opposite bank; and when he had laid the child down, safely and gently, he looked upon him with astonishment, and he said, "Who art thou, child, that hath placed me in such extreme peril? "Had I carried the whole world on my shoulders, the burthen had "not been heavier!" And the child replied, "Wonder not, Christo- "pher, for thou hast not only borne the world, but him who made "the world, upon thy shoulders. Me wouldst thou serve in this thy "work of charity; and behold, I have accepted thy service; and in "testimony that I have accepted thy service and thee, plant thy staff "in the ground, and it shall put forth leaves and fruit." Christopher did so, and the dry staff flourished as a palm tree in the season, and was covered with clusters of dates,—but the miraculous child had vanished.' (Vol. ii. p. 51.)

In the instance of St. Catherine, probably the legend preceded the picture; in that of St. Christopher, there is reason to believe that the order was reversed. Whether it was so or not, both instances lead to the conclusion—which might be enforced by an infinity of other examples—that in its capacity of a religious teacher, Art can no more deal with spiritual truths than with the representation of spiritual persons. When it takes upon itself to do so, it puts the literal into the place of the figurative; and in process of time so fixes the sign on the minds of beholders, that the thing signified is altogether lost. Who can wonder at the full tide of error which proceeded from a source, at once so obvious and so inexhaustible?

It is a curious, and by no means unimportant question,—especially considering the regrets expressed by so stout a reformer as Dr. Arnold—to inquire, whether all reformed churches have altogether emancipated themselves from these evils: in other words, whether traces of the popular errors which were introduced into the church, or fixed in it by the influence of Art, may not be found in formularies which some of the Protestant Churches yet retain.

To many persons the whole subject may appear purely

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unpractical and useless; a mere theme for antiquarian speculation and ingenuity; the folly of times past never to return, even in warmer climates than our own, or among people of more excitable imaginations than ourselves. Let us not be too sure of this. The history of *St. Filomena*, which is thus related by Mrs. Jameson, warns us against over-confidence; at the same time that it admirably illustrates the way in which saints, legends, pictures, miracles, and wonders of all sorts were got up in times past, and doubtless may be still got up, at the present day. The tale runs thus: —

'In the year 1802, while some excavations were going forward in the catacomb of Priscilla at Rome, a sepulchre was discovered containing the skeleton of a young female; on the exterior were rudely painted some of the symbols constantly recurring in these chambers of the dead: an anchor, an olive branch (emblems of Hope and Peace), a scourge, two arrows, and a javelin; above them the following inscription, of which the beginning and end were destroyed: —

'"——LUMENA PAX TE CUM FI——."

'The remains, reasonably supposed to be those of one of the early martyrs for the faith, were sealed up and deposited in the treasury of relics in the Lateran; here they remained for some years unthought of. On the return of Pius VII. from France, a Neapolitan prelate was sent to congratulate him. One of the priests in his train, who wished to create a sensation in his district, where the long residence of the French had probably caused some decay of piety, begged for a few relics to carry home, and these recently discovered remains were bestowed on him; the inscription was translated somewhat freely, to signify *Santa Philumena, rest in peace. Amen.* Another priest, whose name is suppressed *because of his great humility*, was favoured by a vision in the broad noon-day, in which he beheld the glorious virgin Filomena, who was pleased to reveal to him that she had suffered death for preferring the Christian faith and her vow of chastity to the addresses of the emperor, who wished to make her his wife. This vision leaving much of her history obscure, a certain young artist, whose name is also suppressed, perhaps *because of his great humility*, was informed in a vision that the emperor alluded to was Diocletian, and at the same time the torments and persecutions suffered by the Christian virgin Filomena, as well as her wonderful constancy, were also revealed to him. There were some difficulties in the way of the Emperor Diocletian, which *inclines* the writer of the *historical* account to incline to the opinion that the young artist in his vision *may* have made a mistake, and that the emperor may have been his colleague, Maximian. The facts, however, now admitted of no doubt; the relics were carried by the priest Francesco da Lucia to Naples; they were enclosed in a case of wood resembling in form the human body; this figure was habited in a petticoat of white satin, and over it a crimson tunic after the Greek fashion; the face was painted to represent nature, a garland of flowers was placed

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on the head, and in the hands a lily and a javelin with the point reversed to express her purity and her martyrdom; then she was laid in a half-sitting posture in a sarcophagus, of which the sides were glass; and after lying for some time in state in the chapel of the Torres family in the church of Sant' Angiolo, she was carried in grand procession to Mugnano, a little town about twenty miles from Naples, amid the acclamations of the people, working many and surprising miracles by the way.

'Such is the legend of St. Filomena, and such the authority on which she has become within the last twenty years one of the most fashionable saints in Italy. Jewels to the value of many thousand crowns have been offered at her shrine, and solemnly placed round the neck of her image, or suspended to her girdle. I found her effigy in the Venetian churches, in those of Bologna and Lombardy. Her worship has extended to enlightened Tuscany. At Pisa the church of San Francesco contains a chapel dedicated lately to Santa Filomena; over the altar is a picture by Sabatelli, representing the saint as a beautiful nymph-like figure floating down from heaven attended by two angels bearing the lily, palm, and javelin, and beneath in the foreground the sick and maimed who are healed by her intercession: round the chapel are suspended hundreds of votive offerings, displaying the power and the popularity of the saint. There is also a graceful German print representing her in the same attitude in which the image lies in the shrine. I did not expect to encounter St. Filomena at Paris; but, to my surprise, there is a chapel dedicated to her in the church of St. Gervais; a statue of her with the flowers, the dart, the scourge, and the anchor, under her feet; and two pictures, one surrounded after the antique fashion, with scenes from her life. In the church of Saint-Merry, there is a chapel recently dedicated to "Ste. Philomene;" the walls covered with a series of frescoes from her legend, painted by Amaury Duval;—a very fair imitation of the old Italian style.

'I have heard that St. Filomena is patronised by the Jesuits; even so it is difficult to account for the extension and popularity of her story in this 19th century.' (Vol. ii. p. 297.)

Mrs. Jameson's work would deserve a high place, regarded only as a book of antiquarian inquiry. With admirable taste and judgment, both of pen and pencil, she has opened a curious branch of learning, well nigh forgotten among us—the vestiges of which, nevertheless, surround us on every side. Every ancient building is full of them. They exist in our manners and customs, especially in our rural districts; they meet us in the streets and alleys of our towns, in the signs of our shops, and at the high tables of our colleges and corporations on gaudy days; they furnish the ethnologist with a clue to the origin of many of the most puzzling words in our language; and whenever an old church is consigned to what is termed repair, some fresh proof of their past existence, newly brought to light, excites for a moment the

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special wonder of puzzled bystanders; who too often gape over it for a moment, and then deliver it over to annihilation. If we are not prepared, like Hugh Peters, to destroy all our ancient monuments and begin again upon a new foundation, we should certainly endeavour to understand them. Nay, could reasonable persons ever dream of destroying any memorial of the past, the mystery of which they were not perfectly sure that they had sounded? At present gross darkness encompasses even those whom we should wish to look up to as authorities. In our cold presbyterian north, ignorance respecting saints and legends might perhaps be expected; but in a country which still retains some of these worthies in her calendar, and holds up their example to admiration in her prayer-book, one would scarcely have expected to find the commonest legends and emblems as little known or understood, as the language of our progenitors before the dispersion at Babel. It would be ungracious to put forth a catalogue of the mistakes upon this subject made by eminent men, many of them our worthy associates and fellow-labourers, whose names will live for ever in connexion with other departments of study. But any one who may please to turn to the 'Transactions of the 'Society of Antiquaries,' of London, will find that it abounds, in reference to this field of inquiry, in confessions of ignorance, or, which is worse, in absurd blunders. He, who so minutely studied ancient arms and armour, and to whom the country is indebted for the arrangement of the national collection in the Tower of London, has, in his description of the engravings on the celebrated suit of armour sent by the Emperor Maximilian to Henry VIII., perpetually confounded St. Agatha and St. Barbara. The latter celebrated lady is delineated upon the armour, in the act of giving directions to the builder of her tower to make three windows instead of two, because the former number was symbolical of the Trinity. The commentator represents her to be a lady of rank directing the operations of her workmen in raising fortifications and making ditches to protect her town! And none of the many diligent investigators of our popular antiquities have yet traced home the three golden balls of our pawnbrokers to the emblem of St. Nicholas. They have been properly enough referred to the Lombard merchants, who were the first to open loan-shops in England for the relief of temporary distress. But the Lombards had merely assumed an emblem which had been appropriated to St. Nicholas, as their charitable predecessor in that very line of business. The following is the legend; and it is too prettily told to be omitted: —

'Now in that city (Panthera in Lycia) there dwelt a certain nobleman who had three daughters, and, from being rich, he became poor;

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so poor that there remained no means of obtaining food for his daughters but by sacrificing them to an infamous life; and oftentimes it came into his mind to tell them so, but shame and sorrow held him dumb. Meantime the maidens wept continually, not knowing what to do, and not having bread to eat; and their father became more and more desperate. When Nicholas heard of this, he thought it shame that such a thing should happen in a Christian land; therefore one night, when the maidens were asleep, and their father alone sat watching and weeping, he took a handful of gold, and tying it up in a handkerchief, he repaired to the dwelling of the poor man. He considered how he might bestow it without making himself known, and, while he stood irresolute, the moon coming from behind a cloud showed him a window open; so he threw it in, and it fell at the feet of the father, who, when he found it, returned thanks, and with it he portioned his eldest daughter. A second time Nicholas provided a similar sum, and again he threw it in by night; and with it the nobleman married his second daughter. But he greatly desired to know who it was that came to his aid; therefore he determined to watch; and when the good saint came for the third time, and prepared to throw in the third portion, he was discovered, for the nobleman seized him by the skirt of his robe and flung himself at his feet, saying, "O Nicholas! servant of God! why seek to hide thyself?" and he kissed his feet and his hands. But Nicholas made him promise that he would tell no man.' (Vol. ii. p. 62.)

These three purses of gold, or, as they are more customarily figured, these three golden balls, disposed in exact pawnbroker fashion, one and two, are to this day the recognised special emblem of the charitable St. Nicholas.

We have to thank Mrs. Jameson for a most instructive and entertaining book. But we miss from it the legends of the Madonna, which are promised in various parts of the first volume. These we trust she will yet give us,—as well as the monastic legends. Both are too intimately blended with the general subject, for the book to be as complete as it deserves to be, without them. A little curtailment here and there in the first volume would go far towards supplying the necessary space for the Madonna legends in a new edition; and would, we think, improve a work which, as it is, is a very beautiful one: and which, whether we regard it as a history of Art or of legendary imagination, must be equally interesting to a great variety of readers.

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ART. V. — *Mary Barton; a Tale of Manchester Life.* London: 1848.

'MARY BARTON' is a work of higher pretensions than an ordinary novel. It aims not only at the delineation of the joys and sorrows, the loves and hatreds of our common humanity, but it professes also to give a picture of the feelings, habits, opinions, character and social condition of a particular class of the people, — a class, too, which has of late years attracted a great share of public attention, and has probably been the subject of more misconception and misrepresentation than has fallen to the lot of any other.

The scene of the story is laid in Manchester; the time selected is the period of severe manufacturing distress which occurred about the year 1842; and the *dramatis personæ* belong almost exclusively to the factory population. The outline is briefly as follows: — John Barton, — a factory operative of considerable, but no way remarkable intelligence, of a sensitive and affectionate, but moody and unchastened temper, a zealous member of Trades' Unions, and a diligent reader of the 'Northern Star,' — having lost two children during a previous period of distress, and being now deprived of his wife, who died in childbirth, becomes at length quite soured by calamity. By constantly dwelling on his own sorrows and on the privations and sufferings around him, he grows morose, passionate, and vindictive; and ends by the deliberate assassination, during a strike for wages, of one of the master manufacturers, — a young man of kind heart, but of somewhat supercilious manners; of whose only real offence against him — an attempt to seduce his daughter — John Barton is, and remains, wholly ignorant. This is the main plot: the interest of the tale is varied, and very efficiently, in the person of James Wilson, a young mechanic of the better order, and devoted lover of the heroine, Mary Barton. Suspicious circumstances having led to his trial for the murder which her father had committed, he is acquitted at the last moment, mainly through her exertions. Several other characters are introduced of singular beauty and reality: Alice, an excellent and simple-hearted old woman who goes about doing good, — old Job Legh, a poor and self-taught naturalist, and his daughter Margaret, whose loss of her sight is compensated by the seasonable discovery of her talent as a singer, — and the uneducated and querulous, but affectionate, Mrs. Wilson, — every one of them belonging to the same rank

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in life. Indeed all the personages of the story, with the exception of Mr. Carson, the mill-owner, and his unfortunate son, are taken from the strictly artisan class.

This meagre sketch will perhaps enable those few of our readers who have not also been readers of the book itself, to form some conception of the construction of the story, and to understand our extracts. The literary merit of the work is in some respects of a very high order. Its interest is intense: often painfully so; indeed it is here, we think, that the charm of the book and the triumph of the author will chiefly be found. Its pictures and reflections are, however, also full of those touches of nature which 'make the whole world kin:' and its dialogues are managed with a degree of ease and naturalness rarely attained even by the most experienced writers of fiction. We believe that they approach very nearly, both in tone and style, to the conversations actually carried on in the dingy cottages of Lancashire. The authoress — for 'Mary Barton' is understood to be, and indeed very palpably is, the production of a lady — must not be confounded with those writers who engage with a particular subject, because it presents a vein which they imagine may be successfully worked — get up the needful information, and then prepare a story as a solicitor might prepare a case. She has evidently lived much among the people she describes, made herself intimate at their firesides, and feels a sincere, though sometimes too exclusive and undiscriminating, sympathy with them. In short, her work has been clearly a 'labour of love,' and has been written with a most earnest and benevolent purpose. We can conscientiously pronounce it to be a production of great excellence, and of still greater promise.

But it must also be regarded in a more serious point of view. It comes before us professing to be a faithful picture of a little known, though most energetic and important class of the community; and it has the noble ambition of doing real good by creating sympathy, by diffusing information, and removing prejudices. To its pretensions in these respects, we regret that we cannot extend an unqualified approbation. With all the truthfulness displayed in the delineation of individual scenes, the general impression left by the book, on those who read it as mere passive recipients, will be imperfect, partial, and erroneous. Notwithstanding the good sense and good feeling with which it abounds, it is calculated, we fear, in many places, to mislead the minds and confirm and exasperate the prejudices, of the general public on the one hand, and of the factory operatives on the other. Were 'Mary Barton' to be only read by Man-

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chester men and master manufacturers, it could scarcely fail to be serviceable; because they might profit by its suggestions, and would at once detect its mistakes. But considering the extraordinary delusions of many throughout the south of England respecting the great employers of labour in the north and west; as well as the ignorance and misconception of their true interests and position, which are still too common among the artisans of many of our large towns,—the effect of the work, if taken without some corrective might, in these quarters, be mischievous in the extreme. And this must be our apology for pointing out, in some detail, both the false philosophy and the inaccurate descriptions which detract so seriously from the value of these most interesting volumes.

But first we must indulge ourselves in the more pleasing task of noticing the beauty and fidelity with which the authoress seizes on and depicts those bright redeeming features which still characterise our operative population; and in which we recognise with pride, not only some of the highest and most difficult attainments of virtue, but 'germs of almost impossible 'good,'—signs and elements of progress towards a social and moral eminence, distant yet, and very lofty, but nevertheless within their reach. First among these must be reckoned what Monckton Milnes so justly calls 'the sacred Patience of the 'poor.' The extent to which this virtue prevails can be only appreciated by those who have mixed intimately with the working classes. It is a spectacle fitted to amaze and shame the more favoured children of fortune. Distress they submit to without surprise, and generally without murmur, as one of the appointed incidents to their lot. They are often very deficient, it is true, in the foresight and self-denial which might provide against the recurrence of privation; but, when it comes, they meet it with a cheerful, manly, simple resignation, accepting

'Each ill
As a plain fact whose right or wrong
They question not, confiding still
That it shall last not overlong;
Willing, from first to last, to take
The mysteries of our life as given,
Leaving the time-worn soul to slake
Its thirst in an undoubted Heaven.'

Feelings of envy, against individuals or classes enjoying an apparent exemption from the privations with which they are overwhelmed, or of indignation at any supposed want of compassion on the part of those blessed with a happier lot—natural and probable as such would seem to be—we believe in fact

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to be rare, partial, and transient among the labouring people. Men there are, and will be in every class, of unhappy, selfish tempers, prone to dwell on painful comparisons, and to embitter their own condition by every contrast they can gather round it. But these are so far from being types of the poor in general, that they are found more sparingly among the poor than in any other rank of life. We have watched the operatives of our populous towns during several periods of severe suffering; and (except from a few such ill-conditioned characters as we have just referred to) we scarcely remember to have heard an expression of angry envy or malignity. There has been many a lament, scarcely ever a curse; many a countenance clouded by care, rarely a face of petulant impatience; the predominant characteristic has always been a submissive hopefulness, often an almost stoical endurance, and as soon as times mended, there has been generally even too speedy a forgetfulness of past troubles.

This admirable feature in the artisan character, the authoress of 'Mary Barton' has discovered and delineated in the cases of George Wilson and Old Alice; though, from the circumstance of the discontented man, John Barton, being the more prominent person, the erroneous impression would be conveyed to the reader, that patience is the exception, and ill-humour and vindictiveness the rule,—especially among the stronger and more thoughtful natures. The following is a conversation between the two friends, Wilson and Barton by the bedside of one of their destitute and dying comrades:—

'"Han you known this chap long?" asked Barton.

'"Better nor three year. He's worked with Carsons that long, and were always a steady, civil spoken fellow, though, as I said afore, somewhat of a Methodee. I wish I'd gotten a letter he sent his missis a week or two agone, when he were on tramp for work. It did my heart good to read it; for, you see, I were a bit grumbling mysel; it seemed hard to be spunging on Jem (his son), and taking a' his flesh-meat money to buy bread for me and them as I ought to be keeping. But you know, though I can earn nought, I mun eat summut. Well, as I telled ye, I were grumbling, when she (indicating the sleeping woman by a nod) brought me Ben's letter, for she could na read hersel. It were as good as Bible words; ne'er a word o' repining; a' about God being our father, and that we mun bear patiently whate'er he sends."

'"Don ye think he's the master's father too? I'd be loath to have them for brothers."

'"Eh, John! donna talk so; sure there's many and many a master as good or better nor us."

'"If you think so, tell me this. How comes it they're rich, and

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we're poor? I'd like to know that. Han they done as they'd be done by for us?"

'But Wilson was no arguer. No speechifier as he would have called it. So Barton, seeing he was likely to have it his own way, went on.'

Wilson then goes away to obtain a recommendation to the infirmary for his sick friend; when he returns he finds him sensible, but rapidly sinking:—

'His strength was ebbing fast. They stood round him still and silent; even the wife checked her sobs, though her heart was like to break. She held her child to her breast, to try and keep it quiet. Their eyes were all fixed on the yet living one, whose moments of life were passing so rapidly away. At length he brought, with jerking, convulsive effort, his two hands into the attitude of prayer. They saw his lips move, and bent to catch the words, which came in gasps, and not in tones.

'"Oh, Lord God! I thank thee that the hard struggle of living is over."

'"Oh, Ben! Ben!" wailed forth his wife; "have you no thought for me? Oh, Ben! Ben! do say one word to help me through life."

'He could not speak again. The trump of the archangel would set his tongue free; but not a word more would it utter till then. Yet he heard, he understood, and though sight failed, he moved his hand gropingly under the covering. They knew what he meant, and guided it to her head, bowed and hidden in her hands, when she had sunk in her woe. It rested there with a feeble pressure of endearment. The face grew beautiful, as the soul neared God. A peace beyond understanding came over it. The hand became a stiff, heavy weight on the wife's head. No more grief or sorrow for him. They reverently laid out the corpse — Wilson fetching his only spare shirt to array it in.'

There are many other descriptions of exquisite pathos scattered up and down the narrative, some of which we would fain have extracted. But we must pass on.

Another feature in the character of the operative poor, perhaps even lovelier and brighter than their wonderful patience under suffering, is their mutual helpfulness and unbounded kindliness towards each other. To this virtue our authoress has done full justice, and her pictures of it are so vivid, that we must present one of them at least, however long the passage, to our readers:—

'There were homes over which Carson's fire (his mill has been burnt down) threw a deep terrible gloom; the homes of those who would fain work, and no man gave unto them;—the homes of those to whom leisure was a curse. There the family music was hungry wails, when week after week passed by, and there was no work to be had, and consequently no wages to pay for the bread the children

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cried aloud for in their young impatience of suffering. Many a penny that would have gone little way enough in oatmeal or potatoes, bought opium to still the hungry little ones, and make them forget their uneasiness in heavy troubled sleep. The evil and the good of our nature came out strongly then. There were desperate fathers; there were bitter-tongued mothers (O God! what wonder!); there were reckless children; the very closest bonds of nature were snapt in that time of trial and distress. There was faith such as the rich can never imagine upon earth; there was "love strong as death," and self-denial among rude coarse men, akin to that of Sir Philip Sidney's most glorious deed. The vices of the poor sometimes astound us *here:* but when the secrets of all hearts shall be made known, their virtues will astound us in far greater degree. Of this I am certain.

'As the cold bleak spring came on (spring in name alone), and consequently as trade continued dead, other mills shortened hours, turned off hands, and finally stopped work altogether. Barton worked short hours; Wilson, of course, being a hand in Carson's factory, had no work at all. . . . One evening, when the clear light at six o'clock contrasted strangely with the Christmas cold, and when the bitter wind piped down every entry and through every cranny, Barton sat brooding over his stinted fire, and listening for Mary's step, in unacknowledged trust that her presence would cheer him. The door was opened, and Wilson came breathless in.

'"You've not got a bit of money by you, Barton?" asked he.

'"Not I; who has now, I'd like to know. Whattur do you want it for?"

'"I donnot want it for mysel, tho' we've none to spare. But don ye know Ben Davenport, as worked at Carson's? He's down wi' the fever, and ne'er a stick of fire, nor a cowd potato in the house."

'"I han got no money, I tell ye," said Barton. Wilson looked disappointed. Barton tried not to be interested, but he could not help it, in spite of his gruffness. He rose, and went to the cupboard (his wife's pride long ago). There lay the remains of his dinner, hastily put there ready for supper. Bread, and a slice of cold fat boiled bacon. He wrapped them in his handkerchief, put them in the crown of his hat, and said — "Come, let's be going."

'"Going — art going to work this time of day?"

'"No, stupid, to be sure not. Going to see the fellow thou spoke on." So they put on their hats and set out. On the way, Wilson said Davenport was a good fellow, though too much of the Methodee; that his children were too young to work, but not too young to be cold and hungry; that they had sunk lower and lower, and pawned thing after thing, and that now they lived in a cellar in Berry Street.'

Here follows a sad description of the filthiness of the locality, — where

'the smell was so fœtid as almost to knock the two men down. Quickly recovering themselves, as those inured to such things do, they began to penetrate the thick darkness of the place, and to see three or four little children rolling on the damp, nay wet brick floor,

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through which the stagnant, filthy moisture of the street oozed up;—the fire-place was empty and black; the wife sat on her husband's chair, and cried in the dank loneliness.

'"See, missis, I'm back again. Hold your noise, children, and don't mither your mammy for bread; here's a chap as has got some for you."

'In that dim light, which was darkness to strangers, they clustered round John Barton, and tore from him the food he had brought with him. It was a large hunch of bread, but it had vanished in an instant.

'"We mun do summut for 'em," said he to Wilson. "Yo stop here, and I'll be back in half an hour."

'So he strode, and ran, and hurried home. He emptied into the ever useful pocket-handkerchief the little meal remaining in the mug. Mary would have her tea at Miss Simmonds; her food for the day was safe. Then he went up stairs for his better coat, and his one, gay, red-and-yellow silk pocket-handkerchief—his jewels, his plate, his valuables, these were. He went to the pawn-shop; he pawned them for five shillings; he stopped not, nor stayed, till he was once more in London Road, within five minutes' walk of Berry Street—then he loitered in his gait, in order to discover the shops he wanted. He bought meat, and a loaf of bread, candles, chips; and from a little retail yard he purchased a couple of hundred weight of coals. Some money yet remained—all destined for them, but he did not yet know how best to spend it. Food, light, and warmth, he had seen instantly were necessary; for luxuries he would wait. Wilson's eyes filled with tears as he saw Barton enter with his purchases. He understood it all; and longed to be once more in work, that he might help in some of these material ways, without feeling that he was using his son's money. But though "silver and gold had he none," he gave heart-service, and love-works of far more value. Nor was John Barton behind in these. . . . .

'The two men, rough, tender nurses as they were, lighted the fire, which smoked and puffed into the room, as if it did not know its way up the chimney. The children clamoured again for bread; but this time Barton took a piece first to the poor, helpless, hopeless woman, who still sat by the side of her husband, listening to his anxious miserable mutterings. She took the bread, when it was put into her hands, and broke a bit, but could not eat. She was past hunger. She fell down on the floor, with a heavy unresisting bang. The men looked puzzled. . . . .

'"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Wilson. "I'll take these two big lads, as does nought but fight, home to my missis's for to-night, and I will get a jug of tea. Them women always does best with tea and such like slops."

'So Barton was now left alone with a little child, crying (when it had done eating) for mammy; with a fainting dead-like woman; and with the sick man, whose mutterings were rising up to screams and shrieks of agonised anxiety. He carried the woman to the fire, and chafed her hands. He looked around for something to raise her

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head. There was literally nothing but some loose bricks. However, those he got; and taking off his coat, he covered them as well as he could. He pulled her feet to the fire, which now began to emit some faint heat. He looked round for water, but water there was none. He snatched up the child, and ran up the area steps to the room above, and borrowed their only saucepan with some water in it. Then he began, with the useful skill of a working man, to make some gruel. . . .'

Are there any of our readers, living in comfort and luxury, who can pause over this picture, and feel it to be true,—without a sickening of the heart, and a sense of shame and self-condemnation,—that multitudes of fellow-creatures, at least as deserving as ourselves, should be sinking under miseries like these, while we are daily wasting in vanities, or worse indulgences, what might be available for their relief? These are uneasy feelings, no doubt,—and we naturally seek to quiet them by such anodynes and restoratives as may be at hand. But may they not be salutary as well as uneasy? and may we not be merely inviting their recurrence, and endangering our permanent comfort, by flying too soon even to the allowed and approved remedies for them, which may be suggested? We are far from objecting, as may already be seen, to the administration of these remedies at the proper stage. But we think the first access of pain should not be repressed by their impatient application; and that all strong emotions, which naturally rise on certain occasions, should be permitted to run their course and obtain their full development, before we begin to question the wisdom which has rendered us subject to them,—or seek to subdue them by counter-agents, and dissipate them by the distraction of wide-ranging speculations. The sickening of the heart may often be the necessary preparative for its *softening;* and, before we gulp down our cordials to dispel it, it may be well to examine whether there may not be some morbid hardness at the bottom, which secretly aggravates the pang of the sickness, and will never let us rest till it be removed. Instead, then, of turning eagerly to the considerations which would persuade us that it is a false shame and a groundless self-reproach which have assailed us, let us examine ourselves jealously on the subject, and *make sure* that we are entitled to acquittal at an unerring tribunal, and that these painful impressions and overpowering sympathies have actually been sent to us in vain. In scenes like these there is no provocation and no reproach from the sufferers; and in their silence the low breathings of our own hearts and consciences may, therefore, be better heard.

Our immediate business, however, is with the class subject to

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such sufferings, and with the resources it finds in itself; and we are proud to be enabled to testify that the scene presented in this extract is not only true to individual life, but it is the expression of a general fact. There is scarcely any degree of trouble and self-denial which men in this class will not encounter to serve their fellow sufferers; and no service is more cheerfully and punctually repaid when the position of the parties is reversed. To the poor man, poverty greater than his own never appeals in vain:—

> 'To give the stranger's children bread,
> Of your precarious board the spoil—
> To watch your helpless neighbour's bed,
> And, sleepless, meet the morrow's toil;'

These are the daily offerings of mutual love which we witness among the lowest members of the struggling artisans. And perhaps they ought to surprise us less than they do: for in contrasting them with the comparative dulness and indifference of the wealthy to the sufferings of those below them, we are apt to lose sight of two very relevant considerations; one is, that sympathy—meaning by it fellow-feeling—*can* only exist in its fullest extent among persons of the same condition, surrounded by the same circumstances, inured to the same privations,—who know that the distress they are called upon to mitigate was their own yesterday, and may be their own again to-morrow. What is thus true sympathy between the poor, becomes, when transferred to the relation between rich and poor, what is commonly expressed by the word compassion—a sentiment far feebler and less complete. Moreover, the rich can never have the same knowledge of the troubles and difficulties of the poor, which the poor have of their own. Their paths lie apart. However much they may endeavour to visit among them, to become familiar with their circumstances, and acquainted with their griefs,—they *can* do all this, from the very nature of the case, only very imperfectly. There is not only the natural difficulty arising from discrepancy of life, feelings, and position, to be overcome; but the very shrinking and reluctant pride of the independent poor opposes another barrier. Difference of position, therefore, lies at the root of the alleged want of sympathy: And, inadequate knowledge—under circumstances in which the inadequacy is inevitable—must bear at least half the blame of the apparent want of compassion with which the more prosperous are charged. If rich and poor could but change places for a while, they would understand each other better ever afterwards—and make more allowances for their respective failings.

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Another consideration to which due weight is seldom allowed, is this: the cause which of all others most deadens and restrains the hand of charity, is the fear of bestowing it unworthily and mischievously. Immense difficulty is experienced by the rich, when they attempt to discriminate between cases of imposture and cases of real destitution,—between cases which it would be a duty and a delight, and cases which it would often be a sin and a mischief to relieve. The poor experience no such difficulty. They have to guard against no imposition: for imposition with them would be easily and certainly detected. Their means and their feelings may be safely taken therefore as guides.

But we are putting off the unpleasant part of our duty. There are representations made — at least impressions left — by the book before us which we have signalised as inaccurate and full of harm. Some of these we must proceed to notice; and first among them, the exaggeration of describing an animosity against masters and employers as the common quality and characteristic of the operative population. The narrative imports that the angry and vindictive feelings by which the soul of John Barton is absorbed, are constant and pervading.

'I saw (says the writer in the preface) that they were sore and irritable against the rich; the even tenor of whose seemingly happy lives appeared to increase the anguish caused by the lottery-like nature of their own. Whether the bitter complaints made by them, of the neglect which they experienced from the prosperous — especially from the masters whose fortunes they had helped to build up — were well founded or no, it is not for me to judge. It is enough to say that this belief of the injustice and unkindness which they endure from their fellow-creatures, taints what might be resignation to God's will, and turns it to revenge in too many of the poor uneducated factory-workers of Manchester. . . . At present they seem to me to be left in a state, wherein lamentations and tears are thrown aside as useless, but in which the lips are compressed for curses, and the hands clenched and ready to smite.'

Now we do not hesitate to say that the impression conveyed by such statements as this, is materially at variance with the truth. It is presumptuous perhaps to pronounce decidedly upon a point on which opinions will vary;—the experience of every man of course depending on the local and personal circumstances in which he has been thrown. But both our own observation, and the confirming views of others whose acquaintance with artisan life has been even more extensive and intimate than our own, enable us to speak with some confidence. It is unquestionably and unfortunately true that sentiments of animosity of this description do exist in a considerable degree, and in

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a degree which varies with the times. All that we contend for is, that they are exceptional, not general—local, limited, and transient,—and certainly not entertained by the working population at large. As a picture of an individual,—that is, of the feelings of this or that person,—John Barton is unhappily true to the life; as the type of a class, though a small one, he may be allowed to pass muster: but to bring him forward as a fair representative of the artisans and factory operatives of Manchester and similar towns generally, is a libel alike upon them and upon the objects of their alleged hatred. Much, no doubt, has been done, and is still being done, by those emissaries of ill-will who live upon the passions they excite, to create and foster bad feeling between classes so intimately bound together as the manufacturing capitalist and the manufacturing labourer. Much has been done, too, both by senators and journalists, through slanders protected by privilege of parliament, and propagated by that mighty press against whose injuries there is no defence, towards spreading among the more distant public the belief that this bad feeling does exist to a perilous extent. Notwithstanding which, however, we rejoice to know that the feeling is becoming every year rarer and less acrimonious; that it is more and more exclusively confined to the irregular, dissolute, and discontented *ex*-workmen who form the acting staff of trades' unions and delegations; and more and more exclusively directed against those employers — daily becoming fewer — who look upon the operatives they employ in the mingled light of coadjutors and antagonists — with whom their only concern is to drive as hard a bargain as they can; and that it is fast giving way before the increasing conviction of a common interest, and the humanising influence of faithful services rendered, on the one hand, and just treatment, willing aid, and benevolent kindness on the other.

There is, too, it seems to us, a double error, both an artistic error and an error of fact, in representing a man of Barton's intelligence and habits of reflection and discussion, to be so ignorant of the first principles of commercial and economic science as he is here described. Probably this arises from the writer's acknowledged unacquaintance with social and political economy herself, and from her ignorance how far the rudiments of these sciences have been mastered by the more thoughtful and the better educated artisans of our large towns. But indeed the lights and shades are thrown too strongly on every thing relating to John Barton. The effect may have thus been made more startling: but, we think, at the expense of probability. It is not that he has, more or less, two natures. That is common

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to us all. Our objection is, that his conduct is radically inconsistent with his qualities and character. He is not only an intelligent man, but a steady and skilful workman; and so confident in his own capacity always procuring for him certain employment, that he never, when in receipt of the highest wages (i. 33.), lays by a farthing for a time of sickness at home or stagnation of trade. Meanwhile, whenever these periods come, he is found cursing his masters instead of his own improvidence; spending his time and money on trades' unions, when both his child and himself are unsupplied with the barest necessaries of life; and wasting (as so many operatives do), in subscriptions for such objects, funds which, duly husbanded, would have saved his only son (whose loss, we are told, has warped his temper) from an early grave. Yet neither to the authoress, nor to the supposed subject of her delineation, is it at any time intimated as occurring that, if ever there was a clear case in which a man had to thank himself for most of his sorrows and misfortunes, John Barton's was that case. On the contrary, he is painted as utterly unconscious, even to the last, of his own improvidence and of its sinister influence on his condition. Instead of drawing from his privations those lessons of warning and remorse which, to an intellect like his, must have been as patent as the day, they are merely made to heap up fresh fuel for that funeral pile to which his senseless and vindictive passion is at last to set fire.

There is evil enough in the world, God knows and we all know, to try the temper, we will not say the faith, of both rich and poor; and the evils of society press often with crushing severity on the poor: —

'At all times it is a bewildering thing for the poor weaver to see his employer removing from house to house, each one grander than the last, till he ends in building one more magnificent than all, or withdraws his money from the concern, or sells his mill to buy an estate in the country, while all this time the weaver, who thinks that he and his fellows are the real makers of this wealth, is struggling on for bread for his children, through the vicissitudes of lowered wages, short hours, fewer hands employed, &c. And when he knows trade is bad, and could understand (at least partially) that there are not buyers enough in the market to purchase the goods already made, and consequently that there is no demand for more; when he would bear much without complaining, could he also see that his employers were bearing their share; he is, I say, bewildered, and (to use his own phrase) "aggravated" to see that all goes on just as usual with the mill-owners. Large houses are still occupied, while spinners and weavers' cottages stand empty, because the families that once occupied them are obliged to live in rooms or cellars. Carriages still roll

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along the streets, concerts are still crowded with subscribers, the shops for expensive luxuries still find daily customers, while the workman loiters away his unemployed time in watching these things, and thinking of the pale uncomplaining wife at home, and the wailing children asking in vain for enough of food, of the sinking health, of the dying life of those near and dear to him. The contrast is too great.'

The following quotation is from the same conversation between Barton and his friend Wilson of which we have already quoted a part. They are discussing the same subject — the difference between their masters' lot and their own: —

'" Barton, seeing he was likely to have his own way, went on.

' " You'll say (at least many a one does) they'n gotten capital, and we'n gotten none. I say, our labour's our capital, and we ought to draw interest on that. They get interest on their capital somehow all this time, while ourn is lying idle, else how could they all live as they do? Besides, there's many of them had nought to begin with; there's Carsons, and Duncombes, and Margies, and many another, as comed into Manchester with clothes to their back, and that were all, and now they're worth their tens of thousands, a' getten out of our labour; — why, the very land as fetched but sixty pounds twenty year agone is worth six hundred now, and that, too, is owing to our labour; — but look at yo, and see me, and poor Davenport yonder; whatten better are we? They'n screwed us down to the lowest peg, in order to make their great big fortunes, and build their great big houses, and we — why we're just clemming, many and many of us. Can you say there's nought wrong in this?"

' " Well, Barton, I'll not gainsay ye. But Mr. Carson spoke to me after the fire, and, says he, 'I shall ha' to retrench, and be very careful in my expenditure during these bad times, I assure ye;' — so yo see th' masters suffer too."

' " Han they ever seen a child o' their'n die for want of food?" asked Barton in a low deep voice.'

Now here was a most favourable occasion for pointing out the just reflections to be drawn from such a contrast; yet it is so entirely passed by, that we are constrained to conclude that they were unperceived by the writer herself. It is, we fear, too true that some envy and much exasperation do arise, at times, in the breasts of the more inconsiderate of the manufacturing poor, when they see those periods of commercial depression, which press so heavily upon themselves, borne so easily and with so little apparent privation by their masters. But there was only the more reason for seizing the opportunity to impress upon them both the real fact and the real philosophy of the case. It was only the more necessary to inform them (as numerous stoppages of wealthy firms might indeed readily bring home to their conviction) that their masters *do* suffer, and suffer most painfully, from those reverses and stagnation of trade which

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they imagine to fall solely on themselves; to picture, however cursorily, the position of those employers who, on such occasions, have seen the accumulations of years of patient and honest industry suddenly swept away, and who, at an advanced period of life, have had to set to work to reconstruct the shattered fabric of their fortunes — and of those who, compromised more deeply still, find the prospects of their children blighted, their objects defeated, and their occupation gone. It is not true that such periods as 1842, when the scene of the narrative is laid, pass lightly over any of the great employers of manufacturing labour. Their sufferings are not the less severe because the worst part of them are of a kind into which their dependents cannot at once enter. And the simple reason — the explanation which lies upon the surface — why they do not suffer as severely and as *obviously* as the operatives is, that *they*, in the days of prosperity, had laid by a portion of their earnings, and that the operatives had not; and that, therefore, when profits ceased and losses took their place — a change which long precedes the reduction of wages or the cessation of employment — they could subsist out of their previous savings, while the improvident operatives had no savings to fall back upon. How came it never to occur to the authoress, or to her hero, that had Mr. Carson (who is represented as having raised himself from the operative class) thought as little of saving as John Barton, who so envied and so wronged him, their condition and their sufferings, when the period of distress arrived, would have been precisely equal? It was, in truth, because the one had been prudent and foreseeing, and the other confident and careless — because the one had busied himself about his work, while the other had busied himself about unions and politics, that their positions, when the evil day came, which came alike to both, were so strangely contrasted.*

* We admit readily, however, and should always bear in mind, that the sufferings of the operative, even when occasioned by what may be called the total ruin of the master, are, while they last, greatly more intense than the master's. There is no instance, we suppose, of a bankrupt master being reduced to the squalid cellar life of the Davenports, or even to breaking stones on the highways, or to the asylum of the workhouse. Unless he has been fraudulent as well as unfortunate or imprudent, his connexions, or even his creditors, interpose to save him from these dreadful extremities; and it would be equally heartless and absurd to deny that *these* are beyond measure worse, and more trying both to our moral and our physical nature, than a mere descent from wealth to poverty, from the luxuries and vanities of life to its scantiest comforts, cares, and privations. There

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The forgetfulness — or the delusion, whichever it be — which we have here noted, is unhappily so common, and it discloses so much of the secret both of the present and the future condition of the manufacturing population, that we must dwell upon it for a few moments longer. People at a distance are not aware, either to what an extent the actual wealth of the master manufacturers is the result of patient savings from very moderate *average* profits, nor (which is our immediate point) of the extent to which saving is within the power of the factory operatives. In the first place, it should be known that, in spite of all we hear of fluctuations and stagnation of trade, this class suffers less perhaps than any other from variations of employment. There are two reasons for this: one is, that their employers, being generally wealthy, are able to carry on their business through any *ordinary* periods of depression, without curtailing or suspending production; in other words, they can afford to hold stocks. The other reason is, that the fixed capital employed is generally so large, and the consequent loss when it stands idle so enormous, that mills are never allowed to stop if it is *possible* to keep them going. A large manufacturer, according to the evidence of the factory inspectors, cannot stop his factory without a dead loss of from 4000*l.* or 5000*l.* a year. Profits, therefore, cease long before either wages or employment are affected; and it is only after a long continuance of unprofitable trade, that either are reduced. Operatives generally are now, indeed, aware of this fact; and, therefore, when their employer closes his mill, they know well what an amount of pecuniary pressure such a step indicates, and they feel that he must be truly a fellow-sufferer. In the winter of 1847–48, when, owing to the failure in the American cotton crop, a greater number of mills ceased working or reduced their hours of work,

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is this approach, however, to a compensation in the case of the operative, that his trials, though more bitter and overwhelming for the time, are generally shorter. The enterprising manufacturer, who loses in one desolating season the wealth accumulated by the patient and anxious labour of many preceding years, can seldom hope to regain either the fortune or the position he has lost; and he generally passes the remainder of his life a broken-spirited and unprosperous man — while as soon as employment returns, the operative is as well off, and too often as imprudent, as ever; and though the thoughtful and sensitive among them may be occasionally depressed or irritated by anticipating the probable recurrence of such terrible visitations, it is certainly true that a far larger proportion of them soon recover their natural cheerfulness, than is the case with the unfortunate among their employers.

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than had ever previously been the case, so well was this understood, that scarcely one angry murmur or reproach was heard, though the sufferings of the people were severe beyond all former example.

But not only is the employment of the factory population generally constant and regular, their wages also have long been, and doubtless will soon again be, comparatively very high. The wages of men in most such establishments, vary from 10*s.* to 40*s.*, and those of girls and women from 7*s.* to 15*s.* a week. And, as from the nature of the work, in which even children can be made serviceable, several individuals of the same family are generally employed, the earnings of a family will very frequently reach 100*l.* a year — and by no means unfrequently, when the father is an overlooker or a spinner, 150*l.* or 170*l.* — a sum on which families in a much higher rank contrive to live in decency and comfort. Saving then, out of such earnings, is obviously not only practicable but easy. Unhappily it is rare: for not only is much wasted at the ale-house (though less now than formerly); not only is much squandered in subscriptions to trades' unions and *strikes;* but among the more highly paid operatives, spinners especially, gambling both by betting and at cards is carried on to a deplorable extent.* Much also is lost by bad housewifery; and we do not scruple to affirm that, were it possible (and who shall say that it is not?) to transport among these people, those thrifty habits, that household management, that shrewd, sober, steady conduct, characteristic of the Scotch peasantry, and which are so well depicted in Somerville's 'Autobiography of a 'Working Man;' not merely comfort, but wealth and independence, would speedily become the rule instead of the exception among our Manchester artisans. Even as it is, we are cognisant of many cases where hundreds — in some instances thousands — of pounds have been laid by, for future calls, by factory workmen. Indeed, whenever you find one of this class too sensible or too religious to frequent the ale-house, too shrewd or too peaceable to subscribe to clubs or turn-outs, and wise enough to spend his money efficiently, or to marry a wife who can; you are almost sure to learn that he has some independent property — often deposited in his master's hands, oftener still laid out in the purchase of cottages or railway shares. Many of them

* We have now lying before us some particulars, showing the prevalence of this vice, in one single factory. One man had lost 7*l.*, another 3*l.*, another 2*l.* 10*s.* in a single night at cards. In the same mill the losses incurred on one occasion, in the betting on a foot-race, by the hands in one department only, exceeded 12*l.*

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become in time managers of mills, and, ultimately, proprietors and master manufacturers.

As a confirmation of this statement, and as a contrast to the unnatural blindness and self-delusion of John Barton, we will give a picture drawn from the life by one thoroughly acquainted with the operative classes in the northern end, at least, of the island. It is an account of the actual progress upwards of a young mechanic, given by Mr. Robert Chambers.

'Englishmen have much to be thankful for, inasmuch as there is probably no country on the face of the globe where sober, industrious, young mechanics and labourers can so soon raise themselves to ease, comparative independence, and comfort, as in England. Many instances in real life might be given in proof thereof. Yet our present purpose may be best answered by presenting the case of one, who, having lost his father and mother in childhood, has been indebted to the kind-hearted for the school learning he has acquired. During his apprenticeship he gained little beyond habits of industry. In the seven years of his apprenticeship, his master fell from a respectable station to one of abject poverty; owing to his taking the one glass, then the two, three, four, and onwards, till by steps almost imperceptible, his business and family were neglected, whilst he joined his associates at the ale-house. But let us not dwell on this sad picture. On completing his twenty-first year, our orphan boy engaged in a situation where he received 15*s.* per week wages; eight shillings of which he appropriated to food and lodgings, and two shillings to clothing, and a few books, to rub up his school-day learning. Warned by the example of his late master, he shunned the ale-house, and his steady conduct soon gained him the confidence of his employer, who, at the end of his first year, raised his wages to twenty-one shillings per week. At the end of the second year he found himself possessed of 40*l.*; five shillings per week had been regularly deposited in the bank for savings during the first year, which amounted to 13*l.*; and in the second year eleven shillings per week, which was 28*l.* 12*s.* more. We need not follow him step by step in his steady but onward course. He has now been nineteen years in his present situation; for the last ten he has been the foreman, with a salary of thirty shillings per week. Twelve years ago he married a virtuous young woman, and he has now six fine children. The house he lives in is his own: a good garden is attached to it, and a fruitful and lovely spot it is; it serves as an excellent training ground for his children, whose very amusements in it are turned to good account. The mother brought no fortune with her, except herself. She had indeed lived as servant some years in a respectable family, where she had high wages; but all she could spare was devoted to the support of an infirm mother, who on her marriage was received into her husband's house, where the evening of her life is rendered happy. How is it, you ask, that a man of forty years of age, who has had nothing to depend upon but his own labour — who has a wife and six children and an infirm mother-in-law to support — can have bought a piece of

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ground, built a house upon it, and can have it well furnished, and, after all, has upwards of 200*l.* out on interest? for he has been a servant all along, and is a servant still. Well, let us see if we can find out how it is. In the first place, and which after all is the main point, he spends nothing at the ale-house. The money which too many worse than waste there, he saves. At the age of twenty-three we find he had in the bank of savings 40*l.*

At the age of	24	he has	£70
„	25	„	102
„	26	„	135
„	27	„	170
„	28	„	206

He now marries, and expends on furniture 40*l.*, reducing the amount at interest to 166*l.*, but his wages are now advanced to 25*s.* per week; his saving of 5*s.* per week and interest in one year amount to 21*l.*, added to 166*l.*, makes 187*l.* when twenty-nine years of age.

'At thirty years of age he has 210*l.*; wages now 30*s.* per week; saves 10*s.* and interest; he has 237*l.* at thirty-one years of age; at thirty-two he has 286*l.*; buys a plot of ground for 100*l.*, expends 150*l.* in building his dwelling-house, so that he reduces his money at interest to 36*l.*, saves his 10*s.* per week and interest on 36*l.* — 27*l.* 16*s.*, makes 63*l.* 16*s.* at the age of thirty-three.

At 34	he has	£93
— 35	he has	125
— 36	he has	155
— 37	he has	181
— 38	he has	207

He now expends the interest, and saves only 10*s.* per week.

At 39	he has	233
— 40	he has	250

in addition to his house and garden.'

It is with many such facts as these fresh in our recollection, and with the knowledge that such facts might easily become characteristic of a whole class, — instead of remaining that of isolated individuals, — that we feel most vividly the injurious tendency of a tale like 'Mary Barton,' where these facts are wholly ignored, and the salutary conclusions to be drawn from them neglected or suppressed. The whole book, too, is pervaded by one fatally false idea, which seems to have taken possession of the writer's mind, and can scarcely fail to be impressed with equal vividness on the merely passive reader, viz. that the poor are to look to the rich, and not to themselves, for relief and rescue from their degraded condition and their social miseries. An impression more utterly erroneous, more culpably shallow, more lamentably mischievous, it is difficult to conceive. It strikes at the root of all social improvement. It is a thoughtless echo of

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the virulent declamations daily sounded in the ears of the artisans by the worst of their intestine enemies. For who are the men who thus habitually labour to persuade the operatives to lay the burden of their own sins and follies at the door of their employers? Never the really distressed — never those who have struggled manfully against destitution, and have struggled in vain; but very generally those who have thrown up lucrative employment, because they preferred travelling and haranguing to steady and honest toil; — or those whose dissolute and turbulent conduct has occasioned their dismissal, and rendered them marked and dishonoured men throughout the trade; or those who (like some we have already mentioned) will spend in card-playing or betting, in a single night, the income of many weeks.

The plain truth cannot be too boldly spoken, nor too frequently repeated: the working classes, and they only, can raise their own condition; to themselves alone must they look for their elevation in the social scale; their own intellect and their own virtues must work out their salvation; their fate and their future are in their own hands, — and in theirs alone. Of the power of the agricultural population to do all this, we should speak more doubtingly, if we spoke at all; but in reference to the manufacturing and mechanical operatives, we speak with the conviction of positive knowledge (and the facts we have just mentioned cannot fail, we think, to obtain some credit for us, with most of our readers,) when we pronounce, that for them to be as well off in *their* station as their employers are in theirs — as well provided against the evil day of depression and reverse — as comfortable, according to their standard of comfort, in their daily life — as respectable in their domestic circumstances, — little more is necessary than that they should emulate their employers instead of envying them; that they should imitate their prudence and worldly wisdom, their unresting diligence, their unflagging energy, their resolute and steady economy. It is not higher wages, nor more unvarying employment that our artisans need. As it is, they are more highly paid than many clerks, many schoolmasters, many curates. But, with their present habits, twice their present earnings would not mend their position. The want is moral, not material:—a better education, to give purer tastes and higher aims, — strength and sense to withstand present temptation, — the courage to differ from their associates, and to pursue unflinchingly their chosen course.

With these qualities, they would have no need to call on the rich or on the legislature to assist them. They could attain the desired position without asking aid from their employers. In the absence of these qualities, no aid from any quarter can avail

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them one iota. The efforts of all the philanthropists that ever *ran a-muck* at evil could not render them any permanent service. Endow the wealthy employers of labour with all power and all knowledge, imbue their hearts with the kindliest affections, let them call in legislative aid without measure and without stint; and all combined would still remain as incompetent as at present, to bestow one real blessing, to render one abiding service to men who will lend no helping hand to their own emancipation, who persist in standing aloof from the cure of their own malady, and expect to achieve comfort and independence, while refusing to pay down the appointed purchase-money of frugality and foresight. The desperate delusion that the evils of society are to be remedied from *without*, not from *within*, that the people are to be passive parties,—and not the principal, almost the sole, agents,—in their own rehabilitation, has met with far too general countenance in quarters where sounder wisdom might have been looked for. The language held on this subject in parliament, by the periodical press, and in such works as this before us, has gone far to confirm their notions of their own helplessness, and thus perpetuate their supineness; and, by so doing, has inflicted a degree of mischief on the labouring class, which, if it be persevered in, all the benevolent exertions made to relieve them must prove utterly powerless to countervail. The sounder, sterner, healthier doctrine, which we have ventured to enunciate,—hard as it may seem to preach it in a period of distress,—is the only one which can prevent this distress from perpetual and aggravated recurrence. The language which every true friend to the working man will hold to him, is this: 'Trust to no external source 'for your prosperity in life; work out your own welfare; 'work it out with the tools you have. The charter may be 'a desirable object, the franchise may be worth obtaining; but 'your happiness, your position in life, will depend neither on 'the franchise nor the charter, neither on what parliament does, 'nor on what your employer neglects to do; but simply and 'solely upon the use you make of the fifteen or thirty shillings 'which you earn each week, and upon the circumstance whether 'you marry at twenty or at twenty-eight, and whether you 'marry a sluggard and a slattern or a prudent and industrious 'woman.' We are as certain as we can be of anything, that, if the factory operatives and mechanics were possessed of the education, the frugality, the prudence, and the practical sense which generally distinguish their employers, no change whatever, either in the regularity or the remuneration of their work, would be

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needed, to place them, as a body, in a state of independence, dignity, and comfort.

The peculiar feature in the character of the manufacturing operatives, which, next to their careless and spendthrift habits, has wrought them most suffering, and which, when we regard their immediate future, has saddened us at times almost to despondency, is their want of moral courage, of resolute individual will. No one, who has not been a close observer of them, can have a conception of the ease with with they are led to act, not only against their own interests, but against their own wishes, by any person of their own class who chooses to assume the right of giving orders. Instances are of yearly, sometimes almost of daily occurrence, where numbers in receipt of comfortable wages, in regular work, under an employer whom they respect and like, enjoying, in fact, a position in every way satisfactory, and without any alleged or even imagined ground of complaint, have suddenly left their work, and thrown up all these advantages, on receiving a command to do so — without even waiting to ascertain whether the command emanated from a competent authority, sometimes even without waiting to inquire by whom the command was given. Instances have come to our knowledge where a whole class of factory operatives have struck work in a body, simply because one or two discontented individuals of their own number told them to do so, — although the vast majority obeyed with the greatest unwillingness, and though the certain consequences were severe suffering. In the year 1842, cases occurred of hundreds of quarry-men and masons throwing down their tools and retiring to their homes, — thus depriving themselves and their families of food, — for no other reason than because a man had run into the place where they were working, and had told them that they were not to strike another stroke! The idea of resistance to an order emanating from one of themselves, or from a union committee, formed (though they know not and inquire not how) out of their own body, seems never to occur to them. They have no power of *will*. The minority — often a very small, unknown, and invisible minority — commands the whole. Most *strikes*, in fact, are the act of the few against the wishes of the many. This non-resistance arises in part from the want of individual character among the operatives, — 'they don't like (they say) not to do as 'the others do;' — and partly from the considerations thus expressed by a shrewd old workman in the book before us: —

'"You're one of the Union, Job?" asked Mary.

'"Aye, — I'm one, sure enough; but I'm but a sleeping partner

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in the concern. I were obliged to become a member for peace, else I don't go along with 'em. You see my folly is this, Mary. I would take what I could get; I think half a loaf is better than no bread. I would work for low wages rather than sit idle and starve. But then comes the Trades' Union, and says, 'Well, if you take the half loaf, we'll worry you out of your life. Will you be clemmed, or will you be worried?' Now clemming is a quiet death, and worrying isn't; so I choose clemming, and come into the Union."'

This inability to resist evil counsel, this fatal facility of temper, is the more serious in our estimation, because we do not see how it is to be cured. It is unquestionably significant of a low degree of intellectual culture; but it is at the same time a weakness which these classes share with many far above them in social rank and educational advantages. Mere instruction does not confer strength of will and courage for individual action. The number of those in any class who dare to think and act for themselves in opposition to the more active and noisy among them is lamentably small; and we cannot reasonably expect it to be greater among uneducated operatives than elsewhere, though perhaps in no rank does it produce more sad results.

There are several minor points in which the authoress of 'Mary Barton' has laid herself open to serious criticism, which want of space compels us to pass by. Two, however, we must notice. The first is the countenance she gives to the trite and shallow error, that labour is a curse, — that the poor are to be pitied for the obligation to daily toil which their state imposes, and that the poor *only* are ordained to toil. These popular misconceptions, which so many writers reiterate without reflection, carry with them the seeds of much mischief. The very expression so commonly employed — '*condemned* to labour' — conveys a radically false view of human nature. It implants in the mind of the poor man the idea that the condition of his existence is a hardship; and in the mind of the rich the still more fatal fallacy, that idleness is a dignity and a privilege. Two worse errors could scarcely take possession of the popular mind; and probably the greatest service rendered by Mr. Carlyle to the cause of social truth and progress, is due to the vigour with which he has attacked them, and has vindicated the happiness and the nobility of labour. The doctrine that the necessity of labour is a blessing, and not a curse, cannot be insisted upon too strongly. It is to this very necessity that mankind owes not only its first redemption from the savage state, but every step of its advance in a civilisation, from which, we trust, a great deal more may be expected still.

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The misery and worthlessness of those who—exempted from the need of labouring for their daily bread—find no intellectual or social work calling on them for exertion—'the killing languor 'and over-laboured lassitude of those who have nothing to do,'—if it could be faithfully depicted, would send back many a discontented artisan to his anvil or his loom, pacified and thankful:—

'How men would mock at Pleasure's shows,
Her golden promise, if they knew
What weary work she is to those
Who have no better work to do!'

While, on the other hand, the severe application, the grinding anxieties of the merchant and the civil engineer, the weary eye, the exhausted brain, the shattered nerves of the statesman, the student, the lawyer, or the mathematician, would appal those on whom is laid the far easier task of manual exertion. That, unremunerated toil is a heavy weird, no man will deny; but this is probably rarer among daily labourers than among any other class. That, toil so unremitting as to wear out the frame, and leave no leisure for domestic enjoyments or for intellectual culture, is a sore evil, is no less unquestionable; but it is an evil shared in this country by nearly all classes. Those who do not work at all, none but a worthless sluggard will envy; and those who work, either with the hand or brain, whether lawyers, senators, merchants, or operatives, have all to work harder than is desirable. The cure for this general social evil must be sought in the gradual spread of simpler habits, and in a juster appreciation of the great objects of our being,—that is of our existence here on earth. But, that the poor have any *special* reason to complain of excessive toil,—far less, that they are entitled to murmur because daily labour is their lot in life—is a statement to which we can never subscribe; since we believe it to be any thing but true. What says one of their kindest hearted friends?—

'Heart of the People!—Working men!
Marrow and nerve of human powers;
Who on your sturdy backs sustain
Through streaming Time this world of ours;

'Hold by that title—which proclaims
That ye are undismayed and strong,
Accomplishing whatever aims
May to the sons of earth belong.

'Yet not on ye alone depend
These offices, or burdens fall;
Labour, for some or other end,
Is lord and master of us all.

* * * *

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'Then in content possess your hearts,
Unenvious of each other's lot;
For those which seem the easiest parts
Have travail which ye reckon not.

And he is bravest, happiest, best,
Who, from the task within his span,
Earns for himself his evening rest,
And an increase of good for man.'

The second of the two faults in 'Mary Barton,' to which we have referred, is this. There is an impression left by it upon the mind—an impression, too, which is the legitimate and inevitable result of the statements and the descriptions it contains—which yet is so unfounded and so unjust as almost to expose the writer to the charge of culpable misrepresentation. It would be impossible for any one to read 'Mary Barton,' and take from it his opinion of the relations between rich and poor in the manufacturing towns, without coming to the conclusion (even if it were not distinctly asserted, as at page 130. of the first volume, and elsewhere,) that there exists an entire want of kindly feeling between them,—that the sufferings of the operatives are entirely disregarded by their employers, and that no effort is made to relieve them, even in times of the severest pressure. Now every one acquainted with the districts in question will bear us out, when we affirm that no representation can be further from the truth. The writer sinks, as if ignorant of them—and we hope she is—a whole class of facts, of which, however, it is scarcely possible that she should have been totally uninformed. For it is notorious, that in no town are there better organised or more efficient charities than in Manchester. Besides the usual medical institutions, infirmaries, dispensaries, eye-hospitals, lying-in-hospitals, &c., —which are unusually numerous and accessible—there is a district visiting society (and it has been in operation many years) which would render the unknown and unrelieved existence of such distress, as is described in the case of the Davenports, almost impossible. In the two periods of severest distress which have been known of late years, in 1842 and 1847,—when, owing to the stagnation of trade, many operatives were partially, and some wholly, unemployed—the most vigorous efforts were made by the philanthropic of all classes to bring relief home to every poor man's door. In 1842 soup kitchens were open for eight months; soup and rice to the extent of 800 gallons were distributed—affording relief to about 4000 persons daily. In 1847 nearly double the amount was subscribed for the same purpose; and from 6000 to 8000 individuals received gratuitously

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for many months daily rations of bread and soup. At Stockport, a much smaller town, and one almost exclusively inhabited by master manufacturers and their workmen, the amount of subscriptions raised during the distress of 1842 was 4200*l.*, besides several hundred tons of coal which were distributed among the poor; and for several months the average number of individuals relieved every week exceeded 14,000. Similar assistance was afforded with equal liberality in Bolton, Bury, and most other towns. In addition to this, master manufacturers, in many instances, distributed to their unemployed people large quantities of soup and flour for months together,—doing all indeed that the nature of the case possibly admitted of. Nor were the masters, of whom we are speaking, men of uncommon benevolence. In fact, we do not believe that any manufacturers could be found (unless, perhaps, some few of the neediest and most uneducated) who did not attend, at once and gladly, to any application for assistance from their own people — even where they might not take the initiative in searching out cases of privation. We have good reason to believe, also, that there are very few reputable families among the factory operatives, who have not some friends among the upper classes to whom they could apply on such an occasion. That a steady and religious family, like the Davenports, could have fallen into the state of helpless and squalid wretchedness which the authoress has depicted, no one acquainted with the poor of Manchester will easily believe; or that families like the Bartons and the Wilsons would not have been readily assisted in the time of want by their former employers. Therefore we say, that in so resolutely ignoring all the kindness felt for the people, and all the willing and anxious assistance rendered to them by their employers, the authoress of 'Mary Barton' has borne false witness against a whole class,—has most inconsiderately fostered the ill-opinion of them known to exist in certain quarters — and has, unintentionally no doubt, but most unfortunately, flattered both the prejudices of the aristocracy and the passions of the populace.

The basis of the book — the master idea which pervades it — is the old dispute between capital and labour — as to the *distribution* of that wealth which is the joint production of the two. The operative is represented as utterly bewildered by seeing his employer, to all appearance, steadily and rapidly advancing in the world, in spite of the vicissitudes of trade; while he himself, in consequence of those vicissitudes, is left to struggle, and often to struggle in vain, for daily bread. He is said to be disgusted and enraged at that *unequal division* of the profits of their combined exertions, in which alone he can find the explanation of

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this irritating difference in their lot. Now, it is unquestionably true that this feeling does exist in the minds of many operatives; though the intensity and the prevalence of it are both exaggerated. It is manifest, too, that the writer before us shares in the feeling; and recent publications have shown that it is shared also by economists and thinkers of a far higher order. In fact this 'vehement and bitter cry of labour against capital,'* for a fairer division of profits, is as old as society itself, and will endure as long—because it arises from that principle in human nature which must always make every man an unjust judge in his own cause, and an unreasonable distributor of funds to be taken from the pockets of other people. It is rarely indeed that two parties can be satisfied by the most equitable distribution of any spoil. The existence, therefore, of the alleged feeling of discontent among the manufacturing operatives, is not even *primâ facie* evidence that the discontent is well founded. Still, the opinion that it is so is so widely spread, and suggestions of plans to remedy the supposed inequitable apportionment of the profits of manufacturing industry have of late received the sanction of such high authority, that we must devote a short space to an attempt to put the matter in a practical and proper light.

The theory of the case may be thus briefly stated:—The capitalist and the workman *are*, no doubt, joint agents—co-operators—partners, in fact—in the production of a certain article (say cotton cloth), and joint sharers in the profits arising out of its sale. The capitalist supplies funds, machinery, and superintendence; the workman supplies handicraft skill and manual labour. At the end of the year, or, of some shorter period, the net returns are to be divided between them, in a

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* Mr. Macaulay has given us a curious specimen (Hist. of Eng. i. p. 419.) of this in an old ballad, which was popular in the time of Charles II. 'The master clothier is satirically introduced,—declaring, that

> '"In former ages we used to give,
> So that our workfolks like farmers did live;
> But the times are changed, we will make them to know.
> * * * *
> We will make them to work hard for sixpence a day,
> Tho' a shilling they deserve, if they had their just pay;
> If at all they murmur, and say 'tis too small,
> We bid them choose whether they'll work at all.
> And thus we do gain all our wealth and estate,
> By many poor men that work early and late."'

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proportion either formally agreed upon, or tacitly decided by custom.

But the labourer is a poor man — he has no stores in his cupboard, and no money in his purse. He must purchase food, clothing, and shelter from day to day; and therefore cannot wait till the end of the year to receive his share of the common gain. The capitalist, therefore, should advance to him what it is thought probable that his share will amount to — *minus*, perhaps, the interest on the advance; and, possibly, some further small deduction to compensate the risk of having over-estimated the workman's share.

But further: the results of a manufacturing enterprise are sometimes not profit but loss — always occasional loss — frequently loss for years together — sometimes even loss on the whole. But the workman, who could not bear to wait, can still less bear his share of loss; the capitalist, therefore, has to encounter all the losses, for he cannot call upon the labourer to refund the wages he has received.

The original compact (tacit or formal)* by which the division of profits would have been otherwise determined has thus become modified, *for the convenience of the workman*, into the form in which we at present see it. The workman receives his share of the profits *before* any profits are made; he receives his share in years in which no profit is made; he receives it in years when profits are changed into losses; he receives it sometimes when his master is being gradually ruined in the partnership, which — if he be but prudent — will have enriched *him*. What deductions from his original share should be made in consideration of all these predicates? It is evident that, in common justice, he

* Pothier, in his 'Treatise on Partnership,' and after him Kent (Lecture 43. of his 'Commentaries'), assume, that in partnerships, where the contribution by one consists entirely of money, and entirely of labour by the other, each party should share in the profit, in proportion to the value of what he brings into the common stock; and in the loss in a ratio to the gain to which he would, if the business had succeeded, have been entitled. Paley's rule is as follows: 'From the stock of the partnership deduct the sum advanced, and 'divide the remainder between the monied partner and the labouring 'partner, in the proportion of the interest of the money to the wages 'of the labourer, allowing such a rate of interest as money might be 'borrowed for upon the same security, and such wages as a journeyman 'would require for the same labour and trust.' Paley was too sensible a man to suppose that *any* share in the losses can ever really fall upon the labouring partner: in compensation for which eventual disadvantage to the monied partner, he allows him interest on his money at six per cent. upon a division of the profits.

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cannot expect to receive as much as if he waited till profits were realised, and bore his proportion of losses, when losses were incurred.

The workman's wages then, are his share of the profits commuted into a fixed payment. This commuted share he is secure of receiving as long as the manufacturing enterprise in which he is engaged actually goes on. The capitalist alone endures all the losses, alone furnishes all the advances, alone encounters the risk of ruin, and receives only that share of profit which may remain over, after the labourer's 'commuted share' is paid. The workman's share is a first mortgage, the capitalist's share is only a reversionary claim.

When these matters are duly weighed, and when, in connection with them, the history and the fluctuations of that trade, in the great centre of which the scene of 'Mary Barton' is laid, are dispassionately considered, we do not believe that any man, whether operative or not, could conscientiously come to the conclusion, that the master manufacturers — abusing their advantages in the labour-market — have generally engrossed a larger proportion of profit than of right belongs to them. It is a great, though natural mistake, to think only of the masters who succeed. But we have the very recent fact before us, that in the year 1847, hundreds among them lost at one blow the earnings of many previous years of patient and plodding industry. We know how many have become bankrupts; and how many more have compounded with their creditors, during the disastrous fluctuations of the last twelve years. We have many examples, too, not only of masters who became poor, but of operatives who became rich; and stepped into the class of masters, by savings out of their wages, — their 'commuted share' of profit. (The Mr. Carson of the present story is represented as one of these: we are told that he and George Wilson were at one time rival candidates for the hand of the same young woman.) We have the evidence (see the 'Report of a Committee of the House of Lords upon 'Burdens on Land') of one of the largest manufacturers, that the average profits of the cotton trade during the last twenty years were little more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the capital employed. We have the fact, notorious in the manufacturing districts, that many of the wealthiest spinners are wealthy only because they annually lay by a large sum, not out of the present profits of their business, but out of the interest of their capital. And, finally, we have the very significant fact, that the operatives themselves, whenever asked to specify the proportion of profit which they imagine their masters to obtain, and which they would themselves assign to them for their capital and superin-

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tendence under a co-operative system, invariably (we believe) name a far larger proportion than is actually realised, except in cases of singular good fortune. The following evidence, given some years ago by a very intelligent agitator among them, is very instructive. He was desirous that a number of workmen should combine their savings, and start a mill on their own account, on the co-operative system; and, after some conversation as to the feasibility of the scheme in its preliminary arrangements, he is asked,—

'Supposing, then, all difficulties as to capital overcome, a proper building erected, proper machinery obtained, and all contentions as to which of the co-operatives should take the best, and which the worst and most irksome labour, settled, and proper subordination obtained, there still comes the business of buying the raw material; and, next, that of selling the manufactured product;—a business, you will admit, requiring much skill, promptly applied, to guard against loss or bankruptcy. How would you that a committee should transact such business in the market?—For that business it might undoubtedly be expedient that they should select some skilful and trustworthy person.

'Who—having a large capital and the success of the undertaking in his hand, and being open to the temptations of embezzlement, or to large bribes on the betrayal of his trust,—you would perhaps think it right should be well paid, to diminish those temptations?—Certainly, I see no objections to that; he ought to be well paid.

'That being so, what would you, an operative capitalist, be willing to give to such a person for the management of your 100*l.* share productively, for obtaining and superintending the fitting machinery, selecting and buying skilfully the raw commodity, and selling the manufactured produce, without any labour or care on your part?—I have never considered the subject in that point of view, and can hardly say; but I should think 4*l.* or 5*l.* a-year (or 4 to 5 per cent.) would not be unreasonable. I should not object to that.

'It may surprise you, and it is well that you and the respectable mechanics engaged in this branch of manufacture should know, that the service spoken of is all rendered to them for one half,—now, indeed, when trade is depressed, for less than one fourth,—of that sum which you, and perhaps they, would deem a fair remuneration. That the 100*l.* capital is furnished, the building erected, the machinery chosen and supplied, the raw material purchased, the labour in working it up directed, the markets vigilantly attended, and the sales of the manufactured article faithfully made at the best price, and without any care or thought on their parts; and that the manufacturer who does all this, is well satisfied with a remuneration of 40*s.* or 50*s.* per cent. per annum.' (Evidence of Rowland Detrosier. First Report of Constabulary Force Commissioners, p. 156.)

It is the opinion of several most able thinkers among them, as also of Mr. Babbage and Mr. Mill, that a better feeling would

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be promoted between operatives and their employers, and the interests of both materially promoted, by some arrangement which should render the former more *obviously* sharers in the profits of manufacturing enterprise, and more promptly affected by the fluctuations of those profits, than they are under the present system; — by some plan, in fact, of paying them *a portion only* of their earnings in the form of fixed wages, *as advances on account,* and the remainder at the end of the year, out of the profits when actually realised. Some of the most intelligent and benevolent of our great employers of labour, have turned their attention to the same subject, — and have even made practical experiments upon it. Now, we admit at once that such a plan, if practicable, would be most desirable for the interests of both parties; and that the master manufacturer would certainly not be the party least benefited by its adoption. We have considered all that Mr. Mill has written on the subject in his recent invaluable work, with the attention due to every thing which he puts forth; and with the prepossession which we always have that so profound and dispassionate a thinker must be right; and we have discussed the matter with experienced men of practice, under the sincerest desire to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion. But we are obliged to declare that the difficulties of the scheme seem to us insuperable.

The legal impediments we pass over at once, because these are remediable by legislation. But a practical difficulty meets us *in limine.* If the workmen already receive in the form of wages their full and due proportion of the common gain — and we have expressed our conviction that this is the case — then it is evident that they can only become sharers in the distribution of the annual profits by foregoing a portion of their present fixed salaries. They must receive their share of the profits *in lieu of, not in addition to,* the whole or a part of their weekly wages. The first step to the proposed arrangement must, therefore, be an immediate reduction of the weekly payment to the workmen. Now, the men who would submit to such a diminution of their present certain earnings, for the sake of a fluctuating and uncertain, though, it might be, larger, addition to their future receipts, we believe to be few indeed. Under these circumstances, the objection to the conversion of the operatives from the condition of salaried servants to that of real partners, would, we are convinced, come from the operatives themselves.

In the second place, — supposing this first difficulty to be surmounted — what must be done in years of loss, especially when those years of loss occur two or three in succession? These years of manufacturing losses are generally years of a

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high price of food. Under a partnership system, therefore, the operative would find himself with diminished earnings and increased expenditure, aggravated by the proportion of loss which at the end of the year would fall to his share, and which — as he would probably have no means of meeting it — must remain as a debt due from him to his employer, to be repaid when profitable years recurred. The repayment of this debt, which would come before him in this naked form, viz. that his master was realising large profits whilst he was gaining nothing, but simply obliterating an old debt, would create endless dissatisfaction and ill-will; and would, we are certain, lead to a far worse state of feeling between the parties than exists at present. Moreover, it is to be doubted whether the substitution of fluctuating and uncertain for regular earnings, would not rather tend to promote a spirit of gambling and improvidence. We fear that the partnership system demands a degree of moral and social progress which our manufacturing population, clever and intelligent as they are, are yet far from having attained.

In the third place, the plan could not be made to *work*. Putting aside the difficulties which would arise in the case we have supposed, of a workman in debt to his master, perhaps for years together, and the consequent disputes and recriminations which could scarcely fail to arise as to who was responsible for the bad success of the undertaking; — passing over the discouragement of the workman, and his constant temptation to cancel his debt by changing his master, we must not forget, when we come to regard the question with a view to practice, that a factory employs on an average about 500 workpeople. Of these many are *floating*, come and go as the whim seizes them, some remaining a few months, others only a few weeks. How could *their* interests be fairly arranged, on the partnership plan? Then, several of the people are careless, lazy, or drunken, and require to be summarily dismissed. But how could you dismiss men who have a reserved claim on the profits of the concern?

It is, no doubt, quite possible, and even easy, to give to some of *the principal workmen* employed in factories, the foremen of the various departments for example, a certain per centage of the yearly profits, in addition to their fixed salary. And this is a plan by no means unfrequently adopted by employers, for the sake of stimulating the care and zeal of those on whom so much depends. But even in these cases, though the men are select and highly educated in comparison with their fellows, no attempt is ever made, we believe, to make them sharers in *losses* as well as in gains. The share they receive is simply an additional salary or bonus, given when the business is profitable; is, in

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fact, neither more nor less than an advance in wages, withdrawn when the capitalist can no longer afford to give it.

On the whole, therefore, we incline to the belief that the present system of commuting the workman's share of the common profits into a fixed weekly stipend, though not, perhaps, theoretically the most perfect, is, at least, the one which, under the circumstances, is the most beneficial to him, and the only one which is at present practicable. If it does not give him the same interest in his work which a formal partnership might do, it secures to him regular and ample earnings; and greatly tends to evade that heart-burning animosity and those perpetual disputes, which any other arrangement could scarcely fail to produce.* Under it we are satisfied that the workman *does* receive his fair share, if not more than his fair share, of the profits actually realised; and if he expends them with a due regard to economy, he will in a few years — as a general rule — be able to amass a sum which would enable him to become a capitalist while remaining a workman, — and thus realise some of the benefits of both conditions.

The introduction of the continental law which permits partnerships *en commandite*, as they are called, or partnerships with limited liability on the part of the inferior shareholders, would greatly facilitate this result. We quote Mr. Mill's account of this law.

'The other kind of limited partnership which demands our 'attention is that in which the managing partner or partners are 'responsible with their whole fortunes for the engagements of 'the concern, but have others associated with them who con- 'tribute only definite sums and are not liable for anything 'beyond, though they participate in the profits according to 'any rule that may be agreed upon. This is called partnership '*en commandite;* and the partners with limited liability, to 'whom, by the French law, all interference in the management 'of the concern is interdicted, are called *commanditaires.* Such 'partnerships are not permitted by the English law; whoever 'shares in the profits is liable for the debts to as plenary an 'extent as the managing partner. For such prohibition no 'rational defence has ever, so far as I am aware, been made.'— *Mill's Pol. Econ.* ii. 465.

We have already, we fear, overstepped our limits, and with one or two remarks more, we will conclude.

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* It must be noticed that most of the workmen in factories have already a direct interest in the work, arising from being paid by *the work done*, not by the *day*.

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'Mary Barton' is called a tale of Manchester life; its scenes are principally laid there, and its characters — masters and men — are manufacturers. But the fearful contrasts between rich and poor, which it is the great object of the story to depict and darken, together with the moral lessons which the delineations are intended to convey, have long been common to town and country. The chasm which separates the employer and the employed is at least as wide, we apprehend, in Dorsetshire as in Lancashire. Lazarus lies at the gate of Dives in both places — by the park palings of the squire as well as on the hall-steps of the cotton lord — and the temptations and provocations — the seeds out of which Esthers and John Bartons grow — undoubtedly abound in both, though not perhaps quite to the same extent. We cannot need a Crabbe to come again to tell us this. There was nothing in the extremity of their Manchester destitution, which the Davenports, immigrants from Buckinghamshire, are described as dreading so much, as to be sent back to their rural home.

Some improbabilities, too, take off considerably from our pleasure in these volumes. We cannot believe that the long coquetting of the heroine, Mary Barton, a weaver's daughter and apprenticed to a milliner, with Henry Carson, a young master manufacturer and one of the beaux of Manchester — still less her long ill-usage of her rough and faithful lover, Jem Wilson, and her sudden and passionate devotion to him — are consistent with the sense and spirit all along attributed to her. And though there are many forms in which the devil, 'out of our weakness and our melancholy, abuses us to damn 'us,' we do not think that the manly and tender nature of John Barton should have been made answerable for his perdition. But in concluding, we must again express our sense of the high literary merit of the work, and our conviction also, that both its value and its chance of lasting popularity would have been far greater, had the writer endeavoured to represent the real position of the operative classes, rather than the inaccurate and distorted view of that position as taken by the sour and envious among them; had she, while depicting the distress and privation which they are so often called upon to endure, drawn attention also to those intellectual and moral deficiencies by which this distress is so often caused or aggravated; had she dealt out one measure of kindliness and severity to the rich and poor; and had she spoken of the bitter and malignant feelings she has dramatised, less as sparing and excusing them than as perceiving and deploring their injustice. We yield to none in a hearty appreciation of, indeed a fellow-feeling with, the *workers*

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in every country and of every denomination; but we would show that sympathy — not in idly mourning over sorrows which are common to all ranks, nor in weeping at distresses for which, as for all human evils, there is a compensation and a cure, but — by calling on all our fellow-labourers to brace up their souls for sterner endurance and for hardier exertion; by exhorting them to carry with them through all trials, as their sword and shield, the settled faith that they, and no man else, must do their own work; that the blessings of comfort, independence, and security are not to be mendicated from others, but to be achieved for themselves; that these inestimable blessings are the promised and the sure rewards of steady industry, of resolute frugality, of reflection that looks before and after; that, in fine — to quote the language of a great poet — neither the humble nor the powerful must stoop to ask at the hands of others —

> 'A gift of that which is not to be *given*
> By all the blended powers of earth and heaven.'

ART. VI. — *Lives of the Queens of England, from the Norman Conquest.* By AGNES STRICKLAND. London: 1848. 12 Vols. 12mo. *The Series of the Stuarts.*

IT is a fact, which many will think extraordinary, that some of the most illiberal and invidious attacks, whether on classes or on individuals, which have been published in our times, have been the work of female writers. Perhaps it might not be difficult to show that a certain degree of this unreasoning and unreasonable asperity is more natural, and therefore less blameable, in the female than in the male character. It is the failing, not of a cold or harsh, but of a sensitive, enthusiastic, and imperfectly disciplined temperament. It is, therefore, precisely the failing which we might expect to find in persons whose affections are tenderly cherished, and whose judgments are not severely exercised; who live surrounded by the endearments of a domestic circle, and unacquainted, except through sympathy for others, with the hardening struggles of political and professional life; and whose minds, however acute and active by nature, are seldom exerted under serious responsibilities, or upon subjects of high practical importance. To such persons, friendly disapprobation and respectful dislike are, and must be, most difficult and painful attitudes of the mind. They cannot bear to divide their esteem and their affection; to think lightly of those by whom their

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sympathies are attracted, or to admire those by whom they are repelled. And therefore nothing can be more unjust than to cite the prejudices of certain fair politicians against American democrats, or against English dukes and earls, as proofs of an inherently severe or censorious temper.

Still it must be admitted that this propensity, though not perhaps an ungraceful or even unamiable infirmity under ordinary circumstances, is singularly unsuited to the office of a public instructor. Every one makes allowance for an affectionate woman who can see nothing but excellence in her husband or son, and nothing but malice and unfairness in their enemies or rivals. But surely the case is altered when the objects of her sympathies and antipathies are political principles, parties, and characters; and when her feelings are given to the world in a didactic work. It is difficult to be attracted or amused by an amiable weakness when it takes so formidable and aggressive a shape; and it becomes the duty of all, upon whose judgment in such matters the public in any degree relies, to do their best to expose the error and its consequences. Ladies who assume masculine functions must learn to assume masculine gravity and impartiality. Or, if they fail to do this, they must prepare to be remonstrated with upon the omission — not, we trust, without the courtesy due to their sex, but assuredly with the plainness required by the interests of truth and justice.

The book now before us is the work of a lady whose predilections are those of a high Churchwoman and stanch Royalist. Miss Strickland considers the Church of England as a divine institution, the depositary of apostolic truth, and the representative of apostolic authority; the Sovereign of England as the anointed of God, and responsible to him alone. We do not confound these opinions with that strange mixture of obstinate adherence to antiquity, and timid submission to expediency, which during the last few generations has been known by the name of Toryism. We can have little or no indulgence for the prejudices of men who professed to regard the Church of England as Catholic and Apostolic, while they combined with dissenters and schismatics to persecute the Church of Rome as anti-christian; and who maintained the divine right of kings, while they kept the House of Stuart in exile. But the conscientious belief which boldly sets up a principle, and consistently adopts its consequences, deserves no part of the contempt due to the hypocrisy which has so often raised the cry of Church and King — not as the creed of faith and loyalty, but as the unmeaning watchword of a faction.

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Nor have we the slightest intention, on the present occasion, of controverting by argument any part of what appear to be Miss Strickland's opinions. Whether the ecclesiastical and political system she so much admires is the best possible, it is no part of our immediate object to consider. We are anxious, in the remarks we are about to make upon the latter portion of her work, to carry with us the sympathies of *all* lovers of fair play and equal dealing; and we will not merge a dispute about historical truth in a discussion concerning high and low church government, or prerogative and constitutional rights. It is with the tone of Miss Strickland's observations upon individual character that we think we have a right to find fault. There is scarcely a conspicuous defender of her principles upon whose faults she has had the courage to do justice; nor a leader of the opposite party to whose merits she has had the generosity to give due honour. Some instances, in which this partial feeling has led to palpable injustice, we shall notice; but we deem it necessary to assure Miss Strickland, that in doing so we shall very inadequately express that pervading sense of disappointment and suspicion with which every friend of historical truth, whatever his opinions may be, must read the work in which they occur. It is easy to extract a few exaggerated phrases and unjust decisions, but it would be endless to collect the innumerable passages in which she has exerted her ingenuity to cast an air of romance, of pathos, or of humour, over some pointless anecdote or common-place letter; or to contrast them with those in which she has recorded, with cold indifference or reluctant acknowledgment, traits of character really striking or touching.

As a specimen of Miss Strickland's partiality to her favourite heroines, we may select her life of Henrietta Maria. We acknowledge that many of the principal defects of that most unhappy and undeserving woman are noticed in language of just severity. Her levity and frivolity, her childish violence and spite, her infatuated religious bigotry, her unnatural cruelty to her youngest son, and her shameless ingratitude to the exiled friends of her dead husband, are all recorded without an attempt at defence or palliation. But it is impossible not to perceive that, notwithstanding all this admitted weakness and wickedness, '*our Henrietta*' is still a favourite with her indulgent biographer. Her beauty, vivacity, and romantic spirit of enterprise are fondly dwelt on; every incident, which can place her in an interesting or picturesque point of view, is made use of with artistical skill; and when direct commendation cannot be hazarded, whole pages of eloquent but most audaciously

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fulsome panegyric are quoted, without contradiction or qualification, from the celebrated funeral sermon preached upon her by Bossuet. If this were all, we might not have thought it necessary to state our objections. We can make every allowance for the indefinable attraction sometimes found in characters which have no pretensions to be considered either virtuous or amiable. But the attempt to depict Henrietta Maria as an attached and faithful wife has so much surprised us, that we must permit ourselves a few remarks upon it.

Very little notice is to be found, in Miss Strickland's work, of those insane and unprincipled political counsels, by which the wife of Charles I. is generally believed to have contributed so fatally to his ruin. And of some of these errors she seeks to acquit the Queen altogether; not on any proof of the falsehood of the accusation, nor even on the culprit's own direct denial of its truth; but on presumption drawn from *the silence* of her letters and diaries. It is incredible, she thinks, that a person who so freely laments her own frequent indiscretions, should have been silent upon mistakes of such importance, if she had really committed them. We certainly cannot see how this conclusion follows. It may be highly probable that Henrietta Maria, writing confidentially and having no motive for concealment, would freely and candidly disclose what she considered her errors. But what reason is there to suppose that she ever considered the abandonment of Strafford, or the intended arrest of the five members, to have been errors? Even in her own chosen sphere of petty intrigue, she was, by Miss Strickland's admission, as blind and unskilful as she was indefatigable and unscrupulous; and the wisdom of honesty and consistency she was, like many a more ingenious plotter, utterly incapable of comprehending. She probably lived and died in the confident belief, that the ruin of Charles I. was wholly owing to the scruples which rejected, or to the accident which defeated, or to the indiscretion which betrayed, some flimsy trick which her imbecile cunning had devised as a masterpiece of statesmanship. The childish folly which disclosed her plans to Lady Carlisle was keenly felt, and bitterly bewailed, by the daughter of Marie de Medici; but who can imagine her ever to have perceived that treachery, whether to an accomplice or an antagonist, is the most fatal blunder of which an English ruler can be guilty?

The principal excuse, intimated rather than insisted on by Miss Strickland on behalf of the Queen, is her utter ignorance of English law and history. This is, no doubt, an excellent plea for her approbation of her husband's arbitrary pretensions, but none

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whatever for the unprincipled expedients by which she prevailed on him to support them. Nothing, we admit, would be more unreasonable than to blame a French princess of the seventeenth century for having an extravagant notion of royal prerogative, and a contempt for popular and constitutional rights; especially when the proof is unhappily so near at hand, how deeply the same errors were rooted in the mind of an English monarch. But are we to suppose that Henrietta Maria was unacquainted with the common obligations of honour and conscience? Did she not know that her husband was bound to keep his word inviolate? Or did her ignorance of the English constitution lead her to believe that an English king could honourably consent to the death of a man whom he had pledged himself to save, or beset with armed soldiers an assembly whose privileges he had, but three days before, solemnly promised to respect?

Another passing attempt at a defence it is hardly worth while to mention, because we can scarcely suppose Miss Strickland to have been serious in making it. 'Terror at a howling mob is no 'disgrace to a woman,' is her remark, when speaking of the Queen's supposed share in the death of Strafford. This, it is clear, depends upon the degree and the consequences of her terror. We do not expect a female to possess the courage which nerves the soldier to face danger without shrinking. But we are sure Miss Strickland is incapable of so grievously undervaluing the virtues of her sex, as to maintain that the courage which enables the martyr to prefer death to sin and shame is less common, or the cowardice which purchases selfish security with innocent blood less disgraceful, in woman than in man.

Miss Strickland gives a particular and very amusing account of the childish freaks of temper by which Henrietta Maria gave her husband so much uneasiness in the early part of their married life; but she says little of those far less pardonable outbreaks of violence, by which the King is said to have been occasionally tormented into actual compliance with the schemes of his meddling adviser. Above all, she passes over in entire silence her selfish and obdurate refusal to share his peril at Oxford, notwithstanding his earnest entreaties, and the scorn and indignation of his faithful followers. A more lamentable scene of unwomanly cruelty and unprincely meanness was surely never recorded. Imagine a queen insulting and defying the fond husband whose fortunes she had ruined, and whose reputation she had sullied; and all because she was herself determined to escape by flight from the danger which he was compelled to confront! Yet Miss Strickland does not say a word of this disgraceful quarrel; she dwells pathetically upon the 'streaming tears and dark forebodings for

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'the future,' with which the 'attached pair parted, never to meet 'again on earth'*; and she is not ashamed to boast, within the very next two pages, of 'the energy of character which the daughter 'of Henry the Great had derived from that mighty sire!'† It may be true, that of the courage which springs from constitutional strength of nerve Henrietta Maria had more than enough; but never surely was woman more contemptibly deficient in that which arises from a high sense of duty and a deep devotion to others. And we cannot but express our disappointment, that Miss Strickland's warm attachment to Charles I. has failed to inspire her with something like generous indignation against the heartless woman, who was the first to mislead him in his prosperity, the first to betray him in his peril, and the first to desert him in his fall.

To all the princes of the unhappy House of Stuart Miss Strickland bears true and indiscriminate allegiance. She is never weary of enlarging upon their grace, their affability, their patronage of art and literature, and all the other brilliant or amiable qualities by which some of them were undoubtedly distinguished. Not even the coarse absurdities of James I. can exhaust her benevolent interest for his credit. She has many apologies to make for his folly and vulgarity, and many anecdotes of quaint and humorous *bonhommie* to tell in his behalf; and rejects of course, without an effort, the black suspicions which the Gowrie conspiracy and the murder of Overbury have left upon his memory. Her love and veneration for his unfortunate son are more intelligible feelings; and we are bound to say, that she has but rarely suffered them to betray her into approbation or defence of his political misconduct.

But we think that her partiality for the Stuarts, assisted doubtless by her sympathy for a most unhappy man, has led her to take far too favourable a view of the public and personal character of James II. She candidly acknowledges many of his faults; such as the occasional scandals of his private life, the infatuated obstinacy by which he forfeited the affections of the English nation, and the lamentable want of moral resolution by which he consummated his downfall. But, on the other hand, she is not satisfied with amplifying to the utmost his redeeming virtues; the warmth of his domestic affections, the fervent sincerity of his religious feelings, the patience and dignity with which he supported misfortune, and the courage and conduct which he displayed as a naval commander. She acquits him upon all charges of harshness and

* Vol. viii. p. 110. † Vol. viii. p. 113.

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severity; and is even willing to believe that his encroachments on behalf of the Romish Church arose from a sincere wish for universal religious toleration. Upon both of these points we have no difficulty in declaring our entire dissent from her judgment.

We shall not insist upon the share taken by James in the state prosecutions of 1683. Those prosecutions may have been acts of vindictive retaliation, but certainly not of unprovoked cruelty. However deservedly their names are now respected, it is impossible to deny that Russell and Sidney had given their political opponents good reason both to fear and to hate them. They had encouraged, upon the most frivolous and infamous testimony, a persecution in which many innocent men, known friends and partisans of the royal family, had been ruthlessly murdered; and they had more peculiarly outraged the Duke of York, by an attempt, grounded upon little more than suspicion, and conducted with the most factious violence, to deprive him of his legal rights as heir presumptive to the crown. Their trials were of course, like all state trials in that age, mere formalities; which cannot be considered as much increasing or diminishing the guilt of the party who sent them to execution. The partial judge, the packed jury, the perjured witness, were then as much mere instruments in the hand of a victorious politician, as the gaoler or the headsman themselves. They were instruments which the 'country party' had unscrupulously used against the victims of the Popish plot; and which the Court now used as unscrupulously against the leaders of the country party. The substance of the facts undoubtedly is, that the predominant faction found itself able, in both instances, to crush its enemies without risk, without unpopularity, and even without what men then considered as flagrant or scandalous injustice. Nor, bearing in mind the injuries and insults which the Duke of York had received from the men now at his mercy, can we wonder, however we may regret, that he was one of the first to urge forward their destruction.

For the massacres which followed the suppression of Monmouth's rebellion there is no such palliation. Accordingly Miss Strickland, who fully acknowledges the atrocity of the proceedings of Jeffreys and Kirke, would fain convince herself that they were perpetrated without the consent and against the wishes of the king. She asserts that the cruelties of Jeffreys were encouraged in James's name, but without his knowledge, by the treachery of Sunderland; and that 'the butcheries of the inhuman Kirke are spoken of by James, in his *private journal*, in terms of unqualified indignation and disgust.' We think any

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impartial reader must perceive that such an excuse is but as dust in the balance, when weighed against the indisputable facts of the case. There is not the slightest evidence that either Jeffreys or Kirke ever received any mark of the royal displeasure, public or private. On the contrary, it is notorious that the former was immediately rewarded with a peerage and the Chancellorship, and that the latter was shortly promoted to the rank of lieutenant-general. This unequivocal approbation of their actions renders it wholly unnecessary to examine the evidence relating to the king's original share in the proceedings. Nothing, to be sure, is more probable than that such a knave as Sunderland would disobey orders to serve his selfish ends; or that such a monster as Jeffreys would do so to indulge his insane love of cruelty. But it is clear that, if they acted thus in the present instance, it was because they relied on pardon and reward from James; and in this expectation they were not deceived.

Instead of arguing so plain a question, let us see how Miss Strickland has dealt with an apology far more plausible than the one which she now advances, in a case where her sympathies happen to be with the victim and against the criminal. The servants of Queen Elizabeth, acting by her authority, execute Mary Queen of Scots. Elizabeth, instead of rewarding them, as James did *his* executioners, expresses the utmost grief and consternation at the news; protests that the warrant was signed only for the purpose of being acted upon in case of sudden emergency; dispatches the most solemn protestations of her innocence and her regret to the Court of Scotland, and publicly reprimands her ministers for their precipitation. Miss Strickland, however, decides, and in our opinion most justly, that all these professions are to be utterly disregarded, and that the queen was guilty of murder. But how singularly the laws of historical justice change, when the servants of James II., acting by his authority, commit a series of atrocities unexampled in England since the Marian persecution. *Then* a few cold words of regret, and an entry made long after in a private journal, are held sufficient to absolve their master from all share in the guilt which, to say the least, he adopted and publicly rewarded.

Neither the excuses which we have rejected in this case, nor those which we have partially allowed in the preceding, will apply to the severities ascribed to James while Viceroy of Scotland. Miss Strickland is therefore reduced to the suggestion, that the facts have been greatly exaggerated. She asserts that he constantly interfered to moderate the rigour of his colleagues; and expresses her entire disbelief of the stories which represent him as habitually superintending the infliction of torture. We

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think that those who are best acquainted with the history of the period, will be least disposed to adopt these suggestions: and certainly, in such a case, it is difficult to get over the positive testimony of Burnet, and impossible to question the veracity of Woodrow. We only wish our readers would examine into the evidence themselves. But, whether James was a little harsher, or a little milder, than Lauderdale, is a question of no importance. The admitted facts of Scottish history are quite sufficient to show, that neither can be acquitted of a terrible responsibility.

Miss Strickland, we apprehend, will scarcely deny that, during the whole of the Duke's administration in Scotland, the most inhuman penal laws were rigidly enforced against the non-conforming Presbyterians. If James really disapproved of such measures, what was there to prevent him from suspending them? The majority of the Scottish nation considered the persecuted Covenanters as little less than saints, and their enemies as little better than demons. The government in England was in the hands of men who neither in religion nor in politics were violently opposed to the Scottish Nonconformists. The king was for the time powerless; nor, had it been otherwise, was *he* a man to insist strongly upon a course of policy at once dangerous, painful, and unjustifiable. But James did not merely approve and execute the existing law—he went beyond it. During the whole of his administration great part of Scotland was given up to the tyranny of the military; the peasantry were massacred for refusing to take oaths or answer questions, and not the slightest attempt was made by the government to check these dreadful excesses. Miss Strickland, who acquits the king of the cruelties of Kirke and Jeffreys, may be prepared to acquit the Duke of York of those of Dundee and Dalzell; but, according to the ordinary rules of morality and common sense, he must be considered as clearly answerable for them all.

At the same time we cannot attribute the additional guilt of insincerity and hypocrisy to James, upon the ground that he persecuted the Scottish Covenanters for non-conformity to a church to which he did not himself belong. We consider the Episcopal persecution in Scotland to have been a persecution upon political, not upon religious grounds. It was intended, like the persecution of the Romanists by Elizabeth and James I., to discourage the public exercise of a religion supposed to be dangerous to the monarchy; not, like the persecution of the Huguenots by Louis XIV., to compel men to change their private opinions, for the good of their souls. We need scarcely say, that we consider one species of persecution as odious

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and as unjustifiable as the other; but there is this distinction between the two, that bigots of different sects, if they agree in their *political* antipathies, may consistently unite in the former, while only those of the dominant opinion can exercise the latter. It was manifestly impossible for any man not a Romanist to assist, without the most atrocious hypocrisy, in procuring the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. But it was quite natural that a bigoted Romanist should support the Church of England in punishing men for attending conventicles — just as we know that the most bigoted Puritans supported her in punishing men for hearing mass.

Miss Strickland relates many anecdotes of the placability and good feeling shown at times by James; and never fails to insist on them as conclusive proofs of his humane disposition, and of the falsehood of the accusations against him. We do not think that any person, who considers the responsibility incurred by the rulers of mankind, can be satisfied by such evidence as this. It is possible that James may have pardoned the calumnies of a fanatical field-preacher, that he may have interfered to prevent Lauderdale from torturing or hanging an occasional covenanter, or that he may have interceded for a centinel found asleep upon his post. It is even possible that he may have been in the frequent habit of doing such merciful actions. It is possible — though surely strangely improbable — that he may have been a good-natured easy-tempered man, disliking the sight of violence and suffering, and taking pleasure in the happiness of others. But it would argue a singular want of acquaintance with human nature to infer that such feelings are inconsistent with an utter want of genuine humanity; or that the cold and callous selfishness, which ordinarily dictates a cruel course of policy, is only to be found in men of a habitually morose and ferocious disposition.

Nor, harsh as Miss Strickland may think us, can we consent to attach any weight to the pleas *ad misericordiam* which she is constantly putting forward on behalf of James. We cannot acquit a man of indifference to the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, because he was himself betrayed by his friends, and deserted by his children. We have read history amiss, if men of blood are exempt from such calamities. Still less can we acquit him, because his memory has been severely condemned; for general unpopularity, if not always a proof of guilt, is pretty sure to be its consequence. To us, indeed, there is something almost ludicrous in the pathetic *naïveté*, with which Miss Strickland deplores the ill-fortune of James II. in meeting with nothing but accusations of inhumanity

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from the historians of his reign. We confess we think there is much sense in the shrewd maxim of a writer of the present day, — that, when a man is particularly ill-used by the world, the world is generally right. We see nothing pitiable in being 'the best abused man in Europe,' unless it clearly appears that Europe has mistaken the character of its victim. Universal abuse is like whipping or transportation — a great grievance when the innocence of the sufferer becomes clear, but a great disgrace while it continues doubtful. It may be well for an Apostle to boast of having thrice received forty stripes save one; but we would advise no man of less established reputation to bring forward such a title to compassion.

Of the king's zeal for religious freedom Miss Strickland speaks, as if she had never heard his sincerity questioned. If she had brought forward any argument, or any show of argument, to prove that James was sincere in his promises, we might have been induced to enter fully into this subject, exhausted as we consider it; but since she has been satisfied with declaring her own belief in his good faith, we will merely remind her of the serious reasons which exist for doubting it. We shall not insist upon the impossibility that a bigoted Romanist in the 17th century could really think it right to tolerate heresy; nor upon the too great probability that he might be induced, for the advantage of his church, to make promises which he did not intend to keep. We shall but ask, how far *the actions* of James II. were consistent with his professions? While he insisted upon toleration for the Church of Rome, was he not, to the utmost of his power, persecuting the Church of England? While he complained that honours and preferments were denied to Papists, was he not depriving his ministers of their posts, and his officers of their regiments, because they persisted in continuing Anglicans? Was not his own brother in law compelled to choose, at a moment's warning, between his church and his treasurership? Were not 300 military officers cashiered because they were Protestants? Were not clergymen of the English Church illegally punished for preaching controversial sermons against the doctrines of Romanism? We might add, that James is much belied if far more dangerous and atrocious measures of persecution were not in rapid preparation. But surely we have said enough to cast the burden of proof upon those who are willing to believe in his liberality.

The most superficial reader can scarcely help being struck by the slight and unreflecting manner in which, in the passages we have noticed, Miss Strickland rejects the most serious

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charges. It is surprising that an advocate, whose zeal on behalf of her clients is so sincere and so conspicuous, should have taken so little pains to arrange plausible arguments for their defence. But, whatever may be the reason of this remissness, it certainly does not arise from habitual reluctance to form harsh judgments or believe scandalous tales. Miss Strickland would clearly feel no little indignation at a Whig writer, who should offer, on behalf of the regicides of 1649, or the revolutionists of 1688, such flimsy apologies as she has thought sufficient for the offences of Henrietta Maria and James II. We are now about to say a few words in defence of some of the persons whom we think she has condemned with unreasonable severity; but we certainly shall not venture to plead King William's tenderness to children as an apology for the Massacre of Glencoe, nor Queen Mary's affection for her husband as a palliation of her coldness to her father.

At the very head of Miss Strickland's condemned list stands, as might be expected, the celebrated name of William of Orange. Scarcely a single redeeming quality is allowed to this great criminal. The most odious manners, the most degrading vices, the most heartless treachery, and the most bloodthirsty cruelty, are combined in a portrait which might perhaps find its parallel in the pages of romance; but which, even were its fidelity uncontradicted by evidence, most persons would probably deem somewhat too grim and ghastly to suit the open daylight of modern history. Even the personal demeanour of the unfortunate prince is described in the style proper to the character of a melodramatic villain. When he speaks, he 'growls 'out' a retort or reprimand; when he is silent, he 'communes 'with his own dark spirit;' and he is scarcely ever mentioned without an allusion to his 'saturnine gloom,' 'sullen misan-'thropy,' or 'cynical sarcasm.' No one, we apprehend, ever maintained that William was amiable or courteous in his habitual deportment. He is represented by all who knew him as a man of austere manners and harsh temper. But surely it is ridiculous to depict a prince, who by Miss Strickland's own admission had some great qualities and some good feelings, as going through life, scowling and muttering like a theatrical bravo.

Admitting, however, the morals and manners of William to have resembled those of Shakspeare's Richard III., we still cannot perceive that he is a favourable subject for contemptuous mirth. His faults were, at least, the faults of a strong mind, a clear intellect, and a daring spirit. There may have been much in his conduct to regret or disapprove, but we think Miss

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Strickland is the first who has found anything to laugh at. Our readers will be curious to know upon what part of his character the wit of the biographer is exercised; and perhaps they may be surprised to learn that his low stature is the ludicrous point. The 'little man,' the 'diminutive hero,' the 'spoiled mannikin,' the 'ungrateful little person,' the 'warlike 'modicum of humanity;'—such are the phrases of graceful raillery, by which this lady holds it decent to designate the bravest warrior and the deepest politician of his age. Surely this is pitiable pleasantry. Miss Strickland might have left it to the Jacobite lampooners whom she loves to quote, to scoff at the delicate health and feeble frame, which never for an instant unnerved the dauntless spirit of the man. We are prepared for such idle scurrility in a vulgar pamphleteer of the seventeenth century; but we are heartily sorry to see it imitated by a lady of the present generation.

We cannot of course, within the limits of this article, attempt anything like a connected view and correction of Miss Strickland's remarks upon the conduct of King William. Indeed we could only do so by writing a complete sketch of his political and private life, and comparing it in detail with the work before us; for, from his occupation of the English throne down to his too eager relish for young peas, scarcely an incident in his history escapes her severe disapprobation. But we cannot help saying, that the obvious temper of her observations upon his character is such, as to deprive them of all weight when not supported by definite and clearly stated facts. We do not think that any impartial person, after reading Miss Strickland's life of Mary II., will be in the slightest degree influenced by her vague and general assertions respecting the intrigues carried on by William in England, and the treacherous assurances of friendship by which he masked them from James; or by her highly wrought descriptions of his sullen gloom and outrageous violence. We shall therefore content ourselves with quoting one or two passages, in which she has been led into misrepresentations of a more tangible kind.

Most of our readers will probably remember, that Bishop Burnet tells a story of a proposal made through him to William, for the seizure of James's person by stratagem, and his removal from the scene of war in Ireland—which proposal he affirms that the king promptly and honourably rejected. 'Would, for 'the honour of human nature,' exclaims Miss Strickland, 'that 'this passage were true; but sternly is it gainsaid by *existing* '*documents*. William and Mary took an immediate opportunity 'of acting on the hint which Burnet says he gave them; yet

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'not by the agency of either the clerical plotter or his naval 'coadjutor. A warrant has been found among Herbert Earl 'of Torrington's papers, written throughout by Queen Mary's 'great confidant the Earl of Nottingham, and signed by the hand 'of King William, authorising the admiral to seize the person of 'James II., and to deliver him up to the states of Holland, to 'be disposed of as they should think proper.'* Burnet, she says, asserts that the proposer of the scheme in question 'refused to 'have anything to do with it, if his old master was to be made 'prisoner. Therefore James, when entrapped, was to be set 'ashore in Spain or Italy. Then ensued all the scene of filial 'tenderness, for the bishop to put down in his book. But lo! 'as soon as the garrulous contriver of the scheme is bowed out, 'with tears and pious ejaculations and desired prayers, the filial 'pair agree that neither conspirator *have* gone far enough— 'the fools dictate scruples; and finally, William the nephew, 'and Mary the daughter, execute the Torrington warrant, to 'act *on the plan for betraying the old king;* but, instead of 'sending him to be set on shore, as Burnet has printed, the old 'admiral is to be surrendered to the Dutch *sailors* (?) whom he 'had so often defeated. . . . . The mercies of the Dutch,' she adds, 'to the admiral prince who had quelled their flag in so 'many tremendous conflicts, were not likely to be very tender.'† And she sums up all in a note, where she says, 'to do proper 'justice to their *acting*, they seem to have induced credence in 'the bishop, for he knew not the secret tendency of their con- 'duct, brought to light a century after, when Lord Dartmouth's 'notes were printed: that nobleman having discovered the cruel 'warrant, proving how William and his Queen had privately '*adopted Burnet's scheme to kidnap James*, with these aggrava- 'tions in his intended destination, *which must have led to the old 'king being murdered* by his Dutch gaolers.'

Now we must really pause a little over this strange diatribe,—which contains more incorrect statement, and more unfair inference, than any passage of the same length we ever remember to have met with. The original communication made to William we should recollect was, that a naval officer who had formerly served with James, had offered to sail with a select crew to Dublin—where that prince was then quartered—and, affecting great zeal for his service, should endeavour to decoy him into paying a visit aboard his ship, and then sail away with him to the remote shores of Spain or Italy, where he might be landed at a safe distance from his army or allies:—and this

* Vol. xi. p. 67. † Vol. xi. p. 68.

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proposal Miss Strickland admits that William at once rejected, because 'he would have no hand in treachery,' and also because the attempt might be attended with some danger to James's person, to which he would never consent: and she also admits that Burnet, who knew William well, had no doubt of the sincerity of this declaration, and died in the belief that it did honour to his generosity, and what he terms his *tenderness* for the person of the dethroned monarch. But she assures us that it is now completely proved by 'stern historical documents,' that all this was a mere piece of acting and base hypocrisy, both in the daughter and the nephew,—that their only objection to the plot was, that it did not go far enough,—and that they immediately adopted it in so far as related to the kidnapping and betraying of the old king, but supplied its deficiency by instantly executing a warrant which would inevitably lead to his murder!

The first question naturally is, what are the stern historical documents by which this atrocious imputation is said to be established?—and it turns out that they consist merely of three lines in one of Lord Dartmouth's gossiping marginal notes on Burnet's history, in which he does not profess to have himself seen the warrant referred to, or to cite its terms, and says nothing whatever of the date or occasion on which it was issued, or the circumstances under which it was to be put in execution. Now, considering that Lord Dartmouth was a high Tory and a personal enemy to William, it is difficult to conceive any thing less entitled to the name of historical evidence than such a statement as this. But the material thing is, that the statement, such as it is, does in no degree support the charge of kidnapping or betraying, and taking it all to be true, imports nothing in the least inconsistent with William's abhorrence of treachery, or profession of tenderness for the person of James, or any thing indeed which was not perfectly justifiable in the circumstances in which he was placed. Even as loosely, and certainly not favourably, described by Lord Dartmouth, it was a warrant, *not* to search out and seize on the person of James, but only to deliver him over to the States of Holland—*if* he should happen to seize him—or to detain possession of his person. The words are, that it authorised him 'if he could seize on James, to deliver,' &c. It was addressed, too, not to a treacherous captain who was to entrap his old master by basely counterfeiting a false zeal for his service, but to the admiral in command of the British fleet, sailing openly under the national flag to give battle to all its enemies, and especially to the French navy, which, ever since the time of James's abdication, had been hourly employed in his cause. We have already said that Lord Dartmouth gives

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no hint as to the date of this alleged warrant; but from its very tenor and the person to whom it was addressed, it is manifest that *it could not* have been issued at the time alleged by Miss Strickland, or in supplement of the kidnapping project to which Burnet refers. That proposal was certainly made while James was still holding his court in Dublin, and before William had left England for his Irish campaign in June, 1690. The notion of kidnapping or capturing James *by an English admiral* at that period, would therefore have been preposterous. A land war alone was then in the contemplation of both parties, and the encounter and possible seizure of James's person was at that moment for William himself, and not for Lord Torrington. If ever such a warrant or instruction existed, therefore, it must have been executed at a much earlier or later period, either when a French fleet brought James from Brest to Kinsale in the preceding year, or when that unhappy prince fled again to the same protection after his defeat at the Boyne, and his ignominious flight to Duncannon. Now, though there is really no evidence on the matter, we must say that we think it very likely that some instructions, substantially corresponding with Lord Dartmouth's account of them, were really issued to the admiral in command, and, most probably, at the first* of the periods we have mentioned. The English and Dutch fleets were then on the outlook for the French squadron; and, if they had met, a battle was inevitable. There was every reason to believe that James was in that squadron; and if, by the fortune of war, the ship in which he was had been captured by the English, it was most natural, and almost necessary, that the admiral should have instructions how to deal with a prisoner of that importance. That he must have been treated, in some respects, as a prisoner, while war continued to be waged in his name, was obviously inevitable; and even Miss Strickland can scarcely think that it would have been safer or more comfortable, either for him or his captor, to have him kept under restraint in England than in Holland. If in the ordinary course of hostilities, in short, James had fallen into the hands of an English admiral, we do not see how he could have been more properly disposed of, than by being put under the charge of the States-General, and detained at the Hague till the war of the succession was terminated. The surmise that he was to have

* No warrant with the object of catching James *at sea* could have been addressed to Lord Torrington at the later period. He was in disgrace for the miscarriage at Beachy Head (the very day before the battle of the Boyne), and was never afterwards in employment.

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been sent there to be *murdered* by the Dutch sailors or gaolers, is too extravagant to deserve any serious notice, and can only be regarded with pity, as an outbreak of party prejudice and rancour, by the violence of which the understanding had, for the time, been unsettled. But there are traces, we think, of the same morbid condition of the intellect, in the singular absurdity of the various assumptions which Miss Strickland chooses to make,—not only without evidence,—but in the face of evidence which lay before her, in order to fasten on Mary this most preposterous charge of intended parricide. First of all, she assumes that Mary was present with her husband when Burnet first communicated the kidnapping proposal to William, and that she joined in the hypocritical acting by which they imposed on the bishop, and bowed him out of the room, with crocodile tears and pious ejaculations, in order that they might privately arrange for the *murder* of the old man whom that over-scrupulous plotter had only proposed to transport. Now, not only is there no shadow of evidence or probability that Mary was present at this interview, but the reverse is distinctly stated by Burnet himself,—in a passage, too, which Miss Strickland has quoted,—and in which he says: 'I told this afterwards to the queen, and saw 'in her a great tenderness for her father; and she also seemed 'much touched at the answer the king had made.' In like manner, there is just as little proof (or likelihood) of Mary having ever seen or heard of the warrant (innocent as we take it to have been) to which Lord Dartmouth refers, and which certainly was not and could not have been concocted at the meeting of which we have been speaking, when James was in possession of the greater part of Ireland, and certainly not then expected to come soon in the way of an English admiral or fleet. After this it is scarcely worth while—except as another indication of the extraordinary disorder of the writer's thoughts—to notice the pitiable insinuation that all this counterfeit scene of filial tenderness was got up 'for the bishop to put 'down in his book,'—a book which it is certain he did not begin to write till twelve years afterwards (in 1702, as he has himself told us), after both these, who had thus imposed on him, and whom he intended to soothe by the flattery, were at rest in their graves.

Of the massacre of Glencoe, Miss Strickland naturally speaks with well deserved abhorrence. No one, we presume, denies or doubts that it was one of the most atrocious crimes that ever disgraced a civilised age. And, though the ruffians by whom it was actually perpetrated were, of course, solely responsible for those circumstances of heartless treachery which gave it a character so

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revolting, it is impossible not to admit that the main design was authorised by William. Still we are astonished to find Miss Strickland assuming that the measure 'must have originated in 'the mind of William himself.'* Is it conceivable that a foreign prince, who had never been in Scotland in his life, could have had any animosity against the Mac Ians of Glencoe? What possible motive could he have for devising the extermination of a tribe of two hundred souls, inhabiting a valley in the heart of the Perthshire highlands, and of whose existence he had probably never even heard? And what, on the other hand, can be more probable, than that the powerful enemies of the great Jacobite clan, of which the Mac Ians were a branch, should embrace a favourable opportunity of safe and sure revenge, by procuring military execution upon them? The only reason given by Miss Strickland for rejecting this explanation, is that 'a Scotchman would have spoken with more certainty of the localities of his country;' as if William might not have been deceived upon the merits of the case, without being fully informed about its topography. To have consented to a measure of such dreadful severity, when an impartial inquiry would have shown it to be wholly unnecessary and almost wholly unprovoked, was disgrace enough for a king of England; and of that disgrace we by no means acquit William.

Some of the many stories, which Miss Strickland tells to the discredit of William's personal character, are in themselves absurd and incredible. Thus she asserts, as a proof of his habitual irritability, that his attendants upon a shooting excursion, having forgotten the shot and being afraid to acknowledge their mistake, continued for a whole day to load his gun with powder only; a deception which every one acquainted with the use of fire-arms knows to be impossible. This is a good instance of the reckless haste with which Miss Strickland seizes upon the minutest circumstance that can tend to give an unfavourable idea of William III. It shows, we think, with how much caution her readers should receive her stories of his taste for gaming, his devotion to Schiedam gin, and his practice of caning his courtiers and servants.

Other stories are given upon authority clearly partial and unsatisfactory. Such is the Duchess of Marlborough's description of his uncourtly manners, which Miss Strickland extracts with ready acquiescence; although, throughout her life of Queen Anne, she is never tired of denouncing the reckless spite and impudent mendacity of the narrator. Such, too, are the

* Vol. xi. p. 217.

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accounts of his misbehaviour to his bride in Holland, and of his insulting and niggardly conduct to her followers; most of which are taken from private letters of the parties concerned, written under feelings of bitter irritation, and unchecked by any apprehension of publicity. We cannot help requesting our readers to imagine how Miss Strickland would have dealt with similar evidence if it had related to Charles I. Suppose that some of the French followers of Henrietta Maria — Father Sancy, for example, or Madame de St. George — had left a correspondence describing the events which led to their deserved expulsion from the English court. Suppose they had, as no doubt they would have done, palliated or justified their own misconduct, and exaggerated the just displeasure of the King and the distress of the Queen. Suppose they had given a distorted account of that extraordinary altercation in which Charles, becoming seriously alarmed at the frantic violence of his wife, was induced to restrain her from inflicting some serious injury on herself, by grasping and forcibly retaining her hands in his own. Might they not easily, and did they not probably, draw a picture of harsh and tyrannical unkindness, and even of revolting personal violence, on the part of perhaps the tenderest husband in the annals of royalty? But what use, let us ask, would Miss Strickland have deigned to make of their spiteful gossip? — or what would she have said of a French republican historian, who made it the basis of a sketch of the domestic life of Charles and Henrietta?

Of the comments which Miss Strickland makes upon the materials she has collected, some idea may be formed from the specimens we have already given. She thinks it necessary to record her serious disapprobation of the sword blow which, at the age of twenty-two and in a moment of desperation, William inflicted upon a fugitive Dutchman at the battle of Montcassel. After relating the well-known Jacobite falsehood of his quarrel with Graham of Claverhouse, she asserts that he, 'sooner or later, 'always manifested ungrateful hatred against those who saved 'his life.' And this candid remark she illustrates in the very next page, by noticing that his friendship for his favourite Bentinck, whom she afterwards mentions as the principal attendant upon his deathbed, originated in such a service! Lastly, in speaking of his alleged violence of temper, she actually accuses him of having made caning and horsewhipping common among his subjects. 'Here,' she gravely says, 'those who are interested 'in the historical statistics of civilisation may observe, that the 'example of this monarch's manners made prevalent in England 'throughout the last century, every species of castigation with

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'scourges and sticks—not only by parliamentary license in the 'English armies professionally, but by all sorts of amateur per-'formances from the strong to the weak.'* Now the fact is, that one of the most prominent peculiarities in the character of our ancestors in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, is their barbarous propensity to personal violence. Was not Dryden beaten almost to death by the retainers of a nobleman whom he had offended? Did not Charles I. himself cane one of the Puritan leaders for intruding into his palace? Does not Shakspeare mention, as if it were an action natural in a prince of the blood, that John of Gaunt 'burst the head' of Master Shallow, for crowding among his followers? And does not Miss Strickland herself record the public beating inflicted upon Henry Martin by the Earl of Northumberland? The lash, it is true, was not recognised as a military punishment at the time of which we speak, for the obvious reason that there was no standing army; but it is impossible to read the Elizabethan dramatists without remarking, that corporal punishment is constantly spoken of as the ordinary infliction for trifling civil offences by persons of the lower class. And we can scarcely imagine Miss Strickland to have forgotten the barbarous severity with which it was used for the punishment of political misdemeanours, under her favourite James II.

Queen Mary II. has a large share in the abhorrence bestowed by Miss Strickland upon her husband. And yet we confess that the present work has, upon the whole, raised her greatly in our esteem. We have not been in the habit of considering her character as one which it is easy to love; and we certainly did not expect to find so much in it to respect and to admire. We have been too much accustomed to regard her as bearing a favourable resemblance to her sister Anne,—as possessing the same insensibility, the same selfishness, and the same decent and domestic virtues; but as enabled, by the assistance of a stronger intellect, to assume a greater show of dignity and delicacy. We have to thank Miss Strickland for convincing us of our injustice. No one can read the letters written by Mary to her husband in Ireland, without being convinced that she was a woman of great powers and great virtues. They show that she possessed extraordinary courage and energy, and invincible powers of self-denial and self-command; and that these high qualities were constantly employed, with the warmest and most unselfish devotion, in discharging her duty to a cold and unfaithful husband.

* Vol. xi. p. 382.

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The principal accusation which Miss Strickland brings against Queen Mary is, of course, the obvious one that she was an unnatural daughter; but it must be observed that this heavy charge is grounded, not so much upon the injury which, from her position, she was in some measure the means of inflicting upon her father, as upon the alleged want of sensibility which she displayed during the transaction. We need not discuss, nor has Miss Strickland attempted to discuss, the great question, whether it was the duty of the Princess of Orange to accept or to refuse the English crown. It is quite clear that she may have sincerely believed herself bound to accept it; and it is certain that many wise and good men have thought her right in that belief. If she acted upon conscientious conviction, with the feelings which became an affectionate daughter under circumstances so painful, the most devoted Jacobite ought not to blame her; but if she conducted herself with cold insensibility, or betrayed selfish exultation, it is impossible for the most zealous Whig to absolve her.

It seems difficult wholly to acquit Mary upon this occasion. We do not indeed give entire faith — though Miss Strickland, of course, does — to the strange stories related by the Duchess of Marlborough, of her sordid delight upon taking possession of St. James's palace; both, because these stories are in a great measure discredited by their own intrinsic improbability, and by the known malignity and falsehood of the writer; and because they are expressly contradicted by the unexceptionable testimony of Lord Dartmouth, who, in a note to p. 825. of Burnet's history, has stated, that he was himself an eye-witness of her first arrival at Whitehall — and has no belief that she behaved in the ridiculous and indecent manner the Duchess of Marlborough has represented. Nor have we any doubt that her undisturbed cheerfulness and composure, upon and immediately after her accession, were in a great measure the results of a painful effort to control her natural emotions. But it must be allowed, that her affections appear to have been of that unimpassioned kind which it requires long habit to confirm, and which time and absence will slowly but surely extinguish. Her whole life, and particularly the silence of her letters upon the subject, show that a separation of nine years had been sufficient to chill, if not to extinguish, her regard for her father. The same 'tardiness of nature' will explain many other circumstances in her conduct, of which Miss Strickland takes unfavourable notice. She seems never to have possessed a confidential friend, except her husband: — to be sure, it was not easy to have one in her position. She confined her uncle in

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the Tower with little apparent reluctance; and she was generally, to say the least, upon very cold terms with the Princess Anne. Miss Strickland, indeed, goes so far as to call Mary 'a cruel sister;' a judgment which, by her own showing, appears absurdly harsh. The infatuated obstinacy with which the princess continued to give her confidence to Lady Marlborough, and the insulting manner in which she publicly intruded her into the royal presence, notwithstanding the detected treason of the earl, may fairly be considered to have warranted very serious displeasure on the part of the Queen. Once, it is true, Mary permitted her just indignation to overpower her usual self-command, and spoke harshly to the princess when ill in bed from the effects of her confinement; but this was almost a solitary instance of loss of temper—and she afterwards expressed much regret for the asperity with which she had behaved.

Now that we have candidly made these admissions, we must remind our readers that the deficiencies to which they relate are scarcely within the jurisdiction of history. It is from the actions and intentions of a queen, and not from her temperament and feelings, that we must form our impartial judgment of her merits. A want of sensibility, and still more a want of natural affection, is no doubt a very lamentable defect; but it is not a moral vice. It is a defect of temperament, not of principle. It is a defect, moreover, which has been found in persons possessing the rarest and highest qualities; in persons generous, courageous, and unselfish to a fault; in persons whose principal object in life was to do their duty to God and man, and who would have fearlessly perished in its discharge. Such a person we believe Mary II. to have been. It was not her fault that she did not possess those quick sympathies and warm affections, which have gone so far to redeem the memories of many guilty women. And we must remember, in reading her life, what her biographer has been too apt to forget, that the question is not so much, whether she was an amiable and attractive woman, as whether she was a virtuous and conscientious queen.

Miss Strickland allows but cold and scanty commendation to the eminent merits of Mary as a wife. The writer who finds such profound pathos in the complaint of James II., that 'really he was very weary,' has no compassion to bestow upon the sufferings and self-devotion of his daughter. The writer who is so indignant with Swift for sneering at the uxoriousness of Charles I., does not hesitate to denounce as 'slavish' the anxiety of Mary II. not to displease her husband. Of such trifling inconsistencies it is not worth our while to complain. But the following remarks upon the letter written by Mary to

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her husband, to be delivered in case of her death, could only have been dictated by a perverse resolution to find fault at all hazards. 'Archbishop Tennison,' says Miss Strickland, 'delivered 'to the king the deceased queen's posthumous letter, together 'with a reproving message she had confided to him. At the 'same time, he took the liberty of adding a severe lecture to 'his Majesty on the subject of his gross misconduct in regard 'to Elizabeth Villiers. The King took this freedom in good 'part, and solemnly promised the archbishop to break off all 'intimacy with her. The Queen's letter expressed to her hus-'band the great pain which his connexion with her rival had 'always given her. True to the personal forbearance, which 'is a remarkable feature in her conjugal life, she never com-'plained, or told the pangs she suffered from jealousy, till after 'her own death had taken place. But whether she could be 'considered to expire in perfect peace and forgiveness to her 'husband, when she left written reproaches, exposing him at 'the same time to the schooling of a stranger of rude manners, 'on so delicate a subject, is matter for consideration.' *

We are utterly at a loss to comprehend the strange view which Miss Strickland here takes of conduct, which to us appears eminently kind, wise, and Christian. A religious and most affectionate wife has the affliction of knowing that her husband is living in habitual infidelity to his marriage vow. She is induced — perhaps against her better judgment, but certainly by the best and most unselfish motives — to bear this mortification in patient silence for several years. At length she is attacked by a mortal disease, and feels her death approaching. Perhaps her conscience upbraids her with the suggestion that she has weakly allowed her anxiety for her husband's comfort, and her dread of his displeasure, to deter her from remonstrating against the sin in which he has so long persevered. At all events, she feels that she cannot depart in peace, without opening her heart to him on this painful subject. She accordingly writes him a letter of expostulation, to be delivered in case of her death; and commits it to the care of a venerable prelate, long her chosen counsellor. Is it possible to act with more scrupulous delicacy? Could tenderness do more, or would duty be satisfied with less? And can any one doubt that, had the parties concerned been Mary Beatrice and James II., Miss Strickland would have overflowed with admiration for the meek and pious wife, and with compassion for the penitent husband?

We have been still more surprised by the supercilious tone in

* Vol. xi. p. 318.

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which Miss Strickland, in general so full of reverence for the Anglican hierarchy, permits herself to speak of Dr. Tennison's good advice to William. It is surely difficult not to be scandalised, when we find so dutiful a daughter of the church designating the Archbishop of Canterbury as a stranger to the King of England; and reproaching him with his vehement denunciation of the sin of adultery, as a proof of rude manners! But there is a single word, in the succeeding sentence, which may perhaps explain this apparent inconsistency. 'It ought,' says Miss Strickland, 'to be reckoned among the other pains 'and penalties of William III., that he was subjected to the 'admonitions and exhortations of the *dissenting-bred* clergy; 'whom he had placed in the wealthiest church preferments, — he 'having avowedly not the best opinion of the disinterestedness 'of their conversion.' It is 'dissenting-bred' prelates, we now perceive, at whom Miss Strickland thinks it right to sneer, when they conscientiously discharge their duty to their sovereign. The fearless zeal for morality, which she is the first to admire in the orthodox Kenn and Sancroft, becomes impertinence in the latitudinarian Tennison or Burnet. We certainly have yet to be convinced that it requires any peculiar form of education or consecration to entitle an honest man to rebuke an adulterer. We think that a writer who speaks of such a rebuke as a pain or penalty, and who affects pity for its object, is either indulging a most extravagant prejudice, or treating a very serious subject with most unbecoming levity. And we are glad to find that William III. — bad as Miss Strickland thinks him, and bad as on this occasion he doubtless was — had good sense and right feeling enough, to be grateful for the admonition.

The private life of Mary II. was so free from marked faults, that Miss Strickland, with the best inclinations possible, has not been able to find in it many incidents to blame. Some, however, she has collected. The queen, when in Holland, occasionally played at cards on Sunday evening. She was induced, upon her return to England, to visit a fortune-teller, and to attend one or two places of public diversion, which it was thought inconsistent with her dignity to patronise. She was too fond of eating, and had a double chin. Above all, she once lost her temper and spoke harshly to Lord Feversham, because he had forbidden King William to be prayed for in the queen dowager's chapel. This outbreak of impatience, being one of the only two instances in which the severely tried patience of the queen is recorded to have failed, is naturally dwelt on with much complacency by her biographer; who brings it forward as a signal example of what she elegantly terms 'vixenish vivacity,' in a

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person so generally admired for imperturbable calmness. We mention these imputations, trifling as they are, because no one can fail to perceive how clearly they imply the absence of any serious scandal; and this in days when the silence of calumny was the highest possible compliment to virtue. In the gossip of a private circle such defects would be but lightly noticed; and surely they appear venial indeed in the sovereign of a great and troubled empire.

But, if Miss Strickland cannot find many facts to produce against Mary's character, the blackest suspicions are ready to her hand. Nothing short of intended parricide is imputed; and this, by her own admission, upon no evidence except a rumour which appears to have been circulated by the exiles of the Jacobite party. 'She (Mary),' says Miss Strickland, 'is accused of 'the awful charge of reproaching her husband sharply, by letter, 'of (with?) letting her father go as he did. The letter is not 'to be found, nor are any of her letters to her husband, before 'their accession to the throne of Great Britain, forthcoming; 'and the evidence rests on the hearsay report that one of the 'Jacobite exiles told to James II. The unhappy father be-'lieved it; but the reader ought only to give credit to the horrid 'imputation as far as it seems in unison with the rest of her 'conduct. Our own opinion is, that to write a disapproving 'word to her lord and master, or cast any reproach on his 'conduct, was more than she dared to do, while she was in 'Holland.' *

We really think we have never read a passage betraying more complete ignorance of those universal principles of common sense and common justice, upon which historians ought to ground their decisions. It is perfectly obvious that the report mentioned by Miss Strickland is worth, as evidence, nothing at all. It was probably one of fifty, each more atrocious and more incredible than the other, which were daily believed and repeated at St. Germains. Miss Strickland herself can only say for it, that James II., in the bitterness of his heart, believed it. *Therefore* she leaves it to her readers, to be accepted or rejected, as their pre-conceived impressions may incline them. 'Gentlemen of the jury, there is no evidence whatever against 'the prisoner; therefore do not convict him,—unless the accusa-'tion "seems in unison with the rest of his conduct."' Such is Miss Strickland's mode of summing up. She probably thinks that she is displaying praiseworthy candour in thus giving Mary a chance of acquittal; but if so, she has greatly mis-

* Vol. x. p. 412.

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conceived the manner in which the task she has undertaken ought to be performed. It is the duty of a biographer to sift evidence and weigh probabilities; not to rake together a mass of forgotten calumnies, and submit it unexamined to the credulity of the world.

The following observations, we think, are equally unjustifiable. After mentioning that the queen was attacked by the smallpox in December, 1694, the narrative proceeds thus: — 'She sat up 'nearly all that night in her cabinet — burning and destroying 'papers, on which she did not wish the public at any future 'time to pass judgment. Burnet praises this action, as one of 'great consideration towards people whom these papers would 'have committed, if seen after she was no more. Queen Mary 'was certainly anxious that these documents should not *commit* '*her memory*—and took a sure way of depriving biographers of 'them. Yet by those which remain, dark mysterious surmises 'are raised, regarding the portentous nature of those destroyed. 'What state secrets were those which could induce her to keep 'a solitary vigil in her closet at Kensington, in a December 'night; and, with death in her veins, devote herself to the task, 'at once agitating and fatiguing, of examining and destroying 'important papers? . . . . Strange contrast,' adds Miss Strickland, 'between an unfortunate father and a fortunate 'daughter! James II. preserved every document which could 'cast light on his conduct, valuing their preservation before life 'itself. Mary II. destroyed all in her power, which could give 'the stamp of certainty to her personal history.'*

It is difficult to read this passage without recalling the hallucinations of those would-be heroines of mock-romantic tales, who persist in discerning guilty secrets, and in finding grounds for 'dark mysterious surmises,' in all the ordinary occurrences of life. Can any thing be more natural than that a queen, placed on the throne by a revolution, and remaining there for seven years amid constant faction and occasional civil war, should have in her custody many papers which she was bound in honour not to trust to the discretion of others? And would not the existence of such papers most fully and creditably account for her anxiety to review the contents of her cabinet, on finding herself seized by a dangerous illness? There is, no doubt, much which is remarkable in her conduct on this occasion; but little which we should have thought her present biographer would feel inclined to remark. Nor can we understand why Miss Strickland considers the contrast, which she draws between the father and the daughter, as favourable to the former. If

* Vol. xi. p.306.

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James had by him at his death — as he probably had — papers capable of compromising persons who survived him, he ought to have taken care to place them in safety. And if he neglected to do so, we can only say that the 'unfortunate father' showed less good sense, less care for his friends, and less regard for his duty, than the 'fortunate daughter.'

One more of these invidious comments, and we have done. It is a passage which we have read with unfeigned regret, and which we really hope our remonstrances may induce Miss Strickland to reconsider. Most of our readers will remember the agony of grief and repentance displayed by William III. in his attendance on the deathbed of his injured wife. According to Miss Strickland, 'he ordered his camp bed to be brought into 'the chamber of his dying consort, and remained with her night 'and day, while she struggled between life and death.' The anguish of a bereaved husband is generally respected, even by his enemies; and most persons will think there is something peculiarly touching in the anguish of the cold, silent, sarcastic William, who usually seems to have thought it beneath his dignity, as a prince and a soldier, to show his sense of common joys or sorrows. Such is not Miss Strickland's feeling. While describing the emotions of the dying wife and the penitent husband, she coolly watches her opportunity to insinuate suspicions of their truth. 'It is possible,' she says, 'that he 'was desirous of preventing any thing she might say respecting 'the events of her past life!'* And then, in the very teeth of this charitable conjecture, she goes on to relate that the queen, when at the point of death, had a long *private* conference with Archbishop Tennison.

We need not point out how entirely such faults as those which we have thus briefly noticed must deprive the work in which they occur of all real historical value. But we cannot conclude without expressing our earnest hope that our remarks may induce Miss Strickland, if not to correct the tone and temper of her book, at least to take the earliest opportunity of expunging the solemn and vehement protestations of impartiality which she has thought proper to make in her preface. Our criticisms have not been made in a hostile spirit. We have carefully avoided harsh language; we have abstained from sifting her pages to detect faults of style or inaccuracies in fact; we have endeavoured to express no political sentiment which the most zealous Cavalier might not, consistently with his principles, approve. We can make allowance for honest prejudice, but not for wilful self-delusion. Of self-delusion no rational person can acquit

* Vol. xi. p. 312.

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Miss Strickland, after comparing the lofty professions of her preface with the bitter partisanship of her narrative. And of wilful self-delusion — in other words, of deliberate insincerity — she will unquestionably be guilty, if she refuses to correct this inconsistency.

It will be observed, that we have not referred to Mr. Macaulay's recent publication in the course of this article: and the reason of this is, partly that the plan of it was entirely arranged, and in great part executed, before we had the pleasure of seeing that remarkable production; but chiefly that the limited and comparatively humble nature of our design seemed not to require, and scarcely indeed to admit of our seeking aid in so high a quarter for the object we had in view. That object, as we have intimated at the outset, was to show that Miss Strickland had been signally partial and unjust in her estimate of individual characters, even on the supposition that her professed principles of judgment were right, and her assumptions correct, as to many very questionable facts. Mr. Macaulay has *settled* many questions, of far higher importance than those with which we have been engaged, against the views and assumptions of this lady and her party — by proofs and by arguments that admit, we think, of no refutation. But we thought we had no need of such a champion for the attainment of our immediate object; and have preferred winning our little battle with our own forces — feeling, at the same time, that we had no right to invoke a higher power, where we were able to help ourselves — and where it certainly could not be pretended that there was *dignus vindice nodus.*

ART. VII. — *Presbytery Examined. An Essay, Critical and Historical, on the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland since the Reformation.* By THE DUKE OF ARGYLL. London: 1848.

THIS work of the Duke of Argyll is creditable alike to his abilities and his taste. It is written with great precision, and occasional elegance, of style; and evinces, for so young an author, considerable facility of expression and command of imagery. The subject also, and the manner of treating it, bespeak an earnest and manly character; one which prefers the solid to the glittering, and is not ashamed of thinking fervidly and deeply, on matters not often attractive to the young and aristocratic. In short, putting his dukedom and his age entirely aside, this little work is one in which much has been per-

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formed which would do credit to the ripest and maturest years. Whether the noble author has quite attained the standard at which he aims,—whether his hand is as yet steady enough, and his eye sufficiently practised, to hold the scales between contending sects, and fierce polemics — is a question on which his greatest admirers are not likely to differ with the public. But even his cathedral and dogmatic air has something honest and natural about it. It is of that kind which is likely to soften, instead of hardening, with years and experience; and we are quite willing to accept it, along with the rarer quality of hearty and unaffected enthusiasm, which gives impulse and energy to his pen.

The truth is, his Grace has here sounded, and with emphasis and force, the key-note of a great question: and he has our thanks, and deserves those of all men who have the good of their country at heart, for directing the eyes of statesmen to a class of subjects which have long been too much neglected. We are glad to find, once more, one of his station and name, not ashamed to know something of the feelings which still sway, and the topics which still interest the great body of his countrymen. Even railways and steamers have done but little to convey to our neighbours south of the Tweed any real knowledge of the sentiments or habits of the people of the North. The returning autumn brings them, like woodcocks in October frost, on their annual migration — to sketch our lakes and mountains, shoot our grouse, perhaps sometimes even wear our philibeg, but gathering no knowledge, and imparting none, of the real character, tastes, or peculiarities of the people. A tale of John Knox, we fear, sounds almost as legendary and obsolete, in English ears, as 'Chevy Chase,' or a 'Lay of Ancient Rome:' and most of the readers who condescend to care at all for the controversies and turmoil of those days, probably regard them with the same kind of interest as that with which they would peruse the description of the lists and jousts of Ashby — as a story of exciting but childish and useless strife, to be looked back on, in our days, with a smile of supercilious thankfulness, and recalling only the barbarous pastimes or pursuits of an age happily gone by. But no one will think thus who knows anything of Scotland. Those who have derived their conceptions of Scottish character from the Jacobite or time-serving historians of the last century, must form, as too many have formed, very shallow and erroneous opinions on the real spirit and temper of our Northern population. But all who, like the Duke of Argyll, understand our countrymen, know well that the topics on which he writes are no antiquarian curiosities, nor the vain fancies of a

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few distempered zealots, but are vital and operating *political facts*, which lie deep in the foundations of the social condition of the people, and have, at the present day, the firmest hold and the most profound influence on their life and conduct.

One reason why the English know so little, and care so little, about Scotland is, that so few Scotchmen, of the many that have crossed the Tweed, are found, like his Grace of Argyll, either to know or to care anything about the poorer and more provincial regions they have left. It is, we suppose, an effect almost irresistible of southern air. We do not say that they are actually ashamed of their country; but in English company they would rather hear and speak of anything else — and be but too happy if they should be, or flatter themselves they are, mistaken for Englishmen; or that their northern origin be not bewrayed by their features or their speech. These are weaknesses from which even great minds are not always exempt; and, probably, if the British court had been fixed at Holyrood, at the Union, although an Englishman is of a sturdier and less accommodating nature, the force of fashion would have given dignity and elegance to what we now so sensitively conceal; — and who can tell whether our Court beauties might not have despised a Windsor accent, and even a Talbot or a Percy sought kingly favour through a twentieth Scotch cousinship?

This tendency, which it is easy to despise but difficult to resist, has produced consequences far more important than those amusing idiosyncrasies which good-natured friends are not ill-pleased to observe and laugh at in others. It, and other causes, have led to a real ignorance on the part of our governors, of the people they govern; and what is still more unfortunate, to a real ignorance on the part of many of our countrymen, of the country and people to which they belong. This is the fruit of that Anglomania which the Union naturally enough occasioned. We have borrowed many good things, undoubtedly, of our English brothers, since we became one family; — a good deal of their money, and something of their domestic habits — in both of which respects there was considerable room for improvement at home. The Union also terminated those predatory feuds which used to occupy and consume the flower of our Scottish youth. Our swords were literally beat into ploughshares; and the proverbial impetuosity of the national character has found more profitable vent, in improving the resources of our naturally unproductive soil, and in disposing of its skill and industry in the market of the world, — in every quarter of the habitable globe. This, and much more of good the Union undoubtedly gave us. But, with all these advantages, some evils ensued, from the com-

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mencement of our English connexion. The nationality of the higher orders gradually disappeared; and they by degrees lost the characteristics which the great body of the people retained. While our Scottish nobles were learning courtly manners, and exercising English wit, at Whitehall, they forgot that the habits and sentiments which they were so ready to shake off, were still burning with a flame as fierce in the hearts of their countrymen, as when the echoes of St. Giles rang to the voice of Knox fifty years before; nor were their eyes opened, till they were swept away before the convulsions of the Commonwealth. During the last century the same causes continued to operate. Partly from the affectation of English tastes and habits, to which Presbyterianism was repulsive, and partly from the influence of French principles and French philosophy, it became fashionable for Scotchmen of rank to assume an air of disgust for the religion and opinions of their forefathers. Even the clergy began to be ashamed of their cloth — to pity the violence and fanaticism of former days, to pride themselves on their greater liberality and knowledge of the world, to preach cold moral essays to colder and not too moral audiences, and with faint praise and pedantic compassion, to profane the graves and memories of the noble hearted and earnest Heroes of the Reformation.

Other causes combined, during the last century, to render the spirit of Scottish Presbyterianism unpopular and distasteful. That century was an age of scepticism, not in religion only, but in all things. An age of unbelief in all truth — and of strong and perverse belief, in the false, affected, and unnatural. False loyalty, false morality, false taste in the lighter, and false principle in the graver pursuits of men, were the characteristics of the time. Emanating from the autocracy of wit, philosophy, and fashion which ruled the European world from Paris, this cold and formal spirit checked all the truer and profounder aspirations of the heart. The fire of genius, the glow of enthusiasm, the earnestness of passion or of zeal, were chilled and quenched by the glittering and hollow mediocrity of the day. No wonder that in such times the rough, but broad, vigorous, and manly spirit of the Scotch reformers was greatly out of fashion.

But the storms with which the century closed, purified the air, and dissipated these unhealthy vapours. Men again began to think and to act for themselves; to free themselves from the fetters of schoolmen or coteries, and to allow nature and thought unrestrained action. The emancipation of men's minds is proclaimed by the fresh vigour of the literature, as well as the liberality of the legislation, of recent years. Nor has social life escaped the beneficial influence. No doubt, we still dispute

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among ourselves, as men always did. We hold our own faith to be true; and extend to our brother such measure only, of charity as our natural temperament, or acquired principles, may suggest. Clashing opinions still produce controversies; and polemical controversies are still pointed with those sharp darts for which they have always been distinguished. But then, we are all in earnest. We speak now, because we believe. We are no longer incapable of being warmed into emotion, or ashamed to display it; nor do we stand on one side, with the indifference of affected philosophy — with the cold sneer of a creed that has no belief in honesty or zeal. Many things in science have been found out to be true, which the sceptics of the Academy prided themselves on deriding. Many so-called vulgar errors have been proved to be strange, but certain, facts. Men, if not now prone to superstition, inquire at least before they *dis*believe; and the temper of society is friendly to sober and real search after truth. One result of returning vigour has been, with us, to draw the attention of the public back to those fountains where the social history of the Commons of Scotland takes its rise; and from which has flowed, through much turmoil and disturbance, much discouragement, and occasional defeat and disaster, the broad stream of Scottish prosperity.

It is instructive and interesting to trace in the sister kingdoms, and to compare by contrast, the gradual spread of knowledge and intelligence in each. In England, the tendency of the national character has always been to a watchful and scrupulous defence of individual freedom — impatient of personal control, and jealous of any inroad on personal rights. A certain cool, and sturdy defiance of unjust authority, and a sensitive resistance to encroachment, have at once won for England the bright jewel of her political liberty, and have stamped on the character of her sons that 'morgue Britannique' for which they are every where distinguished. Religious zeal has generally, with them, been subservient to political objects. They shook off the yoke of Rome, quite as much from the restraints it imposed on their liberty, as from those it laid on their consciences. Strong as was the religious element in the wars of the Commonwealth, it is doubtful whether the nation would, even then, have deserted the monarchy, but for the encroachments of the prerogative on the civil rights of the subject. James himself, had he been content to reign as a constitutional prince, might possibly have succeeded in re-establishing Catholicism, without any alarming or fatal outbreak.

In Scotland the story is different — in many remarkable particulars. The character of the people is naturally more im-

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petuous in action, more subject to alternations of emotion, and perhaps less marked with personal self-respect. Jealous enough of foreign domination, ready to repel an invader foot by foot, faithful to their king or their chief to the last extremity, the Commons of Scotland were, before the Reformation, by no means so impatient of arbitrary power, or so determined on personal independence, as the bold yeomanry of England. The feudal or clannish character and temper survived much longer among the hills and fastnesses of the North; and the passion of feudal fidelity was cherished by the people with all their national ardour and intensity. They had in truth no other outlet. Intellectual enterprise was crushed under the withering influence of priestcraft; and the ambition of the Scotsman of lower rank seldom rose higher than that of proving himself a devoted vassal of his chief, — while the nobler born thought they reached the summit of their hopes if they earned the reputation of gallant cavaliers in the royal ranks.

But the real history of Scotland begins at the Reformation. Our own nationality, we fairly confess, does not take the direction of caring anxiously to inquire into the cabals and feuds of the very poor, very turbulent, and not very high-minded Nobility who graced or disgraced the Courts of the Stuarts. It is not flattering to our pride to dwell on the tergiversations and double dealing which were too characteristic of the wars of Montrose and Dundee — when the father generally kept well with one side, while his son fought on the other — when lords and lairds had their eyes firmly fixed on the trembling balance, and threw all their unpledged weight into the descending scale. It is, to a great degree, a melancholy and degrading, while it is a diverting picture. Yet such have been, by much too exclusively, the themes of both former and recent historians; who seem to prefer the pageantry of battles, and the fopperies of royal state, to what is really noble, honest, and true in a nation's history. We have little respect for that kind of historical composition, which glitters, like a tournament, with armour and lances, and resounds with the clash of swords; and as little for the artist who will not degrade his pencil to portray any lineaments but those of the kings, and princes, and nobles of the earth. That is not history, to our minds. We would rather watch and trace the gradual, but constant, growth to strength and maturity, of a hardy, deep-thinking and strong-willed commonalty — less swayed by popular fickleness — less moved by the frown of power — less shaken by the vicissitudes of affairs — more firm and stedfast in the prosecution of their views and purposes throughout nearly three centuries, than any other people of modern Europe. How

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that deep and fervent spirit was first evoked, and how it grew and strengthened, gathering vigour from every fall, and drawing nurture even from the blasts of persecution, — how the flame was re-animated when low — how it scorched when it burned the brightest — and how intellect, education, morals, and social order have flourished or decayed under its beams — this, to be well and rightly told, is our idea of a history of Scotland.

No doubt the prevalent feature in such a story is the deep Religious spirit which has always animated the people. But that was not a spirit which found vent merely in Scriptural phraseology, or fasts, or conventicles. It was the basis and groundwork of a great, and, in some respects, of a noble system of national polity — comprehending within it many of the essential elements of freedom in the civil, and of morals, order, and accomplishment in the social community. The men who founded it were no rude, unenlightened, or unlettered bigots. They were men skilled in the languages, familiar with the institutions, and not ignorant of the courts of Europe — as well as eminent, in many instances, among the scholars of that time. 'Perhaps,' says a well-known writer, 'some of our literati who 'entertain such diminutive ideas of the taste and learning of 'those times, might be surprised if they could be set down at 'the table of one of our Scottish reformers, surrounded by a 'circle of his children and pupils, when the conversation was all 'carried on in French, and the chapter of the Bible at family 'worship, was read by the boys in Latin, French, Greek, and 'Hebrew.' Knox himself was quite qualified to take his place among the men of letters of his day. His mind had been enlarged by long residence on the Continent, and he was no stranger in the highest and most courtly circles. The name of Melville stood side by side with that of Buchanan, and near the very head of European scholars. He was the friend of Beza and of Scaliger, and the correspondent of Casaubon: and the man who, in open council, and to his own imminent danger, defied the coarse jeers of his too learned sovereign, and the threats and persuasions of his counsellors, is found in his exile at Sedan, when almost an octogenarian, awaking his neglected muse in an epithalamium on a royal marriage. But, above all, those who laid the foundation of Scottish Presbytery, were men acquainted with affairs, and possessed of thorough knowledge of the world. It was no system of mere bigotry or priestcraft which they proposed to establish; nor were they a society of Jesuits, who sought to bend and beguile all human institutions and relations to the purposes of their order. Their object was not merely to found a theological institute, but to provide a great system of religious and moral training

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for the people—much more than to carry out speculative views on civil and spiritual powers. How far the principles of their polity in the latter particular were sound in themselves, or practically expedient, is, of course, a question open to many opinions. But, with them, 'New Presbyter' was *not* 'Old Priest writ 'large;' whatever in individual instances the system may have become, or to whatever use it may in the course of our history have been afterwards turned. No one who candidly considers the fabric of the Church government founded by Knox, and matured by his successors, can fail to read there, vividly portrayed, the lineaments of strong practical sagacity and worldly wisdom —and both the outline and the substance of a great scheme of national instruction. The best memorial of their success, and the most lasting monument to their fame, is the fact, that, to this day, the spirit they inspired remains among us in all its original intensity; softened only by the greater liberality and tolerance of a more polished age, and by the moral and social results which are among the fruits of their labours.

The Presbyterian system, thus established at first, has produced two very prominent and notable effects on the national character. The first and most striking of these is the attachment of the people to their Calvinistic creed, and the independent logical turn of mind natural to the constant study of doctrinal and controversial theology. This is at the present day a peculiar feature of the Scotch; and it has been so throughout their history. We may attribute to this cause, taken in connexion with the system of parochial schools, the comparatively intellectual cast of the habits and recreations even of the peasantry. No system of priestly domination could ever have done this for them. Had the spirit of Presbytery been one in which the right of private judgment was surrendered into the hands of a privileged order, it never could have quickened the minds of its adherents, with that habit and love of intelligent inquiry which is so characteristic of our countrymen. It was the utter absence of such pretensions in her canons and her teaching, that led her followers to think, and judge, and decide, with such courage for themselves. Far more truly than the ancient philosophy, the spirit of Presbytery made the peasant a king to himself; the unmolested possessor and unchallenged expositor of the words of divine wisdom; treading with equal step, side by side with peer and proprietor, the path to their common inheritance. Even now, especially where the spread of manufactures has not yet let in the stream of an alien population, or levelled, by the vices or virtues common to vast aggregations of men, the distinctive types of the nation, a casual traveller

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may find, in a roadside cottar's hut — wanting, it may be, in many English decencies, unsightly to the eye, and gratifying to no other sense — the great dogmas of Calvin, Socinus, or Arminius, discussed with a clearness of intelligence, and precision of logic, that would not discredit a professed divine. Any one who knows the people will feel that this is no exaggeration. Practically, though not avowedly, theology is taught and studied as a science; and certainly no science, viewing it simply as such, is so fitted to call out and exercise the powers of judgment, reasoning, and accurate and acute discrimination. Thus, as Sunday after Sunday returns, with its grave and becoming observances, its respectable family hearth, its thronged and intellectual public services, the Scottish peasant in reality undergoes, almost unconsciously, a mental training of a very high order; and in his honest search after the riches of futurity, lays up the habits and endowments of mind that often raise him to those of this world.

It is certainly true that the gravity and seriousness thus induced, detract considerably, in the eyes of strangers especially, from the external aspect of the people. There is often a certain sobriety, approaching, it may be, to gloom, in their external demeanour, and a self-reliance, tending to bigotry, in their judgments and opinions of others. Allowance, however, is seldom sufficiently made for national peculiarities of manner or temperament. We can well suppose that when Mary was first transplanted — the fairest flower in the gardens of France — to the frowning walls of Holyrood, her light and thoughtless spirit would recoil in disgust from the sombre countenances, grave discourse, and rigid observances of our early Reformers. Even still, a Presbyterian Sunday wears a dismal appearance to those accustomed to the gaieties of continental customs; and it is rather fashionable for writers of our own time to affect the liberality of lamenting the puritanical and fanatical observances of Scotland. But such complaints will be sparingly made by those, whatever their own opinions, who look more closely to the people themselves, *and the result* of their stricter habits on their social condition. The grave courtiers of 1560 were men who, while they would and could have built a throne for Mary in the hearts of her people, were no enemies or strangers to the courtesies and pleasures of life, though they looked with probably a more scrupulous eye than their successors in our own times, on some of its lighter amusements. They had learned, in their reformed creed, that life had higher objects than to be laughed away in a circle of excitement or frivolity, and sought the recreations suited to strong and earnest

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minds. So, still, it would be vain, even were it at all desirable, to endeavour to make the Scotchman spend his day of rest, after the fashion of the thoughtless but gay Parisian. It would have no charms for him. Sound and glitter are not his conception of enjoyment—which is nowhere better painted than in Burn's Cottar's Saturday Night, in its spirit of cheerful, yet solemn and devotional comfort. Shallow observers not unfrequently make the mistake of insisting on men being happy and miserable in their way, not their own. But the Scotch character, if not gay, is substantially cheerful; and below the homely and sometimes repulsive exterior, is generated much well-regulated masculine sense, not less capable of enjoyment, and more capable of continued and persevering emotion, than his more brilliant neighbour. The gaieties of Versailles could not preserve the throne of the Bourbons from the Reign of Terror; nor could the light-hearted holidays of modern Paris save her from the most fearful of intramural massacres. In Scotland we feel ourselves safe from such scenes, chiefly because the anchors of public principle are more deeply and firmly fixed, and we have a security in the thoughtful and intelligent spirit of our countrymen, which would be ill exchanged for the splendid follies of a carnival.

The other strong feature which we think was impressed on us by the system of Presbytery established at the Reformation, is the tendency of the people in favour of democratic or popular government. We have already remarked that prior to the Reformation, the feudal feeling was much stronger among the people of Scotland than that of personal independence. At this day the reverse is eminently the case: so much so, that since the Reform Bill threw open to her the system of popular election, there have been no more true and stedfast friends of progressive reform than the large constituencies of Scotland. Nor is it difficult to trace the causes which have led to this result. The Reformation in Scotland was a movement which, while religious, was essentially democratic. We do not use the term as at all synonymous with republican—for that it was not; nor were any of the principles of the early Reformers opposed to the lawfulness or the expediency of monarchy. But both the canons and the outward fabric of the Church of Scotland were strongly tinged with the popular element. The distinct assertion of the right of private judgment, the constant use of the Scriptures, the absence of gradations among the clergy, and what, with all deference to the Duke of Argyll, we think characteristic of the institution, the disclaimer of mere priestly tyranny, naturally led to independence of mind on the part of the people

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so instructed. The whole system, indeed, of church polity was a large and wide-spread scheme of popular representation. The individual congregations were presided over by the minister and lay elders, forming the Kirk Session; the elders being office-bearers in the church, as well as the minister, and being members of the congregation. Each Kirk Session sent a minister and elder to the Presbytery, a provincial court, meeting usually once a month, and composed of representatives from the different Kirk Sessions of a district. These Presbyteries, united, formed Synods, meeting twice a year; and last of all, the great superintending body of the Church, the General Assembly, is composed of ministers and lay elders elected by the different Presbyteries, along with a number of lay elders returned, without any clerical interference, by the royal burghs.

It is plain that under such a system, the voice of the people must necessarily, sometimes to a greater, sometimes to a smaller extent, rule the deliberations and control the ambition of the clergy. It was impossible, while the system was fairly worked, that any arbitrary power should reign within the Church. The large proportion of lay members of which the General Assembly was composed, gave it, in fact, more the character of a convocation of estates, than of a merely ecclesiastical tribunal. Indeed, after the Union had removed the Legislature from Scotland, the General Assembly really possessed much both of the interest and the practical and moral power of a Parliament. Orators and debaters were trained there. From all parts of the island, from the distant Hebrides, and from Dutch Campvere, the members of Assembly came, through districts where even now travelling is no trifle, and where it was then far more laborious than a summer excursion to the Pyramids is now. Here sat a peer, whose slender rent-roll and miles of barren acres forbad him to carry his aristocracy southward; there, perhaps, flashed the keen eye of Scotland's greatest lawyer. All that was rising in intellect and learning sought distinction on those benches. The provincial provost, whose journey from the north was the great event of his life, gave his silent but assiduous attendance, and spent the remainder of his official and private life in recounting the debates. The judge descended from the bench to fill his place in the Assembly. The Westland laird left his crofts, and the Glasgow merchant his counting-house; and ever and anon, amid the crowd of gentle and simple in the great court of the church, would be seen the blue bonnet, and grave, sagacious, and *solemnised* face of a farmer from the Mearns or the Border.

Great also was the influence this popular assembly exercised; and that, it must be avowed, on matters not always within its

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province. There are recorded in its books several prosecutions of parties suspected of rebellion, or of harbouring rebels, in 1715; and on many public occasions it assumed much more the tone of an estate of the realm, than merely a court of the Church. Of its public authority as a represser of vice, we cannot give a stronger instance than the fact, that somewhere about the beginning of the eighteenth century, the infamous Colonel, then Captain Charteris, was summoned before the commission of the General Assembly for some irregularity; that he obeyed the warrant of the Assembly, and defended himself at great length; and was afterwards, if our recollection serves us right, not only convicted, but declared by the Assembly incapable of holding any office, civil or ecclesiastical.

It is true that in the last century the General Assembly cannot be held to have been the exponent or supporter of popular rights. One of the first results of the union of the kingdoms, which took place in 1707, was the passing of Bolingbroke's Act, by which patronage was restored—in direct and admitted violation of one of the inviolable articles of the Union. From that time to the end of the century, a gradual spirit of subserviency crept over the church and the country alike. The clergy began to court the patrons more than the people; and the patrons, often Jacobite, and sometimes Episcopalian, failed, as might be expected, to recruit the ranks with men of the old zealous stamp. Nor were the civilians behind the clergy in their submission to the powers in office. Enterprising Scotchmen had flocked across the Border, and found affluence and influence in their adopted country. The success of those who went inflamed the cupidity and fired the ambition of those who remained behind; till, at last, the science of courtiership — of fawning to great men — became, but too generally, the avowed object, the undisguised chief end, of Scottish citizens and country gentlemen. The great man bowed low and subserviently in the royal closet. The member bowed low to the great man. Provosts and councilmen, justices and commissioners of the peace, fell prostrate at the feet of the members; while petty burgesses stooped meekly before the magistrate, and farmers trembled before the factor of the laird. Never, we believe, in the history of the world, was a country so thoroughly influence-ridden as Scotland was during the reign of George the Third: And she had her reward—in commissions in the army and navy, writerships to India, places innumerable and now forgotten in the Customs and Excise, pensions charged on some unknown corner of the Civil List, and a thousand smaller rills of preferment from the great fountain of honour. This indeed was almost the only channel

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through which men then looked to reach their fortune. Anxious fathers had no other hope for their younger sons. Geniuses sighed only for the smile of some courtier's courtier. David Hume had a commission in the army—and Burns died an exciseman.

The spirit of the people generally, however, remained unchanged. They sought for the orthodox preaching which the Church denied them, in extensive dissent,—dissent which differed from none of the standards or recognised canons of the Church of Scotland; and which merely professed to adhere to the discipline of that church in its more vigorous and purer days. The abuses of patronage formed the leading occasion of the first, and indeed of all succeeding schisms—a law which, imposed as it was at first in direct violation of the constitution, was throughout obnoxious to the country, and as administered during the last century, produced the fruit of scattered congregations, empty churches, relaxation of discipline in the Church Courts, and discreditable laxity of morals among the clergy themselves. Accordingly, till within a period comparatively recent, the great proportion of the population had withdrawn themselves entirely from the cold and ill-served ministrations of the Established Church; and kept alive the zeal and spirit of the Reformation in the meeting-houses of the Secession or the Relief, as the two principal dissenting bodies were denominated.

At last, however, the tide turned, though slowly, in the Church itself,—and its progress kept pace very nearly with the general advance of the public towards liberal opinions. Patrons gradually became more conscientious in their appointments. Popular and zealous preachers, as they acquired weight with the country, came by degrees to have influence in the settlement of ministers. One or two men of great eloquence and genius gave an impulse to their brethren. Evangelical opinions, as they are termed, became fashionable; and the year 1830, which ushered in a Whig ministry after fifty years' exile, found the Church of Scotland full of fresh youth and vigour, reinvested with much of its former influence over the country itself, and ripe for a revolt against the exercise of that patronage which had been productive of so much disaster.

It would be altogether foreign to the object of this rapid sketch, to go into any detail of that ten years' war, which terminated, in 1843, in what has been termed, and truly termed, the Disruption of the Church of Scotland. We may have to allude to some of the principles of that great and singular controversy before we conclude. It is more to our present purpose to observe, that the progress and final issue of that contention were but too

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illustrative of the ignorance in our rulers, of the feelings, wishes, and tendencies of the nation itself. A very little political wisdom might entirely have averted the catastrophe. The original cause of quarrel was not one, which necessarily involved any question as to the spiritual jurisdiction of the Church. It was the old quarrel about patronage; which had been practically settled in favour of the people at the Revolution, after having been a bone of contention between Church and Crown for a hundred preceding years. Bolingbroke's Act was confessedly an illegal and unconstitutional infringement of the fundamental conditions of the Union; but the original proceedings of the General Assembly in 1834, were directed more to control the abuse of patronage, by giving effect to the dissent of the congregation in individual appointments, than to any measure for the abolition of those rights which had been so questionably restored. In an evil hour the patrons were advised to question the power of the Church Courts to interpose this barrier between a presentee and the benefice. It was a short-sighted and ill-considered step; as the result has conspicuously proved. The precise line of demarcation between the spiritual and the civil function, in the admission of ministers, had, in former times, been left purposely indefinite. Each had its function—the Church to ordain to the cure, the civil power to confer the benefice. When Andrew Melville and his cotemporaries adjusted the statutory basis of Presbytery in 1592, this question was waived by tacit consent on both sides. It had remained unadjusted ever since—one which sagacious leaders did not care to press to a settlement. Knowing, as the patrons did, that the proceedings of the General Assembly in 1834, by which the dissent of congregations was held sufficient to exclude a presentee from his cure, were but indications of a desire on the part of many within the Church for far more thorough changes, and as practically, the rule thus adopted was not found to operate injuriously to the rights of patronage, it is certainly to be regretted that so great a game should have been commenced with a move so insignificant, and for a stake so paltry.

The courts of law, however, though not without much hesitation, decided for the supremacy of the civil power; and, in substance, their decision left patronage far more absolute than it found it. The Church, wisely or not, resolved not to induct the obnoxious presentee—choosing rather to forfeit the benefice for that term. But the civil courts ordered them to proceed. They refused, and denied the jurisdiction of the court to pronounce any such order—maintaining that its power only extended to the temporalities of the benefice. The civil court

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proceeded against the recusant Presbyteries for violating their orders. The spiritual court hurled their censures against those of their own number who disobeyed *their* injunctions. Any quiet spectator must have seen how the contest must terminate. The civil courts of course could not abandon their position: and the Church had no weapons with which to drive them from it. Nothing was left, then, but surrender—surrender of their principle on one hand, or their benefices on the other. They chose the latter: and, having made their choice, they acted on it with vigour and singular effect. Four hundred ministers at once threw up their temporalities. They retired amid the sympathy and the applause of Scotland—to form not a straggling or precarious body of dissenters, but a Confederation which has already vindicated its position as one of the institutions of their country. Their views may have been well or ill-founded, their enthusiasm just or extravagant; but the movement was not more picturesque in its manliness and self-devotion, than it was energetic, skilful, and successful. In a country not proverbial for riches, and very proverbial for prudence, they have by voluntary contribution, in the short space of five years, erected upwards of 600 churches, for the most part free of debt. They have provided almost every parish with a residence for the pastor; they raise between 70,000*l.* and 80,000*l.* per annum for the maintenance of the clergy, besides realising larger sums for educational and missionary purposes, than were ever raised for these objects when the Church of Scotland was undivided. They constitute a feature in the country which the most casual traveller cannot fail to observe. In the remotest glens of the Highlands, in the distant Orkneys and the far islands of the West, amid famine and starvation, the little Free Church now forms the humble, but striking foreground of the social picture. The fame of their chivalrous sacrifice has rung throughout Europe. Its influence has sunk deep into the very roots and foundations of their native land. It was, there is no denying it, a noble and magnificent triumph both of constancy and genius. Men may dispute the principle, and lament the mis-direction of the abilities which crowned it with honour; but it will bear fruit long after the husbandmen who planted that flourishing garden have departed, and will constitute the great legacy which the century has contributed to the history of Scotland.

But how came it, that while the old spirit of the Covenant was bearing such striking testimony to its engrossing and enduring power over the people,—while on the cold shores of Sutherland, and the bleak hills of Lanarkshire, week after week, and year after year, crowds not of robust and daring men only, but aged

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sires, delicate and sickly women, and young and tender children, were standing under the summer heat and the winter blast, without a roof to shelter them, to listen to what they deemed the true ministry of the word; how came it, one might well ask, that the government of our country looked on with such frigid and unmoved indifference? Why was it that the great Ecclesiastical Institute of Scotland was suffered to be thus dismembered without an effort to save it? It is easy to be wise after the event; but the true cause is too certain, and too weighty not to be commemorated. It was because those in authority, and those who advised them, had no more conception of what was going on below, than the inhabitants of Lisbon who walked their accustomed streets on the day before the earthquake which was to lay them in ruins. They knew nothing of the fires that burned beneath the serene surface. They mistook what was truly a deep popular emotion for a weak and ostentatious trick of priestcraft, that would quail and become contemptible before the firmness of mere apathy. Yet the eruption was not without its deep and solemn mutterings—the upheaving of the earth before the flames burst forth. But in the vain and presumptuous ignorance which unhappily swayed our councils, all the signs of the times were misread. Warnings were treated as mere bullying bravado, expostulation as wavering, negotiation as a symptom of cowardice. When the critical day drew near, the result was prophesied with contemptuous confidence—'A few men, a 'dozen or so, might be so far committed as to be forced to go, 'the Church would only be weeded of its more turbulent spirits '—they would sink in the darkness and be forgotten.' When the day came at last, and covered all this wretched policy with such flagrant and undeniable confusion, it was but little consolation to those who looked their last on Scotland's greatest institution, to hear the exclamation, half in admiration, half in dismay, 'Well, who could have thought it!'

While this controversy was yet at its height, the Duke of Argyll, then not of age, distinguished himself by a very masterly and energetic pamphlet on the subject. His Grace has now entered the field of letters again in the volume before us, with great success as a clear and able writer, and great merit both in intention and execution. He writes vigorously and boldly; and we shall always be glad to meet him in our literary walks, being certain that his thoughts will be clearly and forcibly expressed, and will be in themselves honest, masculine, and real. His present object seems to be twofold. He designs in the first place to give his English reader an outline of the history and fabric of Presbyterian church government; and se-

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events of that time; but the Scotch Reformation was not merely a religious revolution, either in its elements or its results. The liberties of Scotland were founded on it; and not of Scotland only, but of England also. But for the Scottish Reformation, Popery would most probably have regained its sway in both countries; and the British constitution, only then beginning to germinate, would probably have been blighted in its spring. Nothing but the unbroken firmness of Knox, individually, thwarted the intrigues of France and Spain for the overthrow, in Scotland, of the Huguenot heresy—which was not less alarming to the civil tyrants than it was to the spiritual despots of Europe. We may read in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the news of which reached the Scottish Reformer on his death-bed, and called forth his last and dying denunciation, the fate which was in store for the religion and liberties of our country, from which these men alone preserved her.

Now, if the Duke of Argyll, instead of writing an Ecclesiastical Essay, for the purpose of detecting the Arnoldian theory in a constitution which he does not, we fear, understand, had given us, in his manly and forcible style, a sketch of the civil and social history of his country for the period his volume embraces, he would have opened a mine hitherto very little worked to profit, and done a service to his times and to posterity. We take leave still to commend this task to him. His industry, abilities, and enthusiasm are good qualifications for it. He is thoroughly patriotic, and thoroughly Protestant: and if he will look at the period, without the impeding medium of his crotchet as to the balance of church and civil power, he might write the story of the Reformation in Scotland, in a manner which would secure him a lasting reputation in literature, such as we fear his present work will hardly gain for him.

The Duke of Argyll is quite right in holding that much of the civil, or rather the popular, element blended with the Church polity of Knox — that is to say, that the theory of the Presbyterian system, from which, in fact, the Episcopal Establishment was not at first so distinct as is generally supposed, was to vest the government of the Church in the hands of parties elected by the people — not however in their capacity of citizens, but as members of the visible Church. In this popular election, the authority of the office-bearers of the Church, whether lay or clerical, had its sole *visible* origin. Pastors were called by the congregation over which they were to preside; and, without the consent of the congregation, had no jurisdiction over them. The power of the Church Courts, which we have already described, composed as they were of a large pro-

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portion of powerful laymen, had, in the language of the day, no *lordly power over Christ's heritage.* While in one view they were held to be Christ's ambassadors and servants, in another they were but representatives, holding delegated authority from the Church itself; — authority believed, indeed, to be sanctioned and enjoined by Scripture, but not independent of those for whose benefit it was used.

It was thus quite true that the General Assembly wore as much the air of a political as of an ecclesiastical body. 'The 'only circumstance,' his Grace says, 'which seems to have given 'them any ecclesiastical character, as that word is commonly 'understood, or to have distinguished them from the nature of 'a parliament, was the subject matter of their deliberations.' But his Grace draws an erroneous conclusion from the feature he refers to. Knox never indulged in the dream of a theocratic government, — which seems to have been the vision that led Cromwell on. He never contemplated that the Church should govern the State; but as little did he intend that the civil power should govern the Church. No doubt it might come to pass, in days which he never thought to see, and in a state of society far too improbable for his practical mind to calculate on, that when every man was at once a member of the true Church, as well as a citizen of the community, the actual exercise of church and civil power might come into the same hands. But no fallacy can be more palpable than to suppose that, even in such a state, civil and church power would be necessarily identical, or that it formed any part of the early Presbyterian polity to consider them so. The view the early Reformers took of both matters was a very simple one, very little perplexed with subtleties, and suited to the immediate wants of the times. The divine institution of the Church they held to consist of all the faithful, in the general sense, — and of all believers in any given country or nation, in the more particular acceptation. They held that this community was authorised, by Scripture warrant, to govern its own members, to enforce order, and to appoint office-bearers, for the administration of ordinances and the preaching of the Word. And they held that the system of equality among the clergy was more consonant to the apostolic example and injunctions than any other form of Church policy. While the Church of Scotland, therefore, claimed nothing for its office-bearers, as for a separate caste or privileged order, it yet, at the same time, held strongly that this system of Church order, being in accordance with the revealed will of God, had his direct sanction and blessing; that the office-bearers so appointed held rule in the Church by Divine authority, and dispensed ordinances which receive effect

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through Divine influence: — a conclusion clearly and necessarily deducible from the fact, that the mode of their appointment, and the existence of their office, was believed to be in accordance with Scripture.

Within this community the civil power obviously could have no standing or rule. Kings and princes, in the theory of Presbytery, were but fellow members of the same divine community, capable of acquiring rule within it in the same way as, but in no other way than, the humblest of the flock. There were, however, *duties connected with the Church* which were held to be incumbent on the civil magistrate. These were not privileges, but *duties;* — a distinction which his Grace of Argyll overlooks. The civil magistrate was bound, in the first place, to maintain and support the true Church — not that the magistrate was entitled to decide for any one which was the true Church — but that his duty, as the secular arm, was to protect the Church which was the true one; the truth of it being a certain fact, depending, not on man's opinion, but on God's Word. This is sometimes represented as mere bigotry, claiming for one side what is denied to the other. That it too often leads to such results is true; but abstractly, the view itself is not illogical. The reasoning is this: Man may be fallible in his judgment, but the truth or falsehood of his religion is a certain fact, whether he can discover it or no. It is the duty of every one, especially of every government, to promote truth; it is not, and cannot be, the duty of any government to promote error, even though they think it truth. Error may be practically supported, conscientiously and ignorantly — but it never can be the duty of any one to promote it. This is the plain principle on which Knox called in the aid of the civil power to second and assist the childhood of Presbytery. He *assumed*, no doubt, as propositions too plain for dispute, that Popery was error, and the Reformed religion truth; and from that fact, as a postulate, he deduced the conclusion that the civil magistrate was bound to protect the true Church in the exercise of their functions, and to prevent, by a strong hand, the teaching and spread of error.

Our noble author appears, in the work before us, quite to have lost sight of this, — which is the real view on which Scottish Presbyterians, from that day to this, have held the duties of the civil power to be based. It is not wonderful that in the days of Knox, when from one week to the next, men could not be confident that they might not pass from their pulpit to a prison for life, the Reformers were more careful to enlarge on the duty of the civil magistrate to protect the truth, than on the right of the Church to declare it. They had not at that time seen, in

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the precocious yet promising boy, who even then stammered Latin with George Buchanan, that sage and oracular defender of the faith, whose kingcraft revolutionised England, and whose theological lore upset the Church of Scotland in the succeeding century. Protection and recognition were what they then wanted; the interference of the civil power with the intrinsic matters of the Church, was not the evil nor the topic of the day. But the Duke of Argyll concludes very hastily from this, that Knox held that the civil power had a spiritual jurisdiction; a right, in short, to deliberate *with* the Church and *for* the Church in spiritual matters. But he will search in vain, in the early Presbyterian Church, for any such opinion. All the passages he founds on assume that the truth or falsehood of particular tenets have been already clearly and definitely fixed by lawful authority; and they only assert what we suppose succeeding Presbyterians have always asserted, the obligation of civil rulers to promote and protect them.

It is quite true that Knox carried the principle in question farther in practice than probably his successors found it right or safe to do. In particular, he stretched the obligation of the civil power to suppress error, far beyond the limits of just toleration. But toleration was not a virtue, or a sentiment of the times, on any side; it was many long years before that great and beneficent principle was acknowledged by men in power, even in its slenderest aspect; and many more before statesmen of all sides bowed down before it. In short, the ideas and opinions of men on the subject of toleration were too much based then, as they are to a certain extent at the present day, on the analogy of the Jewish dispensation; and when it was thought politic or convenient to use the civil sword for the suppression of an obnoxious creed, there was no difficulty in finding texts which were supposed to sanction the use of it. This characteristic lies on the surface of the times; and it was quite as much the characteristic of Popery and Prelacy, as of Presbytery,—nay, the latter was by far the most merciful of the three. But in truth, as society was then composed, toleration was neither easy nor safe. Vigilance night and day was required to keep the sacred flame of the Reformation alive. Its foes watched for the halting, and literally thirsted for the blood, of its supporters. Continental emissaries swarmed round the court, corrupting the sources of power, administration, and justice, and waiting for any opportunity, however slight, and by any step, however noiseless and invisible, to advance the restoration of the supremacy of the Romish faith. Nothing but the weekly, or almost diurnal thunders of the great reformer, echoed as they were by the

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low but deep voices of the people, kept Queen and Court from openly adopting the religion they were well known to favour,—an event which necessarily implied the ruin of the cause of the Reformation, and death or imprisonment to the leaders of it. No toleration certainly was professed on that side; and none was expected from it. It is not easy to give quarter to an internecine foe; and although unquestionably the Reformers of Scotland carried the intolerance of the age far beyond the limits which modern liberality can approve, we doubt if this was among the black catalogue of the demerits with which they were so plentifully charged during their lives. It was the vice of the age; and one not wholly purged from their successors at this day, who in struggling for ascendency have not the excuse that they struggle also for existence.

Time, however, passed on. The fears of Popery subsided; and fresh and new dangers began to assail the nascent Church. To their misfortune, the Scotch were cursed with a learned king; a king rash without manliness, arrogant without firmness, and clever without sense. The wolf without had been scared; but the flock were in danger of being grievously fleeced by their self-appointed shepherd. The protection of the civil power promised to be as dangerous as its hostility. Full of high notions of his kingly supremacy, and vain of his theological knowledge, James applied himself to unite the offices of Head both of church and state,—and lost no opportunity of asserting his prerogative in both. Knox was dead before this second contest began. But he was not without a successor, the description of whom is one of the best passages in the volume before us.

'Such was the state of men's minds in Scotland, when, in July, 1574, one who, ten years before, had left Scotland as a youth desirous of completing his education, returned to his native country a learned and already a celebrated man. The Scottish Presbyterian clergy of the present day are not generally men remarkable for extensive learning, and still less for extensive knowledge of the world. It was different in the times of which we are now speaking. The intense excitement occasioned by the circulation of new ideas,—the desire of knowledge, and the paramount interest of religious movements, produced at that time the closest intercourse between the most distant parts of Europe. The communion of mind with mind was quick and powerful,—more than we can well conceive, for whom the improvements of physical science have not done more than was effected by those strong incitements. The young man who had left the University of St. Andrews in 1564, from a craving after knowledge which the courses of that institution were insufficient to satisfy, had since been in familiar intercourse with many of the most powerful intellects

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of the time, and had, besides, become acquainted with the world and human character in the most varied and instructive forms. For two years he had studied at the University of Paris, then much frequented by students from all parts of Europe, and having professors among whom the Reformed religion had made considerable progress. There he had abundant opportunity of observing the progress of the great Catholic reaction, and the rapid advances of the order of Jesus. In 1566, he had repaired to the University of Poictiers, in which the fame of his acquirements immediately procured for him a high official place, which he continued for three years to occupy. But by this time the League had begun its more active operations, and the Cahtolics and Reformed of France were disputing their opinions in the field. The siege of Poictiers, by Admiral Coligni, and the danger he incurred from his own opinions, induced him to take refuge in Geneva; and there he had lived in constant intercourse with all the learned and celebrated men who taught in or frequented that extraordinary republic.

'The society to be met with at Geneva was at that time, and had been for many years before, one of no common interest. From the first moment that persecution had begun its work, that city, with some of the other towns of Switzerland, had been the refuge of the proscribed of Europe. Her streets and shores were thronged by men who had been chief actors in some of the most remarkable scenes of the world's history. There were there those who, in the heart of Italy and Spain, had been reached by the light which the Inquisition so fatally, so diabolically, quenched; men who, in reference to their own countries, were as "the gleaning of grapes when the vintage is "done," and with whose exile the sceptre departed from the one, and the revival of national life was postponed (how long?) amongst the other, people. There were there those who, in the Convent of San Isidro, under the walls of Seville, had heard and accepted the great doctrines of the Reformed, and from the leaven of whose new convictions there had been promised that even the monks of Spain would have been blessings to their country. There were there those who, from almost every academy and city of Italy, had gathered round Renée, Duchess of Ferrara, and had enjoyed among themselves, and in her society, the converse of awakened mind. Nor were there wanting others, the interest of whose character was not dependent only on their new beliefs. There were there the honoured guests or cherished teachers of that City State—some of the greatest intellects of the time, in all the various departments of science and philosophy. It was as a great focus of the mental world; to which every month, every week, almost every day was bringing some new visit from some distinguished name. There was therefore large experience to be gathered from that narrow spot. The history of almost each individual there was connected, more or less, with the deepest interests of the day; each had his own narrative to give of when and how he had been awakened to the sense of truths, which the tramp of ages had been treading deeper and deeper under foot; whilst not a few could also add to graver matters, the stirring in-

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cidents of personal adventures, could tell how narrowly they had escaped the horrid deaths to which their friends or relatives had fallen victims, the fires of Seville, or the canals of Venice.

Such was the society — and most powerful was its influence, not on him only, but through him upon his countrymen — of which our young Scotchman had now become a member. And in this society he soon took a distinguished place. He became the intimate friend of Beza, and the sphere of his acquaintance was still farther widened by the dreadful events of St. Bartholomew's Eve. Through the Passes of the Jura, and up the valley of the Rhone, the fugitives came flocking into the city of the Reformed, secure of shelter and encouragement by the blue waters of the Leman Lake. In this crowded intellectual company, thought was as free as the winds which flew over them from the glaciers of Mount Blanc; and the horrid scenes, from which many had just escaped, increased the eagerness with which they sought out and discussed the principles of mental freedom, and of civil liberty. Bold, earnest, and acute, the young Scotchman had deeply imbibed the sentiments which circulated there; and employed all the vigour of his mind and the elegance of his scholarship to express them, both in prose and verse. His principles and his character are, in this point of view, sufficiently indicated in a short Latin epigram on the state of France at that time:—

> Ad libertatem quid obest tibi, Gallia? Vis, fraus,
> Et lupus et lupa, cum sanguineis catulis.
> Ad libertatem quid adest tibi, Gallia? Jus, fas,
> Mensque manusque virûm. Nunc quid abest? ANIMUS.

Such was the man, such the powers and disposition of his mind, who returned to his native country at the critical time we have above described, and was destined to exercise the most commanding influence on its future history. The Presbyterian Church was fully compensated for the loss of John Knox in the arrival of Andrew Melville.' (P. 72, 73.)

Like his great predecessor, Melville maintained a long and varying contest — and against different antagonists from those whom Knox had struggled with — and ultimately conquered. The times were much changed, — Popery was out of fashion, the monarch himself claiming the distinction of being the bulwark of the Protestant faith. The battle now was between Prelacy and Presbytery; or, rather, between excluding and admitting the interference of the king and council in the internal affairs of the Church. For although on the side of the Church of Scotland the combat was maintained with theological weapons, it had very little of this character on the other. It was a mere contest for power. James was despotic as well as pedantic; and the claims of the Church to spiritual independence interfered both with his abstract notions, and his desired exercise of kingly authority.

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Temporary success attended the exertions of the Presbyterians; and the statute of 1592 was passed — which has been called the Charter of the Church of Scotland. We quote the Duke's account of the passing of this celebrated act, which truly describes the circumstances under which it was enacted — and involves at the same time some results which do not seem to have been quite apparent to our author himself: —

'But the dreadful consequences of long oppression upon the powers of popular sentiment were not at this time to be yet fully shown; the childish levity and pliability of James's nature avoided the tremendous penalties which were to fall upon the far higher character and more earnest mind of his unfortunate and misguided son. With no inconsiderable talents, and enormous vanity, James was, in all the circumstances of his life, the creature of passion and of impulse. The same monarch who, in 1584, had embodied in acts of parliament his aversion to the principles of Presbytery, was now ready, in 1592, to sign and sanction statutes which declared those principles to be founded on divine authority. But he had been angry and thwarted then; he was in high good humour now. He had but lately returned from Denmark, whence he had brought his bride, and where he had enjoyed his time in all the varied pursuits of his clever and unstable mind. The hawks and hounds of Scotland had been exchanged for those of Denmark; his battles with Andrew Melville on the polity of the Church, for disputes with foreign divines on Predestination and Free Will; and his translating of psalms with George Buchanan, for discussions on astronomy with Tycho Brahe. Now, when he was again at home, all things wore an unusually smiling aspect. The Church was rejoicing in the frustration of some Catholic intrigues, and making rapid strides towards the full re-establishment of her popular system. Ministers of strong Presbyterian opinions were the favourite chaplains of the king; and the brethren of Andrew Melville conducted the ceremony of the young queen's anointment and consecration. The prelates were left to languish under the censures of the Assembly, and James had annexed the great temporalities to the crown. Nor did the good humour of this monarch (whom Scottish "Churchmen" have represented as devoutly labouring to secure for his fanatic people the blessings of apostolical succession) confine itself to such interested measures as this. He harangued alternately the people and the General Assembly; eulogised the Presbyterian constitution of the Church; blessed God he had been born a king in one so pure; stigmatised the English service as an "ill said mass," minus only the elevation of the Host; and charged all the office-bearers whom he addressed to "stand by their purity." More substantial benefits were also added. The whole system of the Presbyterian Church, as laid down in the second book of Discipline, was embodied in a series of acts of parliament, which, to this day, are those on which the Northern Establishment is founded.' (P. 85.)

By this act the polity of the 'Second Book of Discipline,' which had been adopted by the General Assembly of 1587, and

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the greater part of which was compiled by Melville, was substantially recognised; and sanction was given to most of the claims of the Church—the matter of the admission of ministers to benefices, however, being regulated in words so oracular, as to leave unadjusted a controversy which had even then commenced between the Church and the patrons, and which was not destined to be accommodated for more than two centuries afterwards. The statute is still law. The scene of many a fierce polemical encounter, the fruitful theme of construction and debate, it remains to this day like an ancient battle-ground, where the corn still grows, and the trees put out their foliage, while many a noble heart lies buried beneath, and the plough ever and anon turns up the weapons of former warfare.

Passing for the present his Grace's remarks on this statute, we follow his rapid steps through his outline of the events of the succeeding fifty years. It is slight, of course, not assuming, and not deserving, the name of history; but very bold and picturesque. He shows how the vacillating and hollow monarch began almost immediately to undermine the constitution he had thus solemnly recognised,—how Episcopacy, by stealthy steps, again made its way, first to favour, then to sanction, and lastly into the very camp of Presbytery itself,—how Melville and his friends were driven to prison and to exile,—and how, on the setting of that 'bright occidental star,' which had shone over England with the lustre rather of Mars than of Dian's pale orb, the northern light of the Stuarts dawned in England, and James and his courtiers trooped southward, to lay the foundation, on a larger scale, of that system of dissimulation and arbitrary power, by which, for the time, he had virtually extinguished the Church of Scotland.

Then came the great crash:—the first great constitutional convulsion which Western Europe had beheld, the first of those great and fearful lessons which seem to herald the political regeneration of a people. By this time Melville was gone; but the Church of Scotland had found a successor to its two great champions, in Alexander Henderson—a man whose name is less known than those of the others, but who in times not less trying than those they lived in, showed himself not unworthy of the inheritance. His entrance on the scene of public controversy is thus described by our author. It occurred at the time that Laud and his associates made the endeavour to bring the Scottish episcopal service up to what would now be termed the Anglo-Catholic standard; with what success and results is but too well known;—

'That minister had already passed through a somewhat remarkable

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career; and had now reached an age when we are generally nearer the end than the commencement, of the more active scenes of life. At the age of fifty-four he was only about to enter on the course which was about to connect for ever the name of ALEXANDER HENDERSON with the most remarkable events of his time and country. He had, indeed, been known — well known — before. In early life he had attracted the notice of Gladstanes, then Archbishop of St. Andrews, and had been presented by him to the parish of which he was still the minister. The client of a most obnoxious prelate, and the avowed champion of a cause opposed to all the liberties and opinions of his countrymen, Henderson was appointed pastor of a flock, who rose, in open violence, to resist his settlement. The very ordination service was performed in a church with closed doors; and Henderson himself had to effect his entrance by a window. He was, as among his people, an hireling and a stranger. A few years passed on, and we find him amongst the number of those who took every opportunity, and used every exertion, which circumstances admitted, in opposing the farther innovations of the new primate, Spottiswoode. How came this change to be effected? How came the client of Gladstanes, and the champion of prelacy, to be the deposer of Spottiswoode, and the author of the Covenant? Various causes are mentioned as having prepared the way. He had contracted a friendship for one or two leading Presbyterian ministers; his patron Gladstanes died; and the innovations of the new primate involved new principles, and even, as it appeared to many, new doctrines. All these things, we are told, tended to alter the direction of his mind. But of the moment of final change, an account, strikingly characteristic of the times, has been given to us. At an administration of the communion in a neighbouring parish, a celebrated leader of the Presbyterian brethren was expected to officiate. There were none who had not heard of Bruce, the minister of Kinnaird. He was then one of the most remarkable men in the Church of Scotland. He had enjoyed great influence at the Court of James, before his accession to the English Crown; and his pulpit addresses were said to have the power of leaving solemn impressions on his audience. Henderson went to hear him; and the first words uttered — uttered with a slow and solemn emphasis — pierced the minister of Lenchars to the soul: "He that cometh not in by the door, but climbeth up some other "way, the same is a thief and a robber." Henderson left the church a changed, or, as he himself termed it, in the language of the day, a "*converted*" man. Thenceforward, to the moment when we first introduced him to the notice of our readers, he was ever foremost amongst those who reviled, as well openly as in secret, the system imposed by Charles I.

'The consequences of Henderson's protest in the presbytery of St. Andrew's, placed him almost immediately at the head of his country and his church, in one of the most remarkable revolutions which history records. The events which followed can hardly be told more rapidly than they occurred. It was on the 10th of August that the mandate of that Archbishop was issued; it must have been about the

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middle of the month that Henderson announced his determination to resist; and on the 23rd of the same month we find him, pressed by a more formal charge from the Bishops, by a messenger-at-arms, laying before the Privy Council of Scotland a petition or remonstrance, in which the grand objection was at once boldly taken, — that the Service Book was imposed by unconstitutional authority, — that neither the Parliament nor the General Assembly had been consulted in the matter, — that these were the only bodies which could legally govern the church and country, — and that the people were averse, and did not wish to change their worship. In this petition Henderson was joined by several ministers, who had repaired to Edinburgh under the same necessity. Already was the standard he had raised gathering supporters round it; and Henderson was aware that, for every one who openly appeared, there were thousands who still lay concealed. Sympathy was extending in every class and rank; it was present even at the Council Board. The Bishops were out-voted; the petition was in part sustained; the order for using the liturgy was suspended until farther orders from the King, and the remonstrant brethren were dismissed with a promise, that by the 20th of September they should receive their answer.' (P. 117, 118.)

Before his Grace of Argyll begins to write history, properly so called, he must study accuracy a little more. The passage we have just quoted contains an error, slight perhaps in itself, but one which betrays no very deep acquaintance with the history of the time. Bruce, whom he mentions here, was a very remarkable man in many respects, but he was not minister of Kinnaird — he was a minister of Edinburgh. He was proprietor of the *Estate of Kinnaird*, in a totally different part of the country from the parish of that name. He had been called to the bar of Scotland, and had practised there; but feeling an inward impulse to the Church, as he said, he quitted his profession, and ultimately became one of the most effective preachers of the day. His Grace can hardly be ignorant of another circumstance connected with Bruce, namely, that he for many years served a cure without ordination; a fact which ultimately raised a long and singular controversy, which ended in his very unwillingly submitting to the ceremony of the imposition of hands.

The period of Scotland's history between 1639 and 1660 is interesting in an ecclesiastical point of view; as it was during that period that the polity and doctrine of the Church of Scotland were matured into the shape and body which it assumed permanently at the Revolution. But we agree with our author, though on different grounds, in regard to the conduct of the Scotch Presbyterians in the wars of the Commonwealth. They make, we own, rather a pitiful figure in that bold

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landscape. We cannot, however, concur with his Grace in thinking that this arose in any degree from their dogmas on church government, or their views on the 'Headship of Christ.' The real source of their timid and vacillating proceedings was the leaven of Jacobite feeling, as it was afterwards called, which was still strong in Scotland. The dethronement of a monarch — a native of Scotland — a Stuart — a scion of their own kingly house, was an idea too startling for the feudal loyalty of their nature. Even the most fanatical views of their persuasion taught them nothing hostile, but on the contrary, much that was favourable to monarchy: and their attachment to their hereditary prince, notwithstanding all they had suffered at his hands, infused irresolution into their councils, and weakness into their actions. Cromwell certainly beat them thoroughly at their own weapons; when having, as he said, a few minutes to spare from his great northern campaign, he sat coolly down under the guns of Edinburgh Castle, to write as clear, distinct, and intelligent a dissertation on church government to the beleaguered ministers, as ever came from the pen of Calvin.

They paid dearly, however, for their indecision. Their covenanting king — the profligate, cruel, and careless Charles II. — scourged them with scorpions. The tale is too well known, and has been told too well, to bear to be dwelt on; yet we doubt whether, with the gay romantic air which novelists have thrown over the Cavaliers, and the ridicule attached to the Scriptural phrases and nasal intonation of the Covenanters, historic justice has ever been done to the proceedings of those times. Nothing certainly was ever more basely cruel in all the history of intolerance, than the fearful acts of those dismal days of torture. It is in vain to say that Presbyterians, when triumphant, would have done the same. When they were triumphant, they did not. But the persecutions of Charles were not religious. They were political. The cruelties of Lauderdale were no *autos-da-fé*. Faith had no connexion with them. They were the mere wanton ebullitions of an arbitrary and tyrannical temper. But, like all tyranny, the oppression of that time ploughed deep, and cast wide the seed which in after days blossomed and brought forth. The memory of those days of the hill-side is yet green among our countrymen; and the persecution which led them to Drumclog and Bothwell Brig, inspired, perhaps, the first real sentiments of national and personal freedom which, as a people, our countrymen ever conceived.

Here his Grace ends for the present his essay on the ecclesiastical history of Scotland. He leaves the Church within the smooth waters of 1688, safe from those fearful breakers through

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which, with such difficulty, her hardy vessel had been steered. The muse of History lays down her pen and is succeeded by another grim sister, unknown to Helicon, who presides over Ecclesiastical Controversy. In a word, the Duke turns, and we for a very little must turn with him, from the 'History of Scot-land' to 'Presbytery Examined.'

If the central point in which truth is placed be that which is equally remote from all other opinions, we think his Grace has reason to be proud of his position. Ever since his book came out, he has become a sort of target for all sorts of ecclesiastical missiles, — or he resembles, perhaps, the figure in the tilting-yard, at which champions practised with the lance, and which bestowed a good sound blow on the bungling knight. The Duke has already swung round with effect on some of his assailants. But all have had a run at him. Church of Englandism has broken a good-humoured lance with him — not caring much, apparently, to put on her swiftest pace, or to try on him her best tempered steel. Scottish Episcopacy, angry in proportion to her weakness, has made a headlong rush at the obnoxious heretic, and has received a smart buffet in return. Honest Andrew Gray, of Perth, whose catechism is so unceremoniously treated by his Grace, though at first disarmed by the associations connected with the name of Argyll, and the patriotic spirit of the book, has at last wielded his Free-Church sledge hammer, with all the energy of Harry of the Wynd. His Grace has quite enough on his hands, without our adding to the number of his assailants.

Yet we cannot, in justice to our duty as reviewers, allow the controversial part of the volume to pass altogether without remark; because, notwithstanding the spirit of the language, and the acuteness and vigour of the thoughts, it is not a deep and is rather a presumptuous performance. If our author had confined himself to the less ambitious, but useful, and in some degree necessary task, of pointing out how apt Church denominations of all persuasions are to arrogate exclusive powers, and launch their intolerant thunders at all who differ from them; — if he had directed his condemnation against the too prevalent habit in our own day, of raising minor points of difference into vital questions, and confounding the great with the lesser articles, whether of faith or practice; — if he had merely rebuked the too frequent or too promiscuous, and undiscriminating use of Scripture quotation, to rule points which they do not, and never were meant to decide, he would have pointed his historical sketch with a plain and useful moral. This duty he has certainly performed, and performed it with ability. But if, not content with this humbler

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walk, our author will aspire to tread the more subtle labyrinths of disputation, and walk side by side with the great masters of controversial theology, he cannot complain that he is tried by a higher standard. And, tried by that standard, we fear he will be found very far below the required dimensions. He is but on the threshold of controversies which he thinks he is master of. He has but turned a spadeful of earth, while he thinks himself deep in the mine. While reading his confident censures, and as confident approbation of this or that subject of controversy, we were irresistibly reminded of the Martin in Dryden's 'Hind and 'the Panther,' who

> 'Often quoted canon laws, and code
> And fathers—which he never understood,
> —*But little learning needs—in noble blood!*'

The theory which the Duke is anxious to demonstrate, is one which we find it very difficult to put into words; and of which we are not sure that he has a very clear conception himself. He wishes to show that the pretensions set up by the Church of Scotland, and still maintained by the Free Church, to exclusive jurisdiction in spiritual matters, free of the control of the civil magistrate, is a dogma engrafted on the Church as established by Knox; without Scripture authority, unfounded in itself, and pernicious in its results. He is also very angry with the Free Church, because they quote texts of Scripture to prove things which he thinks they do not prove. And he is very angry with the Spottiswoode Society, because they read history backwards, and will see nothing in it except what suits their Scottish Episcopal theories. This is an accurate summary, we think, of the result of his Grace's examination of Presbytery.

Now, on the first of these topics, namely, the spiritual jurisdiction of the Church, we profess no extraordinary liberality when we say there is ample room for difference of opinion. One party or Church may unduly exalt, another unreasonably lower, the powers and privileges of a Christian church, as independent of secular authority. In particular, where the civil power endows and maintains a church at the expense of the public, it often becomes a question of importance and difficulty, to what extent civil control may and should be admitted to regulate or affect the Church itself. How all these questions have been discussed, and resolved, and discussed again, from the days of Erastus till now, no one at all versant with this branch of controversy needs to be told. The super-subtle distinctions, the nice discriminating logic which have been brought to bear upon them, are among the most delicate and perplexing efforts of casuistry. But in all the

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range of writers or thinkers on this subject, we know none that writes or thinks like the Duke of Argyll. We really do not know what he would have. In the endeavour to brush away and break the fine threads of disputation by which this subject has been surrounded, and settle it by a bold and broad grasp, he merely dashes through one difficulty to be imbedded in another; till at length he is fairly surrounded and enveloped in the tangled meshes, and the reader leaves him in total and inextricable perplexity. He does not attempt to *define* the spiritual power of the Church or church office-bearers; but he denies it altogether. He does not inquire how far the civil magistrate may go in controlling or settling Church functions, but maintains he is not bound to stop any where. In short, if we at all understand what he means, it is this, that Church government and State government are or ought to be coincident and identical; and that the civil magistrate being set over the first, is or may be by the same power, to the same extent, and to the same effects, set over the last also. He does not say this in words; and would probably demur to the proposition if stated in so plain a shape: but if he does not mean this, we really do not know what he means.

We have no intention of entering on any controversial argument on Church power; but it is impossible not to stop for a moment to point out the transparent fallacy of such a view.

If his Grace happened to live under a Brahmin or Buddhist king, Christianity would teach him subjection to the powers that be; but he certainly would be averse to have its sacraments administered, or its rites prescribed, by an officer of his Buddhist majesty,—nor would he feel under any obligation to submit to any such proceeding. Civil power and Church power, are therefore not *identical.*

But *the civil power* of a Pagan monarch flows from precisely the same source, and is in all respects the same as that of a Christian monarch. It is given for the same purposes and subject to the same duties. Yet the right of regulating or administering Christian ordinances, is certainly not a prerogative which any Christian can admit to belong to an unbelieving king. But as all civil power really flows from the will of the people governed, a Christian king has really, *in virtue of his office,* no more power over the ordinances of religion, than a Pagan one. We do not think his Grace would have bowed down to Nebuchadnezzar's golden image, merely because that eccentric monarch was the civil magistrate; and yet Nebuchadnezzar was quite as lawful a monarch as any other arbitrary prince, and was entitled to all the obedience which kingly power implies.

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Does it then change the condition of the argument that the civil magistrate owes his power to a Christian community? Not in the least. The community have put him there for precisely the same purposes and objects as those for which the heathen monarch reigns. They have, from the social compact on which all government depends, a right to bind each other for the ends of civil order; but they cannot bind each other in matters of religious belief. It follows, therefore, that the power of the civil magistrate is not *identical* with power over the ordinances of religion.

No doubt, as we observed before, a community composed entirely of Christians holding the same tenets, might combine the civil and the church element in the same office-bearers. That might be. But the period when it could be, has not yet arrived any where that we know of; and it certainly had not arrived in any time of the history of Scotland. But even then, there would be only *a combination* of two powers, not *an identity.*

From what source, then, does Church power flow? Through Apostolic succession, the Anglo-Catholic says: through the will of the community of believers, is the Presbyterian doctrine; both deriving—or being supposed to derive—sanction from divine authority. As to all this, there may be grave room for question; but if there be any authority in ecclesiastical government at all, any power of administration, of discipline, of ordinances, we know no church calling itself Christian, that does not hold such authority to rest upon a foundation altogether apart from civil government, and such as would survive though civil government itself were to be utterly dissolved.

Accordingly, it is not on this part of the question that any difficulty has ever existed. *All* churches have assumed the distinction which the Duke of Argyll denies. The only questions of difficulty have arisen—*first*, from the supposed divine right of monarchy, giving the prince power, as Heaven's vicegerent, to rule over the Church. The Duke will hardly maintain this ground. *Secondly*, on the privileges of *priesthood*, apart from the community of believers, a privilege never claimed for the Church of Scotland. *Thirdly*, from claims set up by the Church of exemption in civil matters from the civil tribunals, a topic which at one period of the Church of Scotland was productive of much debate; and *lastly*, and more specially, on the *duty* of the civil magistrate to protect, defend, and assist the true Church, and the extent and limits of that duty. All these, and especially the last, have in all periods of the Christian Church, reformed and unreformed, been the source and subject of con-

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tention; but all of them assume necessarily the existence of a lawful church government, *not* identical with the ordinary civil power.

Is it then a dogma so unfounded, preposterous, and wild, that there is a governing power within the Church, not derived from or shared with the civil magistrate? or one deserving the fierce torrent of scorn and contumely with which his Grace assails it? We suspect a little deeper study will show him that the real difficulty lies, not in the existence, but only in defining the limits of that power; and that the theory, if such it can be called, for which he pleads, would lead to results so utterly incongruous and revolting, that he himself would be the first to disown them.

We have already shown how his Grace, hot in pursuit of his preconceived idea, was erroneously led to conclude that Knox was friendly to the interference of the civil arm in matters spiritual, merely because he found him strongly maintaining the duty of the state to afford the Church its protection. In the same way, in contrasting the First and Second books of Discipline, he completely overlooks the fact that the first was prepared very hurriedly, in the very crisis of the Reformation, and when the recently established institution had acquired little form or maturity; while the other was the result of the experience, wisdom, and study of many years. The contrast he draws between them has little novelty in it. It has always been a favourite theme of those unfriendly to Presbytery—and has been in particular a topic very frequently descanted on by the Scottish Episcopal writers. We are surprised that the Duke of Argyll should have thought of borrowing weapons from such an armoury.

On the other hand, when he comes to speak of the act of 1592, which is still the law of the land, he puts on it the very interpretation which the courts of law repudiated, and which throughout the recent dissensions the Free Church party uniformly maintained. His Grace says, that by that statute the principles of Presbytery were declared to be based on divine authority (p. 85.). In saying this he admits, and means to admit, that what he considers the extravagant pretensions of the Church of Scotland at that time, were expressly sanctioned by parliament, and ratified by the king in a moment of 'high good humour.' But in his anxiety to convict Melville and his followers of departing from the original principles of Knox, he runs his head right against the successful arguments in the various lawsuits which led to the recent division in the Church of Scotland; and, not by implication, but directly, decides that controversy against his friends of the Establishment, and in favour of his Free Church antagonists.

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His argument on the Confession of Faith comes to precisely the same result. The Confession of Faith lays it down, that 'The Lord Jesus, as King and Head of his Church, hath there-'in appointed a government, in the hand of church officers, 'distinct from the civil magistrate.' This proposition — particularly the last member of it, his Grace vehemently attacks; declaring it to have no warrant in Scripture, and upbraiding the Free Church with their adherence to a dogma so extravagant and untenable. He forgets all the time, that he is on the one hand only proving that the Free Church are merely acting in conformity with the recognised standards of the Established Church of Scotland; and on the other, that he is laying his axe to the very root of those canons which every member of the Established Church of Scotland at this day professes to believe.

His vehement denunciations of the Free Church for their misapplication of Scripture, are open to the same, or even more severe remark. We do not here mean to determine the question, —or even to discuss it,—whether the passages referred to do or do not bear out the general positions deduced from them. Neither do we at all mean to say that the Free Church leaders have not made too unsparing and sometimes injudicious use of the Scriptural authority on which these positions rest. But certainly it was to be expected, that the Duke would have been impartial in his censure; and as all and each of the passages in question are not merely those on which the Confession of Faith—professed by all members of the Established Church of Scotland—proceeds, but are similarly interpreted by most of the Reformed Churches of other countries, that he would have directed 'the terror of his beak and lightning of his eye' against the whole body of the heretical.

The truth is, however, that of all this his Grace was not aware. He writes, either on his own first impressions, or at second hand; and assails principles which, true or false, are far too deeply founded and well fenced round, to be upset by a novice. In regard to the last subject referred to, we merely make one remark. His Grace imagines that, when a text or passage of Scripture is referred to in support of a particular proposition, there ought always to be found in it a distinct enunciation of the proposition itself; and, as he very generally finds nothing that amounts to the proposition, he concludes that the whole affair is a piece of extravagance. A little more acquaintance, however, with his subject would disclose to him, that all these propositions — not so much proved as illustrated by the citations in question — are the results of long, elaborate, and most closely-linked processes of logical deduction; arrived

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at by careful collation of scriptural authorities; and not proved, but only summed up in the dogma or sentiment of the writers, and held by them to be sanctioned by or implied in the quotation annexed. We quite agree with his Grace, that this mode of adducing 'Scripture proofs' should be used with great care and caution; because it inevitably leads, among the less informed, to a rash and presumptuous abuse of abstract passages, in their application of them to events of daily life to which they have no reference. But in canons of doctrine or faith, it is quite usual and appropriate; and we recommend to his Grace, before he again so hastily condemns, to study, in the writings of the great Reformers, those elaborate and anxious steps of reasoning on which these opinions depend.

It is no part of our purpose, however, in this article, to enter on these more special points of disputation. We content ourselves with merely indicating, as we have now done, the direction in which it seems to us that his Grace has gone astray. He has enough of other self-constituted advisers to make it easy for him to fill up the sketch we have given. But, in parting with him for the present, we have no wish that our last words should be those of disparagement. His book breathes a noble spirit, — generous, if presumptuous, and candid, if not profound. Its reception, too, we are persuaded, will not, in any degree, discourage him; though the rough handling he has met with may render him less hasty and more studious for the future; and we mistake if his genius is of that shallow kind which cannot improve even its errors, and turn them to account. He may be right in thinking that the principles of Church government, to which his attention has been so anxiously directed, are again about to agitate and convulse our social world. We cannot flatter him that the views he has thrown out form, in themselves, an important contribution towards the solution of the coming problem. But as illustrative of a system of Church government, — which, along with its own history and that of the people among whom it is maintained, is very little understood in England, — we consider this little volume as a very creditable addition to our political literature; and we look on it — not, we hope, in vain — as an earnest that its author will, in his own person, render the Ducal name of Argyll once more dear to Scotland, by patriotic exertions for her benefit, and intelligent knowledge of her wants, — a service far more valuable than the lively but ill-digested theories which constitute the sum of his Examination of Presbytery.

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ART. VIII. — 1. Dr. WHEWELL: *On Cambridge Studies.* London: 1845.

2. *A Letter to the Authors of the 'Suggestions for an Improvement of the Examination Statute.'* By A COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER. Oxford: 1848.

3. *Remarks on Legal Education, with reference to the suggested Introduction of legal Studies into the University of Oxford.* By T. HENRY HADDAN, M. A., Barrister-at-Law, Vinerian Law-Fellow, and late Fellow of Exeter College.

AMID the revolutions which have shaken thrones and overturned dynasties, we have not entirely escaped. A revolutionary movement which neither the experience of past ages nor the caution of the present age authorised us to expect, has startled the tranquil waters of the Cam and Isis. Towards the close of last year, to the astonishment of those without, and the partial horror of some within her gates, the University of Cambridge herself pronounced against the system which she had so long maintained, in favour of one more liberal, and more wise, and in its spirit, we believe more ancient. The non-academic world is aware that, under the mysterious operations of such cabalistic words as Syndicates, Graces, Triposes, an important change of some sort has been introduced at Cambridge into the academical system of England. The change, translated into ordinary language, is in substance as follows:—In the first place, every candidate for the degree of bachelor of arts, *in addition to the amount of mathematics and classics* required for a degree at present, must attend the lectures of one or more of the professors of the *moral or natural sciences*, during one term at least, and must produce a certificate from the professor of having passed a satisfactory examination. In the second place, two new Honour Triposes are established,—one for the moral, the other for the natural sciences; the candidates for these honours being arranged in three classes, according to their aggregate merits in all the subjects,—with particular marks of distinction in each class for eminent proficiency in particular subjects. The sister University is preparing to follow, though more slowly, and at a little distance. The Oxford scheme, which we are sorry to say has been as yet only partially accepted by convocation, was a little different in its details, but its principle and object were the same: each University proposing to retain the distinctive elements of its previous system, at the moment of enlarging them.

Those who know the sentiments which the *Edinburgh*

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Review has always promulgated on this important subject, need not be told how heartily we rejoice in the realisation of a scheme of the principle of which we have been the constant advocates, and how sanguine must naturally be our hopes of the advantages which the proposed change appears to promise. The alteration looks a simple one, and is so. But it imports a recognition of the great fact, that in the present state of knowledge and of society, something more is required in a college education than mathematics and classics: and it admits, for the first time, the professors, by whose learning and abilities the university has hitherto been more adorned than aided, into their just influence in its system and its degrees.

Hitherto, the University education of England has been, like the saints of popery, the idol and adoration of one class, the reproach and abhorrence of another. While the former have extolled it as the most perfect consummation of human teaching, the latter have denounced it as the most reckless consumption of time and the most shameless waste of intellect. The one class has expatiated on the uniformity and completeness of a system, which blends the discipline of the reason with the cultivation of the taste,—which lays its substratum in the rigid rules of an inflexible geometry or logic, and crowns the edifice with the gorgeous decoration of classical lore—which hardens, and braces, and enriches the mind by a combination of studies to which no rival scheme could be compared, and for which no substitute could be found. The other derides a course of instruction, which sends forth young men into the world, at the age of twenty-one or twenty-two, utterly and completely ignorant of every thing but Euclid and algebra or a little logic, a few Latin, and fewer Greek books; and, for the most part, with but a scant and ragged knowledge even of these.

As usual, the truth lies between the zenith of eulogy and the nadir of disparagement. The advantages of a university education have been too highly praised, and too recklessly vituperated. Its benefits have not been so great, nor its shortcomings so monstrous, as the world has been called upon to believe. These great and proud establishments have done far less for the education of the youth of England than they might have done; but the majority of students whom they have trained, are neither barbarous ignoramuses nor contemptible dunces—some of them, indeed, the most accomplished of men. Their common error was their exclusiveness. Meantime the manner in which both at Cambridge and Oxford, this their common error was followed out, was so different, that two such opposite courses could scarcely possibly be right; and the reformations

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now in progress are as much of an admission as generous censors will require, that they have both been wrong. The illiberality of one University was abundantly reciprocated by the illiberality of the other. We have seen high wranglers who could not for the life of them have construed the first chapter of St. John's Gospel: on the other hand, we have also gazed upon first class men who could not have worked a rule-of-three sum, and who would have been perplexed to explain how two sides of a triangle are together greater than the third. Beyond this there was little or no choice.

The University of Cambridge, in senate house assembled, has resolved at length that the time was come when its circle of knowledge must be enlarged. It has declared that it is no longer fitting that it should limit its instruction to mathematics or even to classics and mathematics only. We may grant what is so often contended for, — that there is no better discipline for the reasoning faculties, than the elements of geometry; and no better exercise for patient diligence, or more necessary introduction to some of the higher branches of natural philosophy, than mathematical demonstration and analysis:—that there is no language at once so precise and so copious, so exuberant in the diction of the most fertile imagination, or so minute in the shadowings of the most delicate subtlety, as the language of which the force was not exhausted by Demosthenes, nor the profundity fathomed by Aristotle, nor the refinement and beauty reached by Plato: and that —when every modern tongue has been learned, and every modern writer studied, from Milton and Shakspeare to Göethe, Schiller, and Scott — still men will find much to enchant and astonish them in that language in which Socrates chastised the sophists, and Demosthenes defied the Macedonian. If it were given to all the sons of men to rusticate in parochial competence or bucolic ease, to drink port wine and assist at quarter sessions, or to grow grey and oleaginous in colleges: — then we might witness with complacency the dedication of the first twenty years of life to this combination of the difficult and the delightful—Euclid and Euripides, Peacock and Plato, the Dynamics of Whewell and the Comedies of Aristophanes. But, alas! Art is long, and life is short. The men whom English fathers and mothers send up to Cambridge every year, want, some of them the capacity, and many the taste for this twofold labour. Unattracted by the ordinary degree, and incapable of mastering the requisites for an honourable degree, the majority of them sink into a slough of despond, whence they emerge into the unhonoured ranks of the 'pol.' Three years have taught them four books of Euclid and a smattering of mechanics, a very little Greek and Latin, and—

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nothing in the world besides. The history of undergraduate life at Oxford, substituting only a preference in favour of Aristotle and Logic for the precedence given at Cambridge to mathematics, was otherwise substantially the same. The same species of reform would, therefore, apply equally to both cases.

Is this, then, the dilemma in which an English gentleman ought to find himself on leaving his University? * Should he be at best profoundly versed in mathematics or classics, and ignorant of all earthly things else? or very possibly ignorant of every thing, classics and mathematics included? Ought this to be his condition on bracing himself for the tussle and jostle of life? Is he thus to enter the turmoil and collision of a busy, rapid, and multifarious society, which is compounded of elements the most various, — agitated by ideas the most antagonistic, and liable to impressions the most fitful? Is he at the very best to bring from the sacred grove into the competition and worry of society, nothing but a knowledge of high analysis, or the graces of Greek and Latin composition? Or may he bury beneath the hood of a B. A. a Cimmerian ignorance of all subjects, ancient and modern, classical and conventional? Yet such is the natural and necessary consequence of the position which every *laudator temporis acti* has to defend in theory — and often illustrates by example.

The Honourable Mortimer Plantagenet is the representative of a family which dates from the Conquest, was distinguished in the Crusades, and submitted to the degradation of a peerage

* There must always be an alternative risk in education; the risk of its being either narrow or superficial. The difficulty was severely felt in framing the scheme of subjects for examination at the London University. Take the case of France; M. Arago and the *Ecole Polytechnique* were by no means adequate representatives of the cultivation of a great people, without the addition of M. Guizot and the *College de France*. Take our case in Scotland, on the other hand: the condition of whose learning Dr. Johnson once conceived that he described by saying, that every body had a mouthful, but nobody a bellyful. There is *lis pendens* at this very moment between Professor Blackie and Professor Pillans on the present state of Scottish universities: especially their Humanity classes. Of another essential branch of University Reform — the removal of academical tests — we spoke so lately, that we need not now revert to it. Few things can be more disheartening generally than the jealousy — not to say worse — with which our different religious denominations regard each other: and the sense of this is never made more painful, than when we think of the mischief done by it in narrowing the usefulness of our places of education, from the universities of the realm down to the lowest parish or even ragged school.

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in Charles II.'s time. The Honourable Mortimer was sent to Eton in his twelfth year, where he won the heart of his schoolfellows by his wit, and the admiration of his masters by his Latin verses. No one so smart as he at a repartee; no one so clever at longs and shorts. He would knock off his thirty-six elegiacs, or his fifty hexameters, while he was fielding at cricket or kneeling at chapel. He had a playful fancy, a retentive memory, and a happy phraseology; his verses were elegant, and his ideas poetical. He was indolent, but not unambitious. The distinctions which were attainable without much labour, he had industry sufficient to court. Nor did he confine his studies to the business of school. He read history with diligence and effect; he spoke in the debating society with fluency and propriety. He left Eton for Oxford, with the buoyancy of youthful hope, and the aspiration of friendly promise. *Ex illo fluere.* His attention had been awakened to the duties of his present and prospective positions. He felt by this time that he was ignorant in every branch of natural and moral science, and he thirsted for information. But Oxford offered no incentive to his ambition, no light to his ignorance. Modern history and Political economy were, indeed, lectured on; but there was no examination in them, no degree. For a time he strove to repair the negligence of his Alma Mater by his own industry. But the conflict was too great, for one endowed with only moderate perseverance and beset by many temptations. For want of encouragement in subjects, which might have strengthened and steadied his light and popular nature, Plantagenet gradually sank into the herd who are contented to leave Oxford with a 'pol' degree, and the small erudition which that degree implies. He has never recovered the loss of those two years — worse than wasted at Christ Church. He has become idle, useless, and a *roué*. He has a seat in Parliament, but he does no good with it. If he is put on a Committee, which has to investigate subjects of finance, he is nonplussed; for he is innocent of the simplest rules of arithmetic. If he is placed on one where questions of practical science are discussed, he is equally perplexed; for he does not know a lever from a wedge, nor has he heard of the laws of motion. Even on topics with which as a schoolboy he was familiar, he is now silent and oblivious. The age has outgrown him; and he has the sense to see it. He sits, therefore, a mute and inglorious senator, half-conscious of the blunders and mis-statements which buzz around him, but incapable of refuting or exposing them; a melancholy instance of a clever schoolboy perverted into an idle man and a useless politician. No wonder the more he feels that he was capable, under other management

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of being made something of, if he should so much the more keenly reproach the system, under which he is aware that he has been thrown away.

Let us now take an instance from the sister University. The Rev. Theophilus Mudge was the son of a country parson, who had formerly been Fellow of St. John's. In his fifth year, he was solemnly devoted to the University. His sacrifice on the altar of Latinity was made before he had turned five; he was in 'Æsop's Fables' before he was quite eight; at ten he was inducted into the first book of Euclid; and it was his estimable parent's boast that he had been made to write out every Proposition in it, at least a dozen times, before he attained the age of eleven. At fifteen he was inoculated with Differential Calculus. At eighteen he entered his father's college, brimful of formulæ and idioms which he had gotten by rote, and bent upon two objects: first, a good degree; next, a fellowship. He rose early and read late. He wrote out expressions as long as Mr. C. Anstey's speeches, without understanding them; and he translated Greek through a brick wall. Imagination and invention, whether in classics or mathematics, was a stranger to his soul. He could have walked on his head sooner than he could have done a Problem. He never composed a line in Greek or Latin which had a spark of vigour in it. He produced what he had crammed from *Hymers*, from *Whewell*, from *Peacock*, and from *Wood*, with mechanical correctness. He was familiar with Viger; and knew by heart all the private history of ἵνα and ὅπως, and all the etiquette of the subjunctive and optative moods. He wrote out his bookwork in as short a time as any man of his college; and translated Thucydides with that awkward accuracy which none but English scholars could admire, and few even of English masters teach. He had his reward. He became eighth wrangler, and added to this the dignity of a second class. His college elected her ossified scholar to a fellowship, and in process of time sent him down to pray and preach among the woolcombers and corn-factors of Bumbleborough-on-the-hill. Here he found himself surrounded by a large and rude but sharp-witted population, which knew not Greek and worshipped Cobden. The municipal dignitaries had all gotten their learning at the parish school, the Mechanics' Institute, and the Bumbleborough Reform Association. Their leading orators were a corn-chandler and a preacher at the Tabernacle. The one harangued about the bloated *H*aristocracy, who were supported by the '*hodious statute of Primogeniture;*' the other prayed with pious rancour against 'them bishops who were fed out of the '*taxes* of the people!' Mudge was looked on as a great gun

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when he arrived; and vigorous churchmen of a plethoric habit and gilt buttons, winked their conviction that he would silence the Hyperides of the Five Points Club, and the Jeremiah of the Tabernacle. But Mudge was helpless and contemptuous. He heard much that was false paraded as fact, and much that was illogical laid down as argument. But Mudge had never cared for any of these things, and knew nothing about them. He was as ignorant as the most obstreperous of his assailants, but he was less impudent. So he suffered the noisy assertions of garrulous folly to pass without rebuke; the shameless impudence of braggart ignorance to triumph unrefuted; the Church to be libelled; and the language, as well as history, of England to be abused, without an effort to resist, or the chance of resisting with success. His glory has departed from him; his cause and his Church tremble under his auspices; and even Bumbleborough respects no longer his high degree! In this case, the world at large, we may be sure, is much of the mind of Bumbleborough, and looks with deserved suspicion at a system where, under any circumstances, the Mudges can succeed in carrying away its emoluments and honours.

Yet, in spite of these results, the old University system had, doubtless, many excellences. It was a gentlemanly education. When contracted within the narrowest limits of an ordinary course, it yet contained enough to convince the most idle or conceited student of his ignorance: when carried to the utmost limit that competition for the University honours admits, it laid the very broadest and strongest foundation for future reading and research. A man who had studied every branch of mathematics, from the elements of geometry and algebra, to the heights of Newton and Laplace, brought to the labours of after life a mind which (if it were not exhausted or weakened) was singularly matured for the reception and digestion of some of the most important subjects of human learning. Nor could any man who has given that attention to ancient history and philosophy which is implied by the acquisition of a first class at Oxford, be supposed deficient in the power of applying logic or discriminating facts. So far, for certain students, and under certain conditions, the system hitherto in vogue at either University may be said to have been, if not the very best, yet one of the best imaginable. It fell in with their vocation. But for the mass of existing students, under existing conditions, it was palpably inadequate, and ill adapted. The education was, as we admit and as its advocates boast,—in many respects a gentlemanly education. It helped to impart a grace and a refinement to the mind of our

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professional classes. When successful, it made the Englishman essentially a different person from the American of the same station. Were the greater part of its recipients destined to lounge all their time in academic bowers or sylvan parks; to read Theocritus and Spencer by purling brooks, or Plato and Berkeley in cloistered shades — or even to dream away a life of literary or scientific ease in the snug parsonage of some sequestered hamlet — then it would be in harmony not only with the tastes of their youth but also with the destinies of their after years. It would be the first stage of a pleasant and flowery path; the graceful entrance into the temple of contemplative repose. But this is not the destiny of many Englishmen. Comparatively few are, or ought to be, clerical sinecurists; fewer are born to the acres and the dignity of country squires. A more rugged and not less useful road lies before the majority of them when they leave college. They have to be fashioned into lawyers, doctors, schoolmasters, journalists, merchants, agents, actuaries, and government clerks. For an infinitesimal portion only, are reserved the honours and responsibilities of diplomatic and political careers. Now how do — or rather, how have the Universities been accustomed to — teach men to discharge these duties? Literally not at all.

Of all the vulgar errors promulgated by authority, or accepted by credulity, none is more capable of refutation by experience than the belief that the old university instruction was the best conceivable preparation of the mind for the labours of active and professional life. Yet when any captious critic presumed to question the policy of offering their students so small a choice out of the daily increasing stores of modern learning, he was clamoured down with protestations of the excellence of the system. 'Ours is *not* 'a professional education. *That* is our boast. We give not a 'special, but a general, education; we do not profess to make 'men lawyers, doctors, theologians, or statesmen, but to give 'them the means by which they can make themselves so.' If this were really the fact, it would be worth something: — though many could ill afford to begin at such a distance from the work they have to do. But is it so? — that is, is it so, in the sense necessary for the present argument — for a justification of the employment of mathematics and classics, as the sole and exclusive means of preparatory training? Their special value, each in its own way and for its own class of minds, nobody denies. In all cases, where they agree with the intellectual constitution, they will form a sound substratum for more professional pursuits. Nevertheless, the experience of England — still more

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that of other countries — will not allow us to insist on their absolute necessity; or indeed to maintain that they might not be advantageously replaced by courses in which they would occupy, one or both, a comparatively trifling space. But the true answer is, that, if intended as a mere general preparatory training of the intellect, these studies should plainly have been begun and ended, or, at all events, intermingled with other studies, at an earlier period. At the age of twenty-one or twenty-two it is too late to *begin* the acquisition of useful or practical knowledge. Men are then of full age by law, and emancipated from the legal control either of parents or guardians. The great majority are actually engaged in the labours and duties of professions or other responsible avocations: and at once expected to take a part in the real business of life; and allowed to engage, at their own discretion, in its sports and dissipations. But even as a preparatory training, is the actual benefit ever found to justify these high pretensions? Is there any man alive who can say, not with truth but even with conviction, that the best or most laborious scholars and mathematicians of the University are the best lawyers, physicians, philosophers, or statesmen of England? The very reverse is the plain, even if it be not the acknowledged, fact. The Law of England, the existing representative of the *black-letter* of former days, not long ago might have been quoted as an exception — as far, at least, as the successful study of mathematics is concerned. Senior wranglers, within living memory, constituted its great luminaries. But, even in this department, the *prestige* of the wrangler has of late years been destroyed. It would be difficult to find at present among the most eminent leaders in Westminster Hall, any whose academical career was distinguished by studies, or crowned with honours, either mathematical or classical.* The extent to which academical distinctions have

* We would not draw too wide an inference from these premises, as far, at least, as regards the law. Two sorts of ability are, more or less, in request in English practice, though in very different proportions; — the one is, the talent for addressing juries; the other, skill in preparing the pleadings, and in arguing points of law. 'Hortensius, the advocate,' is aware that forensic eloquence has never been naturalised in England; it is suspected, indeed, of being opposed to the constitution and cultivation of what is characteristically considered *a legal mind*. But, in the present state of our chief intellectual professions, — in law and medicine as much almost as in the Church, — success depends upon too many other causes besides ability, to justify any positive conclusion from that single test. It may fairly be questioned whether the greatest amount of business even at the Bar is really given to the most capable men.

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latterly been thrown into the background in the professional and public life of England, has gone lengths which indeed surprise us.

The field too for other training widens every year. And there is one department of this probably boundless field, — that of experimental philosophy, of which more than two hundred years ago a great man, whom Cambridge, at least, will receive as an authority, wrote as follows: —

'Another defect I note, wherein I shall need some alchemist to help me, who calls upon men to sell their books, and to build furnaces; quitting and forsaking Minerva and the Muses as barren virgins, and relying upon Vulcan. But certain it is, that unto the deep, fruitful, and operative study of many sciences, especially Natural Philosophy and Physic, books be not the only instrumentals, wherein also the beneficence of men hath not been altogether wanting: for we see spheres, globes, astrolabes, maps, and the like, have been provided as appurtenances to Astronomy and Cosmography, as well as books: we see likewise that some places instituted for Physic have annexed the commodity of gardens for simples of all sorts, and do likewise command the use of dead bodies for Anatomies. But these do respect but a few things. In general, there will hardly be any main proficience in the disclosing of nature, except there be some allowance for expenses about experiments; whether they be experiments appertaining to Vulcanus or Dædalus, furnace or engine, or any other kind; and therefore as secretaries and spials of princes and states bring in bills for intelligence, so you must allow the spials and intelligencers of nature to bring in their bills; or else you shall be ill advertised. And if Alexander made such a liberal assignation to Aristotle of treasure for the allowance of hunters, fowlers, fishers, and the like, that he might compile an history of nature, much better do they deserve it that travail in arts of nature.'

Thus wrote Lord Bacon — giving that homage to the genius of inductive science, which others since his time have paid exclusively to particular forms of book-learning. What we object to, is the exclusiveness which would proscribe either. Cambridge has still to provide a laboratory.

Whatsoever subject, whether it be physics or morals, politics or law, may occupy a man's mind, (if he has been moderately educated, and has ordinary intelligence), we believe he will teach himself to reason on it, as accurately as if he had Aldrich by heart, or could write out all the propositions of Euclid, and all the lemmas of Newton. The laboratory, the anatomy school, the museum, and the library of manuscripts, are each to their respective enthusiasts schools of mental discipline and ratiocinative induction. There may be a difficulty in finding many men with strongly original tastes and individual tendencies: but it must be remembered that the universities themselves

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have enhanced this difficulty, by smothering the love of all science and all literature but of one or two kinds, at the very age when the mind is the most susceptible and ambition the most powerful.

But if it is agreed, as it will be, that education is for the mass — *οἱ πολλοὶ* — who have no peculiar taste or power for any one science, and who require to be *broken in* before they can learn anything with effect, our argument is not weakened by the admission. It is the business of the universities to teach. To teach effectively, they must teach as agreeably as may be. The student must not be repelled by the unnecessary asperity and superfluous deformity of his mental discipline. The course should be made as smooth, as pleasant, and as picturesque as is consistent with a healthy exercise of the intellect. There are indeed men stupid enough to be insensible to the amenities of literature, and every kind of knowledge. But these very stupid men are as rare as the very brilliant men; and surely such stupidity — or idleness resembling stupidity — is likely to be confirmed by an exclusive system of rugged and repulsive studies. If a man be so indolent or dull that his nature can find no response to the call which literature and the moral sciences would seem to make on every human being — if natural philosophy reveals to him the wonders of the universe in vain, he will probably take even still less interest in the equation to the parabola, the pressure of a fluid mass in equilibrium, or the distinction between an enthymeme and a syllogism. But if a man who does take an interest in the former subjects be told that his knowledge of them will be rewarded, on condition that he show some proficiency in the latter, he will make it his business to know both. He may *cram*, indeed, in either case; but in the one he crams, and something more; in the other, he only crams. Adopt whatever system you will, and have whatever examinations you choose, there will be some things learned by rote, and some men who will learn nothing. A wise system will reduce these figures to their lowest limit.*

* One of the great advantages which may be looked for from the proposed change, is their tendency to lessen the number of that very numerous and important class, the thoroughly 'non-reading men.' But we must not expect too much. There will always be a *residuum*, whom no improvements in academical education can ever reach. These parties might however, in many cases, obtain considerable benefit from a limited residence at the university, though they could have no title to the distinction, which ought to be implied in its degrees. But that they should have a chance of obtaining the collateral benefits we are thinking of, other reforms than those of the lecture-

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For this reason we hold the objection to be valueless, that men will desert their Greek and Latin, their Logic and Mathematics, for the subjects of the New Schools and Triposes. The provisions of the Cambridge graces rebut this presumption. When Oxford shall proceed with the experiment, she will evidently adopt similar precautions. Mathematical and classical honours preclude the contingency which is apprehended. The *genius loci* forbids it. The old place will still foster the old studies. But to those studies — whether partially or completely pursued — scholars, for the future, are promised opportunities and encouragement for adding a combination of such fixed and progressive sciences as modern history, natural and moral philosophy, jurisprudence, and political economy. Euclid and mechanics at one university, and logic at the other, may still be the principal *basis* of education. That which attracts is to be appended to, and not substituted for, that which we are supposing, in the cases in question, to repel. If there is any good remaining in these old foundations of learning (and we admit there is the greatest, and should protest most vehemently against their being refused their due consideration) it is next to impossible that any University disciples of the new learning should be tempted to overlook them; while the barrenness of the ancient tree will be relieved by the fertility of the modern branches. Men of the world will recognise in their material fruits a value which they never would concede to the profoundest abstractions or the most beautiful literature of the schools; and scholars will become convinced that it is possible to know Greek and mathematics, and at the same time know something more.

The time has come, when an ordinary Oxford scholar, in addition to his Aldrich and Greek Testament, must have some opportunity of learning accurately the import of those mystic terms 'pump,' 'lever,' 'pulleys,' 'galvanism,' &c. &c.; or of that strange language which deals in the symbols 'rent,' 'value,' 'exchange-'able value,' 'labour,' 'currency,' 'taxes;' and a wrangler or a chancellor's medallist will have no excuse for asking — as we have heard medallists, wranglers, and fellows of Trinity ask — 'Had 'the Treaty of Utrecht anything to do with the Peace of West-'phalia?' or, 'Was not the Irish "Pale" in Ulster?' The scholar who has shown a familiarity with the '*Ecclesiazusæ*' of Aristophanes will be induced to extend his acquaintance to the '*Femmes* '*Savantes*' of Molière; and the time which has been devoted to

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room are indispensably necessary: — reforms in the discipline of the universities, and above all, (though of course they are closely connected,) reforms in the expense.

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the 'De Officiis' and the 'De Oratore' will yield an ampler return than a knack of turning periods or remembering idioms, when the student has been encouraged to follow up these treatises by examining the works of Gaius and the pandects of Justinian. Thus, on the existing basis of classical learning may be laid the structure of a legal discipline — a discipline which, reposing, not as it does now, upon the fragmentary and fortuitous scrapings of a pleader's chambers or an attorney's office, but on the universal principles of moral law — may, in time, emancipate the profession of English jurisprudence from the obloquy of an illiberal empiricism, and the imputation of a crude technology. Had our lawyers always laid the foundation of their learning in the comprehensive studies of an enlightened university — had they been taught there not the microscopic details of practice and technicality, but the axioms and the theorems of that noble code, which, originally derived from the moral sense of a great legislative race, has permeated and inspired the common law of England and the statute-book of every civilised nation in the world — we might have had more luminaries on the Bench as illustrious as Holt and Mansfield, and have been spared the reproaches which have been not unjustly heaped on the prolix captiousness of English practitioners. Such reproaches are soon, we trust, about to be washed away.

At any rate — whatever be the legal or physical studies partially admitted, if we must not say welcomed, on the Isis — we hope that an Oxford classman will not much longer have just cause for repining — as 'a Country Schoolmaster' does — when he contrasts the standard of his university examination with that of the Training College at Battersea.* The innovation may find favour with some who would have otherwise discouraged it, when we remind them of the opinion expressed some years ago by so distinguished a scholar and philosopher as Sir J. Herschel. It is contained in a letter addressed to the Rev. Dr. Adamson, asking for his advice upon the course he should recommend in the case of one of our foreign settlements. The recommendation in the

* We certainly share the 'Country Schoolmaster's' admiration of the examination papers set in this institution. Comprising, as they do, questions in the elementary points of geometry, arithmetic, algebra, geography, church history, Scripture history, English history, and agricultural chemistry, we doubt whether one half τῶν πολλῶν at Oxford or Cambridge could answer them creditably off hand. The 'Country Schoolmaster' is a zealous Oxonian; and complains bitterly, that in the course of many years he has not been able to provide himself from Oxford with an assistant competent to instruct his boys in the elements of Natural Science.

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last sentence of the quotation is well worthy of adoption now. Mr. Cameron has adopted it in India.

'A good practical system of public education ought, in my opinion, to be more real than formal; I mean, should convey much of the positive knowledge with as little attention to mere systems and conventional forms as is consistent with avoiding solecisms. This principle carried into detail, would allow much less weight to the study of languages, especially of dead languages, than is usually considered its due in our great public schools, where, in fact, the acquisition of the latter seems to be regarded as the one and only object of education. While, on the other hand, it would attach great importance to all those branches of practical and theoretical knowledge, whose possession goes to constitute an idea of a well-informed gentleman; as, for example, a knowledge of the nature and constitution of the world we inhabit—its animal, vegetable, and mineral productions, and their uses and properties as subservient to human wants. Its relation to the system of the universe, and its natural and political subdivisions; and last and most important of all, the nature and propensities of man himself, as developed in the history of nations and the biography of individuals; the constitutions of human society, including our responsibilities to individuals and to the social body of which we are members. In a word, as extensive a knowledge as can be grasped and conveyed in an elementary course of the actual system and laws of nature, both physical and moral.

'Again, in a country where free institutions prevail, and where public opinion is of consequence, every man is to a certain extent a legislator; and for this his education (especially when the Government of the country lends its aid and sanction to it) ought at least so far to prepare him, as to place him on his guard against those obvious and popular fallacies which lie across the threshold of this, as well as of every other subject with which human reason has any thing to do. Every man is called upon to obey the laws, and therefore it cannot be deemed superfluous that some portion of every man's education should consist in informing him what they are. On these grounds it would seem to me that some knowledge of the principles of political economy — of jurisprudence — of trade and manufactures — is essentially involved in the notion of a sound education. A moderate acquaintance also with certain of the useful arts, such as practical mechanics or engineering — agriculture — draftsmanship — is of obvious utility in every station of life; — while in a commercial country, the only remedy for that proverbial short-sightedness to their best ultimate interest which is the misfortune rather than the fault of every mercantile community upon earth, seems to be, to inculcate as a part of education, those broad principles of free interchange and reciprocal profit and public justice, on which the whole edifice of permanently successful enterprise must be based.

'The exercise and development of our reasoning faculties is another grand object of education, and is usually considered, and in a certain sense justly, as most likely to be attained by a judicious course of

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mathematical instruction — while it stands if not opposed to, at least in no natural connexion with, the formal and conventional departments of knowledge (such as grammar and the so-called Aristotelian logic). It must be recollected, however, that there are minds which, though not devoid of reasoning powers, yet manifest a decided inaptitude for mathematical studies, which are *estimative* not *calculating*, and which are more impressed by analogies, and by apparent preponderance of general evidence in argument than by mathematical demonstration, where all the argument is on one side, and no show of reason can be exhibited on the other. The mathematician listens only to one side of a question, for this plain reason, that no strictly mathematical question *has* more than one side capable of being maintained otherwise than by simple assertion; while all the great questions which arise in busy life and agitate the world, are stoutly disputed, and often with a show of reason on both sides, which leaves the shrewdest at a loss for a decision.

'This, or something like it, has often been urged by those who contend against what they consider an undue extension of mathematical studies in our Universities. But those who have urged the objection have stopped short of the remedy. It is essential, however, to fill this enormous blank in every course of education which has hitherto been acted on, by a due provision of some course of study and instruction which shall meet the difficulty, by showing how valid propositions are to be drawn, not from premises which virtually contain them in their very words, as in the case with abstract propositions in mathematics, nor from the juxtaposition of other propositions assumed as true, as in the Aristotelian logic, but from the broad consideration of an assemblage of facts and circumstances brought under review. This is the scope of the Inductive Philosophy — applicable, and which ought to be applied (though it never yet has fairly been so) to all the complex circumstances of human life; to politics, to morals, and legislation; to the guidance of individual conduct, and that of nations. I cannot too strongly recommend this to the consideration of those who are now to decide on the normal course of instruction to be adopted in your College. Let them have the glory — for glory it will really be — to have given a new impulse to public instruction, by placing the Novum Organum for the first time in the hands of young men educating for active life, as a text book, and as a regular part of their College course. It is strong meat, I admit, but it is manly nutriment; and though imperfectly comprehended, (as it must be at that age when the College course terminates,) the glimpses caught of its meaning, under a due course of collateral explanation, will fructify in after life, and, like the royal food with which the young bee is fed, will dilate the frame, and transform the whole habit and economy. Of course, it should be made the highest book for the most advanced classes.'

We have spoken of the University reform now in progress, as an innovation. But we beg to remind our conservative academicians that it is more strictly a return to an old than the intro-

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duction of a new principle. At least, it is but a performance of the old promise of the Universities. The first two lines of the Cambridge Calendar inform us that 'The University of Cambridge is 'a society of students in all and every of the liberal arts and 'sciences.' Even if we accept the contracted definition which, in the fourteenth century, was given to 'arts,' we must also bear in mind that arts were even then held to be auxiliary and preparatory to the other faculties. To this day the original faculties exist distinct from that of arts. A corps of twenty-five professors is now in force to represent, besides Greek, Hebrew, and Mathematics, the archaic elements of academical teaching, Law, Physic, and Theology; together with those adoptions of a later age and new necessities, History, Geology, Mineralogy, and Political Economy. As it is at present constituted, the scope and pretension of the University really is to 'instruct in 'all liberal arts and sciences.' All that was required to perfect this design was development and academic enforcement. The material and outline already existed; to mould them to use and shape and beauty demanded only arrangement, cohesion, and completion. Given professors, schools, lectures, there remained to be added examinations, prizes, and academical emoluments.

To those who still fondly look back upon the University examinations of the last century as the model and standard of what an academical diploma should imply, we would suggest the following considerations:— The studies of the last century, as far as they were a divergence from an older scheme — a scheme probably well adapted to its own times — were a divergence due rather to indolence and indifference than to any well constituted design. Producing as they undoubtedly did, many men of high attainments and some of varied learning, they forced upon the majority an involuntary and reckless idleness. Cambridge, in its character of a University, encouraged no study but mathematics. And did this, expressly as a mental discipline; but for a long time conducted it in such a manner — so at least the most distinguished men of science throughout Europe have asserted — as to have retarded mathematical progress and discouraged mathematical investigation. Two Colleges — King's and Trinity — alone kept alive the love of ancient literature. To the monopoly of a severe geometry was sacrificed every other exercise and attainment of the human mind. There was no theological study and no theological attainment. There was no study of history; none of moral science; none of chemistry; none even of experimental philosophy! We speak of the general run of men. Of course there were all along illustrious exceptions, as there will be in all neglectful

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systems and neglected classes. Limited as was the arena of competition for honours, the standard of the 'pol' was stunted indeed. A little arithmetic, a couple of books of Euclid, and Paley's Evidences comprised all that was required for a B. A. degree. Oxford has been in this respect even worse than Cambridge. The consequences were what might have been expected. The country was inundated with clergymen and squires unsuited for their respective stations. The want of knowledge, and the indifference to that want, which were exhibited by men of the higher and middle classes, have re-acted fearfully on the ignorance, credulity, and barbarism of the lower.

The education of the upper classes is strikingly improved within the last twenty years — miraculously within the last half century. This has been partly brought about by the action of the old Universities themselves; partly, and more than is generally acknowledged, by some of the public schools; partly also by rival and ambitious institutions, like the London and Durham Universities; partly, and perhaps chiefly, by the impossibility of standing any longer still, in the midst of an advancing world. The basis of instruction was already laid with sufficient breadth and solidity. The evil is, that it is — or rather was — nothing but basis. Men were treated as if they were schoolboys — and so treated long after the age of boyhood had gone by. The objects and subjects of a life into which they were necessarily about to enter, were kept studiously from their ken and contemplation. Destined to jostle and contend in a society which perpetually throws up rough antagonists with more or less of intellect and information, and with every degree of presumption, assurance, and ambition, the University man, braced though he might be by the 'iron discipline of an inflexible geometry,' or imbued with the most exquisite appreciation of Greek or Roman philosophy, — found himself, at the age of twenty-two or twenty-three, so completely at sea in all matters of progressive interest — so unlettered in all the antecedent history of any great social question — that he shrank in despair from a contest in which the vigour of his mind, had it been also enriched with practical and useful knowledge, must have insured him a victory over the petulance of conceit and the flippancy of agitation. Henceforward, let us hope the Cambridge, and soon we trust also the Oxford, graduate will be in some measure qualified by his college career to enter on the functions of his 'faculty'; to contend successfully with ignorance and presumption; to disabuse prejudice, to refute error, and to illuminate the darkest dens of bigotry with a torch lighted at the altars of Science and Humanity. Henceforward, let us hope, England will owe to her splendid

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and time-honoured institutions, a long race, not only of scholars, divines, and mathematicians, but also of chemists and geologists, jurists and political economists.

In conclusion, we beg to express our gratitude that no honour in mathematics or classics has been made a condition precedent to competition for the honours in the new Cambridge triposes.* Any qualification of that kind would have defeated what we consider the great advantage of this part of the design. And now that the 'pol' examination has been so much enlarged in compass and improved in quality, we would ask of the University of Cambridge, why it should insist on enforcing such a condition as a Junior Optime's degree for classical honours? What can ever be the good of making a score of men, who have no aptitude for mathematical studies, *cram* a medley of propositions from *Newton*, *Conic Sections*, and — stranger still — *Differential Calculus*? It is no disciplining of the mind: but sheer, undiluted, unconcealed cram. There is no disguising the fact. For, it is a matter of notoriety and shame. Surely, the knowledge of Euclid, Plane Trigonometry, and Elementary Mechanics, now exacted from the 'pol,' ought to be considered a sufficiently rigorous 'mental preparation' for the lighter amusements of translating Thucydides and Aristotle.

It now remains with the University of Cambridge to carry out in honesty and good faith, the principle of Instructional Reform. That those who have given the impulse in either University, will do their best to direct and perpetuate it, we do not doubt; and to them, admonition at our hands would be impertinent and vain. We would, however, deferentially submit to their consideration, — in the first place, the impropriety of harassing the neophytes of the new triposes with manifold and vexatious University examinations. Whatever preparatory examinations are thought necessary, in order to secure a certain progress, had best be left, we think, with each college over its own members, and with each professor in his own department. In the second place, the University must remember that the success of the new system will mainly depend on their encouraging, by prizes

* Formerly the requisites for a *Junior Optime* (the mathematical degree necessary to qualify a candidate for the Classical Tripos) were indefinite and fortuitous. They are now defined; but embracing, as they do, Dynamics, and portions of the Differential and Integral Calculus, they may be considered too high a standard for the minimum of mathematical honours. Indeed it is difficult to understand why men who have toiled to make themselves good scholars should be obliged to swallow five or six mathematical subjects, which, fifty years ago, would have been sufficient to secure a wrangler's degree.

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and fellowships, the students who distinguish themselves under it. It would be a very great advantage, were Government to invite them to recommend to its notice—as is done in Prussia and France—those whose accomplishments and talents seem to qualify them eminently for a civil career, or for the tranquil cultivation of science.

Lastly, we would beg them to consider a suggestion which emanated from the learned Dean of Ely, viz., that the period of residence previous to an ordinary degree should be curtailed to two years; and that classical and other honours should be contended for at the end of the three years, as now. This arrangement would drop the curtain on that ridiculous farce yclept, 'The Little Go.'

We close our remarks with a cordial offer of our thanks to both Universities—to Oxford for the attempt, to Cambridge for the performance. It is especially to its honour that it did not shrink from the task or, as has been unwisely thought, the peril of setting the example of an internal reform. Cambridge has done much, before now, to deserve the thanks of England. In the worst ages of bigotry, persecution, and servility—in the ages of the faggot, the Star Chamber, and the boot,—in the reign of Henry and in the reign of James—she supplied learned and valiant men to plead the cause of freedom in the senate and the forum, or seal it on the scaffold. Her most eminent sons have been the luminaries of the world. The world has seen but one Bacon, one Newton, and one Milton; and Cambridge has the honour of their rearing. Her name, accordingly, is identified with the holiest and grandest trophies won in the cause of human freedom and human knowledge. That she has not at all times been equal to herself, nor in all things consistent with herself, will be readily forgiven by all who do not resent temporary shortcomings, and are not ungrateful for imperishable services. What she has left undone might be palliated by what she has done well. And in this her latest act she has shown her greatness most especially, in doffing the majesty of a consecrated fame, and the brightness of immemorial traditions, to accoutre herself for the instruction of an age, which has yet to learn that utility is consistent with beauty, action with reflection, and the energy of an industrial epoch with the treasured eloquence of the academy, and the remembered melodies of the Ilyssus! May she prosper as she deserves, and as all her best friends wish!

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ART. IX. — 1. *Financial Reform Tracts.* Nos. 1, 2, 3. By the Financial Reform Association.

2. *The National Budget for* 1849. By R. COBDEN, Esq., M. P.

3. *A few Words on the three Amateur Budgets of Cobden, Macgregor, and Wason.* By the Honourable EDMUND PHIPPS.

COMMUNITIES, like individuals, are seen at different periods contending with very different dangers, — some real, some imaginary. By the registrar general's returns mortality changes its channels. At times consumption takes the lead, at times fever; while valetudinarians and hypochondriacs have panics of their own, which do not appear on the returns. The same is the case in politics. In January 1848, the apprehension of an invasion of the British territory was the prevailing epidemic. The Prince de Joinville might have been already within the lines of Portsmouth; Marshal Bugeaud, on his route to London. The despatches of eminent warriors were transcribed into young ladies' albums, and Lord Ellesmere employed his literary talents in recommending a classical retreat for the ten thousand Guards. Increased armaments were called for on all sides. The next month ushered in the French Revolution, and the consequent movement of English Chartists and Socialists. The alarm was now internal inflammation. Our admirable Metropolitan Police was looked to with feelings of hope and reverence. Colonel Rowan and Mr. Mayne became the heroes of the 'situation.' A few weeks pass: — and the glories of the special constables are already matters of history. But the political and social world abhors a vacuum. A new cause of alarm and excitement is required, and is found in the state of our finances. A nation, which, since the Peace, had repealed more taxes than would replenish the Treasuries of any two first-rate powers, is supposed to be breaking down by the weight of its burthens. Thus, in about twelve months, we have been subjected to three successive political epidemics. That these epidemics are of a kind which are more or less connected, we readily admit. On the one hand, alarms, foreign or domestic, are fruitful of expense: on the other, there are few better prophylactics against danger, whether from within or from without, than a flourishing exchequer.

During the last twelve months, Europe has been passing through a series of bitter trials: the greatest — the financial — are yet to come. Looking at home, we trust that we are tolerably secure from the political and social disorders of our con-

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tinental neighbours. But we are far from feeling equal assurance, that we may not participate in their financial embarrassments and risks. Not that we see any real cause for apprehension, if public opinion will but put itself under the guidance of common sense, in the application of principles upon which almost all persons profess to be agreed. No reform in our financial system can be economical which does not proceed upon an estimate of the services to be performed, and of the cheapest and most efficient means of performing them: while to repeal oppressive taxation, and to reduce unnecessary establishments, is itself one of the first of services, and a certain way of making our borders more secure and the country more contented.

Two preliminary objections require notice at our outset. The first regards the amount of our taxation, in comparison with that of other countries: the next,—the increase in our expenditure, since 1835.

It is invariably assumed that we are the heaviest taxed nation on the face of the earth; yet we have seen no attempt to make good this proposition, except upon data as inapplicable as the attempt to infer the name of the ship's captain from the mast's height and the length of the keel. For instance, is not the sophistry manifest which measures the burthen of taxation by the amount of taxation levied as compared with the population taxed? To claim a tax of a crown from each of a given number of possessors of ten shillings each, is surely a more ruinous contribution than to levy a sovereign upon an equal number possessed each of one hundred pounds. We are not now discussing the distribution of taxes, but their actual pressure. The public income of Sicily may possibly be much less, *per capita*, than that levied in the Isle of Wight, yet Sicily may be the more heavily taxed of the two islands. We doubt not that the burthens imposed on the Fellahs of Egypt are insignificant in comparison with the sums contributed by the inhabitants of the West Riding; yet it does not of necessity follow that the population of the West Riding have therefore just cause of complaint. The only true comparison is between the amount of taxes imposed and the property on which those taxes are levied. All else is visionary and baseless: and we doubt whether the general belief in the high taxation of England would stand the test if measured by this standard.

The relative taxation between country and country though curious in itself, and interesting as an answer to the popular fallacy we have just noticed, is less material than the rise or fall in property within the same country at various times. One certain effect of excessive taxation is to check industry and

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create obstacles to accumulation. Where an undue weight is imposed upon wealth, the elasticity of industry is lost. It no longer rises and expands. But what is the case in England? Let us refer to the Property Tax Returns as evidence. The following parliamentary abstract will exhibit the progress of wealth in a period of twenty-eight years: —

Average.	Schedule A. Lands, Tenements, &c., in respect of value thereof.	Schedule B. Lands, &c., in respect of the occupation thereof.	Schedule C. Dividends, Annuities, Public Securities.	Schedule D. Profits and Losses.	Schedule E. Public Offices, &c.	Total.
1814 } 1815 }	£ 60,130,330	£ 38,396,143	£ 31,121,525	£ 35,886,439	£ 13,642,162	£ 179,176,600
1842 } 1843 }	94,810,599	43,145,786	27,577,439	64,344,835	10,495,410	240,374,069

It would, however, be most illogical to conclude, that because we are rich we should therefore be extravagant; or, that it is excusable under any circumstances to maintain an unnecessary tax, or a soldier, sailor, or civil officer, whose salary is excessive, or whose services are not required. But let our economy be ever that of prudence and not of panic; and, above all, let us not fall into the errors committed in several former periods of our history, and by rashness in our retrenchments double our future expenditure for the sake of a present, but an ill-considered saving.

It is however said, and is said with truth, that if we compare the sums voted in supply by Parliament within the last fourteen years, we find an enormous increase, being no less than a rise from 14,123,255*l.* in 1835 to 22,880,658*l.* in 1848,—showing a difference of 8,757,403*l.* This increase not only stands in need of justification, but we believe admits of very considerable reduction; at the same time the comparison between 1835 and 1848 is far from being a just one. The economy of 1835 was attained after many years of most severe and searching labour and inquiry. It was a result not to be attained in one single session. The successive Governments of the Duke of Wellington, Earl Grey, Lord Melbourne, and Sir Robert Peel, had applied the greatest energy to the reduction of the expenditure. Between the years 1821 and 1833 a reduction had taken place in the salaries of the great civil establishments of 1,026,189*l.*; and 5689 officers had been removed from this branch of the public service. The ordinary supply services had been reduced in the same ratio, and economy had been strenuously enforced in all departments during the following years. It would appear, indeed, that retrenchment had in some instances

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been carried too far on this occasion: for it has been stated, on the highest authority, that the estimates of 1835 were so imprudently reduced, more especially in the Navy, that the progressive increase of subsequent years is attributable, though not solely, to this cause. There is a fairer standard to refer to than that of the year 1835. The financial condition of this country had been carefully considered by a most economical committee in 1817; and the sum then named as a limit to the expenditure exceeded the votes of 1835 by 3,226,745*l.*

But the principal cause of the difference in our expenditure between 1835 and 1848 has not arisen from the imprudent reductions of 1335. We must seek elsewhere for the reasons of this increase; and among those reasons we hope we may, without breach of privilege, suggest that the House of Commons itself is largely to blame. From its nature and its disposition, and even we may add, from its very duties, it is called on to act as a check and a restraint upon Government. As a general principle this is right, but it is only true within limits; and it does not follow,—because where a Government is lavish the Commons are justly bound to be economical—that, where the Government is economical, the Commons should therefore be lavish. Yet the principle of antagonism which more or less exists between the Treasury bench and the representatives of the people has led to this result. More especially is this the case, where Whigs are in office and Tories in opposition. The latter may with perfect consistency complain of what they represent as an undue parsimony, crippling the public service, and leaving the public interests unprovided for. Appeals may be made to national pride, national gratitude, to compassion and sometimes to alarms the most absurd and unreasonable. It was truly stated in Parliament in the last session that from 1835 to 1841, 'Motions were made and repeated, 'session after session, to compel the Government to an increase 'of the Estimates. It was stated that our ships were under-'manned, our dockyards neglected, our ships afloat too few. 'The full pay, the half pay, the marines, the chaplains, the 'pursers, the old flag officers, the young lieutenants, all found 'parliamentary friends to state complaints and demand redress.' The House of Commons seemed to be very willing that the Treasury should pronounce all severe sentences,—provided that to the representatives of the people were reserved the more agreeable duties of mitigating punishment, and all acts of grace and favour. Therefore almost every decision of an economical character pronounced at Whitehall was followed by a counter movement in Parliament. If the principle of superannuations and retirements was entrenched upon, in ever so slight a degree, an instant appeal

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was made to the sympathy of the House of Commons. Claims of all sorts, some the most extravagant and untenable, though rejected by Tory as well as by Whig governments, were revived and agitated with more or less success. Neither economy of the public money nor yet economy of the public time was possible in such a state of things. Both were wasted, and the sacrifice of legislative power was perhaps a still greater loss than the sacrifice of the public money.

It should also be borne in mind that a growing sense of duty suggested, and at length enforced augmentations of establishments for good purposes, but requiring necessarily a great augmentation of expenditure. To those who had for many years grieved to think that the education of the people was neglected, and that a growth of population had taken place in our manufacturing districts unexampled in the history of civilised nations, without any corresponding, or concurrent, attempt to provide for their intellectual, moral, or religious improvement, it cannot be a subject of regret that in the year 1833 we laid the foundation of a better system; nor can we complain of an annual expenditure of 245,000*l.* for this holy purpose, even though we may be told that it represents a capital of 7,000,000*l.* It appears that certain advocates of the voluntary principle reject and resist aid to all schools. But when we remember the men who were the first advocates of these grants — the late William Allen, Sir. F. Buxton, Clarkson and Lancaster — and the exertions of Lord Brougham and Stephen Lushington, their survivors and representatives, the misapplied zeal of their successors must certainly appear unreasonable. We presume the same objectors are prepared to overthrow the University of London, which in 1839, set our elder Universities the example of enlarging and improving our system of education, — at the same time that it opened the honours of University degrees to nonconformists, excluded from Oxford and Cambridge, by a still lingering though much diminished spirit of prejudice and monopoly. Little as England is supposed to have done in comparison with the continental monarchies, yet the sums voted for the encouragement of education, science, and art, in 1848, exceeded the whole civil list of the crown.

But some of our Financial reformers are taking the field against the Civil List, as being a flagrant instance of extravagance. They forget, it seems, what Parliament and the Sovereign have already accomplished, when they revive arguments which, however true at the time of Burke's speech on economical reform, are wholly inapplicable to the circum-

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stances of the present reign. A given sum is annually voted for Hampton Court. This, we are now told, is a grievance; but, even if it were so, could it be rightfully placed to the account of our Sovereign, rather than to the account of those thousands who, in the spring and summer, enjoy a gratuitous admission to the stately gardens and terraces, and to the suites of apartments in which the cartoons of Raffaelle, and of Andrea Mantegna, are deposited, with the noble portraits of Holbein and of Vandyck? Are the Gardens and Palm-house of Kew the 'mênus plaisirs' of the monarch, or modes of perpetuating and of distributing throughout the empire the vegetable productions of our colonial possessions and of the world? Sir William Hooker is much more the tenant of Kew, than her Majesty the Queen, and the botanist, rather than the monarch, is the object of this extravagance, if extravagance it must be called. We have year by year rejoiced to see the increasing number of steam-boats, rail-road trains, and even waggons, conveying multitudes of the industrious classes to enjoy their well-earned leisure with their wives and children, under the shade of the Windsor oaks, in the Hall of Wolsey, or on the woodland terraces of Richmond; and we have felt a delight and pride in thinking how the well-regulated and appropriate decorations of a monarchy were thus blended with historical recollections, and inseparably united to the enjoyments, the health, and the intellectual improvement of the people.

This analysis of our civil expenditure might be carried further; but before closing our observations, there are some further heads of that expenditure which require notice. Very many years elapsed after the publication of Mr. Bentham's excellent tract on Law Taxes, before Parliament admitted the fact that the fees in our courts of justice required reform, if not actual suppression. To this the Legislature was stimulated, not only by the just claims of the suitors, but by the intolerable nuisance of great sinecure offices,—in many instances maintained by burthens cast on parties least able to sustain them, the suitors in our courts of law and equity. The nuisance has been abated, the offices and fees abolished; but expense has necessarily followed. It was necessary that certain salaries should be increased, and compensations awarded; and whilst we enjoy the benefit and take pride in the reform, it is somewhat unreasonable to complain of the consequences of our own good deeds. We have reformed the Poor Law; but the central administration, the auditors of the accounts, the schoolmasters, and the medical relief, are all defrayed from the Treasury. Contrary, as we believe, to principle, and to the real interests of the working classes, but still upon humane grounds, Parliament

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undertakes the superintendence of factory labour; and an estimate follows exceeding the salaries of two Secretaries of State, or of all the great officers of the Household. Our Channel traders appeal to the House of Commons for asylum harbours; millions were required, and hundreds of thousands voted. Statistical writers call, and call justly, for elements to guide them in their inquiries; we establish a periodical census, we register births, marriages, and deaths. The reform of prisons is required at our hands, not only from motives of humanity,—but to provide adequately for secondary punishment, rendered daily more necessary by the mitigation of the justly-condemned severity of our criminal law. The Penitentiaries of Parkhurst, Pentonville, Milbank, Perth, are erected and maintained at the public expense. Criminal prosecutions, and a preventive and repressive police, are pointed out as belonging more justly to national than to local expenditure, and therefore upwards of one million annually is expended by Parliament for these purposes. We are far from objecting to the greater part of this expenditure. But it is puerile to imagine that we can secure the advantages without paying the cost.

The objectors will however repeat, though they cannot deny the force of our preceding observations, that the expense of our military and naval establishments remains still to be accounted for. Of course, whatever is unnecessary should be retrenched; and it is the duty of the Treasury and of Parliament to enforce principles of economy throughout every department. But, the peculiarity of the present times renders this in some respects more difficult than at former periods of our history. Improvements are taking place on all sides which render expensive charges unavoidable. We remember an occurrence during the military operations in China, which illustrates our meaning. A regiment, being required to advance, whilst exposed to heavy tropical rain, when brought into action was unable to return the enemy's fire with effect. It was unfortunately armed with the old flint and steel muskets, and was only saved from severe loss by the junction of some marines whose muskets had been provided with percussion locks. If our military departments were to neglect providing the armies of England with advantages, equal to those possessed by all other contending powers, and if loss of life or military disgraces were to ensue, we doubt whether an economical argument, derived from a saving in the army estimates, would be received with much favour by the British public. Yet a simultaneous change in the arms of our military service involves no trivial expense. The new armament of our ships of war, the adoption of a heavier metal, and above all, the extension of steam navigation, are, to a

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certain extent, main causes of the increase in the Admiralty estimates. The progress which we have made in our national steam navy is hardly known or fully appreciated. It will be shown by the following table: —

	Steam Vessels.	Horse Power.
1835	23	4,153
1841	41	9,503
1848	124	44,480

We have already expended 2,689,000*l.* in steam machinery, and it should be remembered that much of this expenditure must necessarily be of an experimental kind. Failure must in all such cases be submitted to before we can attain success. The purchase of stores may, it is true, become a cause of extravagance; but an undue economy is oftentimes quite as prejudicial to the public interests as extravagance itself. The expenditure in the purchase of stores has augmented from 426,000*l.* to 1,084,000*l.* between the years 1835 and 1848; yet, it does not follow that the lesser sum was the greater economy. It is plain from the late Report of Regulations, that Government is aware of both its mistakes and its responsibilities.

The increase in the army expenditure has been by no means so great as that in the naval service. Excluding the Caffre war, the excess has been less than might have been expected; and when we consider the state of affairs in India, in Ireland, and on the continent of Europe, this excess, though much to be regretted, is easily to be explained. But in relation to the three great services, the ministers have taken the proper course. Committees in both Houses have been appointed to institute the most searching inquiry; and as a pledge of the sincerity of the present government in their desire to tread in the footsteps of their most economical predecessors, reductions in the estimates have been already made to the following extent: —

	1848.	1849.	Reduction.
Army	6,520,835	6,142,211	378,624
Navy	6,890,024	6,113,540	776,484
Ordnance	3,115,218	2,654,270	460,948
		Total reduction	£1,616,056

We think the reasonable part of the public will accept this reduction of more than one million and a half on an expenditure of sixteen millions, as evidence of being in earnest. It is a promise also of the further reductions which may be effected in future years, but which, to be done with success, must be done prudently and with caution; not in the desire of purchasing present ease and popularity, by a reckless neglect of future and permanent interests.

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We could have wished to have entered at some length into that part of the subject which includes the cost of collection of the revenue and the payments made before the revenue reaches the Exchequer. On this subject the greatest misconception exists. The payments of drawbacks and of similar allowances are by some most ignorantly included among charges of collection. The expenses of the Post Office belong as little to the same class of payments. They are as much a part of the great service of the public, as are our fleets and armies. They would require to be paid, even if all Post Office revenue were to be abandoned altogether.

No financial measure was ever more bitterly attacked than the reduction of postage in 1839; and yet few, if any, instances of reduction have ever produced a greater social benefit. Those who were so enthusiastic as to imagine that the appetite for correspondence might be as easily excited as a love for porter or tobacco, have found their sanguine prognostics of immediate success and undiminished revenue unfulfilled. But those who were responsible for proposing the change were more cautious. They admitted the enormous loss that, for a time, must be sustained, and they demanded and obtained a legislative pledge that such loss should be made good. The experiment was made in 1839, and we are now enabled to refer to the experience of nine years. The number of chargeable letters, including franks, has increased from 82½ millions in 1839 to the prodigious number of 1329 millions in 1848, and the gross revenue for the year 1847 has risen to 2,181,000*l.*, being within 150,000*l.* of the amount received in 1839, before the reduction.

It is true that the net amount paid to the Exchequer, though steadily advancing, is considerably less than it had been under the old system. But this may be traced to a succession of expensive improvements which must have been adopted, at an equal charge, had no reduction of postage taken place. The impatience of commerce is as great as that of love itself. The bill of exchange as well as the sigh which is to be wafted from Indus to the Pole, brooks no delay. Steam carriages and steam boats must all be put in requisition. Our West India colonies demand a special line of packets. It is granted; but the contract amounts to 240,000*l.* Sam Slick and M. Papineau demand justice to Nova Scotia and Canada; and the Halifax packets are established at a cost of 145,000*l.* Our annual packet contracts exceed 580,000*l.*, and the Admiralty expends a further sum of 111,000*l.* for the same service. France, Mehemet Ali, and the East India Company, offer their co-operation; a change is made,—and we are brought within six weeks of Bombay. Nor do we confine our labours within the limits of our own possessions. Callao and Val-

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paraiso, Ceylon and Hong Kong, the celestial Empire as well as our Australian continent, are all provided with steam communication; and thus there is scarcely a part of the globe into which the great moving power of St. Martin's-le-Grand is not brought into immediate contact.

The example we have set has been followed, or is about to influence the postal arrangements of other countries; and it is a triumph to the advocates of Post Office reform to find the portraits of Washington and Franklin adopted as the symbols of that improved system, which is represented in our monarchy by the engraved head of our own sovereign.

It is therefore evidently absurd to class charges of the description we have enumerated as charges of collecting the Post Office revenue. It will be said, however, that the same observations do not apply to other cases. Let us for a moment inquire whether our Government can be reproached with extravagance in relation to the revenue departments.

If we compare the expense of our enormous Customs establishments with those of foreign countries, we shall come to conclusions very opposite to those of Mr. Robertson Gladstone and his Liverpool reformers. In Holland, one of the most prudent of European States, the Customs revenue is collected at the rate of 8 per cent.; in France at 13*l.* 14*s.* per cent., and in Belgium at the prodigious rate of 44*l.* per cent. The charge on our revenue is 6*l.* 14*s.* 1*d.* only; yet our establishments are necessarily much more numerous and more scattered than those of all other powers on the face of the earth.

Nor have we any difficulty in giving an equally conclusive reply to those cavillers who would represent, or rather misrepresent, the proceedings of the Government in relation to the other great Revenue departments. For the first time the bold experiment is tried of entrusting to one office the collection of all inland duties. Five great departments, rich in patronage, and maintained at an enormous cost, have been consolidated, and charged with the collection of an annual revenue of upwards of 30,000,000*l.* We admit that it required no common courage and energy to make so great an experiment; but the ability and knowledge of the excellent public servants to whom it is entrusted give us every reasonable expectation of its success. In the departments of Excise Stamps and Taxes, since the year 1833, there have been reduced no fewer than 2054 officers, whose salaries amounted to 247,174*l.*, in addition to a further saving of 50,000*l.* for contingent expenses. If the British public claims its prescriptive right of grumbling, more especially when tried by the severe test of a Property Tax in time of peace, it is at least satisfactory to learn that the additional establishment

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required for collecting a revenue approaching to 5,400,000*l.* consists of 127 persons only, with the very moderate pay of 23,000*l.*

By the reforms now recommended in the Customs and already in progress, about 16,000*l.* of reduction will be effected in salaries; and this in the highest offices. Similar savings, by the consolidation of the Inland Boards are accomplished to the extent of 14,000*l.*; and when the whole arrangements are completed an annual sum of 100,000*l.* will be saved; — a sum greatly exceeding the united salaries of the entire Cabinet, including all their Boards and Under Secretaries. This is the work of what the Liverpool reformers are pleased to describe as an extravagant and unprincipled Administration!

A very short road to economy has, however, been discovered by some late inquirers, who solve the financial problem, and call on us to reduce Army, Navy, and Civil expenditure, by renouncing all our Colonies. Under the plausible pretence of establishing self-government, they require that we should free ourselves from what is termed the burthen of colonial possessions. We regret extremely that great national interests and great national duties should have been brought by very respectable authorities to so low a test, and should be confined within such contracted limits. These are nobler questions than can be disposed of by the amount of the salary of a colonial governor or the perquisites of a colonial secretary. Even if by the surrender of British N. America we were permitted to repeal the soap tax, or if the abandonment of Australia and the West Indies could enable the Treasury to dispense with the duty on hackney coaches and cabs, or could have allowed Parliament somewhat sooner to have freed Vinegar and Sweets from the control of the exciseman, we doubt whether these great financial reforms might not have been considered by thoughtful men to be somewhat too dearly purchased. We are not prepared to concede to the class of objectors with whom we are now dealing, the premises on which they reason, nor can we admit as a universal proposition their accusations of colonial extravagance. The whole of our colonial possessions in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, do not cost this country more than is expended by France on Algeria; and who will venture to compare that military possession, the scene of violence, rapine and cruelty, with the noble colonial possessions of England, which exhibit the following results for the year 1848: —

Population - - - - -	5,332,000
Imports into the United Kingdom - -	9,289,000*l.*
Exports from the United Kingdom - -	19,794,000*l.*
Declared value of British manufacture imported	8,725,000*l.*

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That the salary of a government of Ceylon or Guiana admits of reduction may, or may not, be true. If true, the reduction should be made; but to suggest that the forty-five existing colonies should, in 1849, in their present state, be maintained at the same cost as the twenty-two colonies of 1792, is to imagine that Daniel Lambert or the Irish Giant could, in their maturity of fat and height, be clothed in the swaddling-clothes of their infancy.

We do not believe that this cry for colonial retrenchment, and for the abandonment of all connexion between our colonies and the central government, could ever have arisen, or could be countenanced for one moment, were it not for the culpable neglect, which successive governments and Parliament itself have shown to one paramount and pressing duty,—we mean that of colonisation. In our last Number we avowed our firm conviction, which we now repeat, and which we may have occasion to justify at greater length hereafter, that the solution of the 'Irish difficulty' depends upon the application of this remedy. Without this remedy all others will be found vain. Land improvement bills will not work; encumbered estates will not find purchasers. The Poor Law must fail. Accompanied by this remedy, all others will be rendered doubly efficacious. And when, to use the words of Mr. Canning, 'the new world 'is called into existence to redress the balance of the old,' by the energy and courage of some practical statesman, the benefit to the empire will be so immediate and so unquestionable, that any indifference to colonial possessions and all jealousy of their necessary expenses will be forgotten. This will be the great and glorious use to which our colonies may be applied, as much for their interest as for our own. To use the language of the late lamented Mr. C. Buller, we shall say,—'In your 'colonies, you have vast tracts of most fertile land, wanting 'only capital and labour to cover them with abundant harvests; 'and, from want of that capital and labour, wasting their pro-'ductive energies in nourishing weeds, or, at best, in giving 'shelter and sustenance to beasts. When I ask you to colonise, 'what do I ask you to do, but to carry the superfluity of one 'part of our country to repair the deficiency of the other; to 'cultivate the desert by applying to it the means that lie idle 'here: in one simple word, to convey the plough to the field, 'the workman to his work, the hungry to his food?'

To those who would measure the value of colonies by their present cost as compared with their present profit; and who would thus apply to the affairs of a great nation the principles which may justly regulate Messrs. Day and Martin's manu-

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factory for Japan blacking;—we venture to suggest that a more prolonged existence, as well as more enlarged duties, are assigned by Providence to States than to individuals. We may be said to possess the reversion in the present. In her enduring national strength England is not to be dealt with as a mere life-tenant without heirs. She foresees and almost grasps the future. This conviction is well expressed in a Parliamentary Report, founded on evidence as conclusive as it is interesting, and establishing, beyond all doubt, the value of our colonial possessions, the duties which they impose upon the Government, and the invaluable uses to which, were we but as brave and as wise as our forefathers, these possessions might yet be turned. 'To transplant our domestic habits, our commercial 'enterprise, our laws, our institutions, our language, our lite-'rature, and our sense of religious obligation, to the more 'distant regions of the globe, is an enterprise worthy of the 'character of a great maritime nation. It is not only, in its 'progress, the pursuit and the attainment of glory, but, in its 'success, it is the performance of a high duty, and the accom-'plishment of a noble destiny; and if it can also be made sub-'servient to the relief of pressing distress at home,—if the 'labour which is in excess in certain parts of the country can 'be rendered the source of an extending and durable prosperity 'in the colonies,—such a combination of advantages cannot fail 'the more to recommend this great question of colonisation to 'the earliest attention of the Legislature.' (1st Report on Colonisation, House of Lords, 1847.)

From our preceding observations, our readers may conclude that while we profess ourselves to be unflinching economical reformers, and whilst we are convinced that much retrenchment remains to be accomplished, we are inclined to place more confidence in the efforts of a sincere government, and in a parliament intent on the performance of its duty, than in the resolutions of the Liverpool Association, or the rash engagements of those who promise to effect an immediate saving of eight or ten millions on an expenditure of twenty-two. Though it is obvious that danger must arise from immoderate expenditure; yet danger is no less to be feared in an ill-considered reduction. The difficulty, if not the absolute impossibility, of some of the recommendations lately given, must ensure our safety. The proposals are too rash to gain many advocates. No man who values his reputation for good sense will jeopardise that reputation in their defence. On this head, therefore, we do not feel much apprehension. The real risk will be found in the endeavour to enforce a careless repeal of taxation, leaving the public credit and

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the public service inadequately provided for. When a member of Parliament of the ability and character of Mr. Cobden ventures to recommend, as practicable, a repeal of the Excise Duties on Malt, Hops, Soap and Paper, amounting to 6,000,000*l.*; the repeal of the Window Tax, sacrificing 1,600,000*l.*; a repeal of Customs' Duties, and a reduction of the duties on Tea, diminishing the national income by 3,400,000*l.*, we lament over such indiscretion, to call it by no harsher name. It is obvious that a loss of 10,000,000*l.* annually cannot be met by any immediate and commensurate reduction of expenditure; — therefore, the proposition, if carried, would be fatal. But, however wild and impracticable may be the project, it holds out great temptations to the selfish or the less informed part of the community. It is a signal for a general scramble. The member for the West Riding is fishing with a multiplicity of hooks: one baited with the malt and hop duty for the farmer, another with the window tax for the 10*l.* householder; he endeavours to catch the foreign trader by the tea duties, and reserves the timber and soap duties as a temptation to the manufacturer. The interests of literary men, like ourselves, are not disregarded or forgotten. In his zeal for Mark Lane or Thames Street, the statesman is kind enough to hold in remembrance Paternoster Row, and in his generous sacrifice of the ways and means of the Exchequer, he includes the paper and advertisement duties. We only wish we could honestly accept his offering; but though we detest all burthens, and more especially such as fall peculiarly on our own craft, we cannot, even with this proffered bounty, countenance his scheme. Nor does the 'merry conceit' of Mr. Cobden reconcile us to his absurd exaggeration. 'What soap is to the 'skin,' he observes, 'literature is to the healthy action of the 'mind.' This may be very ingenious for what we know. The critic may represent the alkali, and the philosopher the oil and tallow; Wordsworth as Poet Laureate may be closely connected with Windsor soap, and his predecessor the chronicler of the Cid may represent pure Castile,—but neither in the Saxon nor in the modern sense of the word can we discover Wit in the proposal, or in the illustration. We are not about to undertake so visionary a task as the praise of any impost whatever. All taxes are more or less mischievous, and all are most assuredly unpopular. No knock is less welcome at our door than that of the hard-fisted tax-gatherer; and even the laurels of Waterloo and Trafalgar can hardly reconcile us to the bill we have had to pay for our glories. Yet, with all this, we doubt whether any ingenuity can levy so large a contribution as 4,000,000*l.* in a manner less onerous than by the malt duty; and we feel well assured that till our finances are

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in a greatly improved condition, we dare not place at risk the 5,000,000*l.* which are paid on tea.

We have before us innumerable tracts of amateur Chancellors of the Exchequer. We have that of Mr. Rigby Wason, who dazzles us with an estimate of 4,400,000,000*l.* as the value of the realised property of the empire, but leaves us in doubt whether a million of millions, or a thousand millions are not in his mind synonymous; we have the ordnance of Mr. Macgregor, and the lighter arms of the rifle brigade from Liverpool,—adopting, but misapplying the tactics and the machinery of the Anti Corn-law League. But Mr. Robertson Gladstone and his Association are too ambitious to confine their lucubrations to dry arithmetical details; they venture to touch upon the principles of taxation. In order to excite and to retain the attention of their readers, they commence by the following statement. 'The Association 'are astonished to find how completely the taxation is laid on 'the trade and industry of the country. Contrasted with the 'amounts of the expenditure, it divides the community into two 'distinct classes; one, those who pay, the other, those who 'spend the taxes. The former comprises the great mass of the 'population,—all who labour and produce the wealth of the 'nation,—the other, the favoured few, who from accident of birth 'or connection, are exempt from the necessity of toil, and who 'seem on that account to be relieved from the duty of contri-'buting their fair and proportionate amount to the pecuniary 'requirements of the state.'

So signal a misrepresentation of the facts we have seldom read; but it is at least excelled by the equally signal ignorance of every principle, on which the incidence of taxation and its effects depend. Let us first bring to a test the indictment preferred against the legislature for imputed oppression and injustice towards the industrious classes. We will test this by a review of the taxation repealed and imposed during a very limited period of years. We wish we could submit our evidence to a Jury of working men, taken from the very classes whom Mr. Robertson Gladstone's association represents as the most aggrieved; and most willingly would we abide by their honest verdict.

In presenting this list of repealed taxes, we desire to guard ourselves against the supposition of an indiscriminate approval of it in all instances. But, whether financially or economically wise, we take on ourselves to affirm that it affords a conclusive refutation of the malignant suggestion, that in the present system of British taxation, the rights and interests of the productive classes have been advisedly neglected.

If a capitation tax existed in this country, we presume that

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it would have been appealed to in proof of the financial injustice of Parliament; and its repeal would have been loudly, and we admit most justly, demanded. But no such burthen has existed. We levied, however, one tax somewhat of the same character and effect — the tax on Salt. Salt enters pretty equally into the consumption of all classes; or if there be any difference, it weighs most heavily upon the humbler classes, as consumers of salted meat and other salted provisions. On their special account it was repealed. The next article to which we shall allude, is that of leather. The duty was collected by weight. The duty imposed on a single pair of the 'clouted shoon' of a ploughman exceeded the entire duty leviable upon the 'chaussures' of the 'many twinkling feet' which figure at a Queen's ball. It was therefore repealed. Beer, the drink of the poor, was charged with a tax of 3,000,000*l.* The more aristocratic beverage, brewed from the same materials, and which, after twenty-one years' ripening, was at length tapped at the Castle or the Park in honour of the majority of the heir, was altogether exempted from this impost. This duty has been repealed, and the condition of the rich and poor so far equalised. The fustian jacket of the navigator, or the flannel trowsers of the miner, contributed 1000 per cent. to the revenue more than the transparent muslin in which aristocratic maidens make conquests at their first breakfast at Roehampton, or than the slight Shetland shawls which hang over the shoulders of their chaperons. A heavy duty on houses and on windows existed; but from the principle of the assessment, the former tax fell more oppressively on the humbler than on the richer classes. Longleat and Woburn Abbey were, as houses, assessed comparatively low; and this for the best of all reasons, because it was impossible that those vast dwellings could have a rent value. But they could not escape the high and progressive Window duty. The tax which was most favourable to the interests of the wealthy and the noble has been repealed; that of which their humbler countrymen could least complain has been continued. From both these taxes, it should also be remembered, that the habitations of the poor are entirely exempted. The printed cottons, which form the clothing of our peasantry and working women, are relieved from the grasp of the exciseman; but the Custom-house officer still exercises his rights over the Brussels veil which conceals the blushes of the fashionable bride, or the Valenciennes which at a later and still more tender moment shades her cheek.

Important as are these distinctions, still stronger inferences are deducible from the Financial measures of the last few years, more especially under the administration of Sir Robert Peel. The hand-loom commissioners, in their admirable report, have

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shown that the Corn Laws, through the absurd injustice of the Sliding Scale, imposed a tax equal to 10 per cent. on the income of the working man. Prohibitory duties on cattle and sheep added to this burthen. It was argued that this oppressive tax was all for the benefit of the great land owners. Has the tax been maintained, or have the consumers felt no benefit from its repeal? The present price of bread answers the question.

Nor is this all. This great change could not have been accomplished without making provision for the public service by the imposition of some new burthen. Let us inquire where was the new tax sought, and on whom does it fall? Is it imposed on the poor or on the rich? The property-tax is the equivalent; and by an exemption, of doubtful policy and justice, not only are the poor exempt, but all incomes below 150*l.* are exempted likewise.

All duties on raw materials used in our manufactures (with the exception of an ill-devised system of timber duties) were contemporaneously repealed; and an impulse has necessarily been given to the industry of those many hundreds of thousands who depend upon wages for their subsistence.

We hope we have adduced a sufficient number of instances to refute the falsehood and the calumnies which, in the trashy and ignorant publications circulated throughout the country, seek to create enmity between class and class, a mistrust of Parliament, and ultimately an alienation from the constitution under which we live.

Our readers, or the supposed Jury of honest and intelligent working men to whom we have expressed our readiness to appeal, may now decide for themselves; How far it is consistent with the facts which we have just stated, to offer to the public the following misrepresentation of our financial system. 'Men 'pay taxes for leave to live — not merely for the preservation 'of their property, their liberty, and their persons, but literally 'for existence itself; as, if they refuse or are unable to pay, 'the penalty is *death*, or the dragging out of a wretched ex-'istence on public charity, in public institutions, somewhat in 'their government akin to our gaols, and in their diet even 'below, stamping poverty with the disgrace which should attach 'alone to crime.' (Financial Reform Tracts, No. iii. p. 2.) We defy any parallel to be found to this abominable and malignant falsehood, even in the very worst annals of Jacobinism.

This is not all. Doctrines equally false and still more dangerous in their consequences are avowed by other contributors to these political 'Tracts for the Times;' appealing in like manner to the passions and the selfish interests of the multitude, and tending to consequences still more formidable. They provoke our animad-

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versions all the more, because they are closely connected with the Socialist and Chartist principles, of which we heard so much in April last, and which have, unfortunately for the Continent, taken so deep a root in other countries. We rejoice however in acknowledging, that if the poison should have come in any degree from France, from that country has likewise come some of its most powerful antidotes. French experience has been even more impressive than the bayonets of General Cavaignac. But in addition to this severe instructor, the work of M. Chevalier, and the able essay of M. Thiers on Property, are admirably calculated to expose the sophistry of their opponents: 'Il n'y a pas un sujet sur lequel 'la science économique du tems soit plus courte et plus fausse 'qu'en matière d'impôt. On croit par example, que jusqu'ici 'les gouvernemens n'ont songé qu'à écraser le pauvre, à soulager 'le riche, à faire porter sur l'un les charges dont on débarrassait 'l'autre. On le croit de tous les gouvernemens sans exception. 'Cette supposition est pourtant fausse.' Such are the words of M. Thiers; and if true as respecting France, how much more true with regard to England? But the practical application of the Liverpool doctrine is as follows. The rich, it is said, ought to bear the greater share of the public burthens. This object cannot be attained, as they assert, through taxes on consumption. It should therefore be sought for by imposing a heavy direc: tax on property or income; and as this again requires a further application of the same principle, a graduated scale should be applied to property, and possibly also to income. By such means, we are told, the man of 1,000*l.* a-year shall pay not ten but twentyfold the tax of him who has but 100*l.*; and the fortunate owner of 10,000*l.* shall be amerced not to the extent of 1,000*l.*, but 5,000*l.*, the balance of 5,000*l.* being, by the application of this standard of confiscation, considered sufficient for his wants. 'Cela revient à dire,' observes M. Thiers, 'que vous 'n'avez plus d'autre règle que le jugement qu'il vous convient de 'porter sur la richesse, que vous êtes en pleine loi agraire; par-'tageant les fortunes, retrenchant à l'un pour donner à l'autre, 'eu un môt, que vous avez mis la main sur la proprieté. Sorti 'de la règle qui est le mur de clôture, vous avez envahi le 'champ du voisin pour en prendre ce qu'il vous plait. Beau-'coup, ou peu, selon votre jugement.'

This is the principle which it has pleased the new Roman Republic to adopt, in their love for political economy and political justice. They appropriately sacrifice a Doria, a Ludovisi, and a Massimo, when they threaten the destruction of the Vatican, and the sale of the Apollo and the Transfiguration. But let us ask whether, even if this principle were not iniquitous, it could be successful? Can we levy exclusively on those, whom we

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are pleased to designate as the rich, the 'fiscal' means for performing duties in which the poor, even more than the rich, are directly interested? There is no capital which stands so much in need of peace, order, and law as the capital of the poor, that is, their labour. We doubt whether Louis Philippe and his royal House have suffered so severely by the outbreak of revolution and of socialism, as the workmen of Paris. But let us ask who are designated as the rich? The fundholder? Why, out of 188,000 receiving dividends, 182,043 are below 200*l.* a-year. Perhaps the rich are those who enjoy the luxury of servants, horses, and carriages? Of the 16,000,000 of persons who inhabit Great Britain, there are but 108,000 who keep man servants, 152,000 who pay duty for horses, and 26,000 who possess the luxury of a four-wheeled carriage. It is evident that the taxation of this small number could not pay the dividends, support the courts of law, and maintain our army and the navy. Any system of taxation applicable exclusively to these classes would be inadequate and unavailing. But even conceding that it were just to raise the bulk of our revenue upon the supposed principles, and that it could be raised in this way to the amount required, would the labouring classes escape? On the contrary, the burthen would inevitably be transferred to them; — and this in a manner the most grievous. Let us take the case of a landed proprietor, a tenant farmer, or a manufacturer capitalist. Place a very high tax upon these three classes disproportionate to their wealth, but graduated according to an increasing per centage. The amount, which either of the two former classes are called on to pay, of course diminishes to the same extent the amount of their labour fund otherwise spent in wages. They must therefore discharge their labourers. The manufacturer, if his burthen be in excess, will close his manufactory altogether, and will remove to some other country where a juster system of taxation prevails. His hands are consequently thrown out of employment. In this way the number of labourers seeking employment are increased; the means of paying wages lessened. The rate of wages consequently falls; and an unjust tax, adopted for the supposed benefit of the working classes, is ultimately transferred to their wages, and most seriously injures their best interests. This identity of interest between the poor and the rich is the real irreversible support of the institution of property; it is the very foundation on which it rests. It is thus that, as Mr. Burke expresses it, the savings of the rich become the banks of the poor. The opposite doctrine would sanction the repeal of all indirect, and the substitution of direct taxation; that is, it would substitute

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compulsory taxation for voluntary, — the most uncertain sources of revenue for the most secure. Payments connected with some comfort and luxury, and in which the price of the article and the tax are so blended as to be undistinguishable, would be replaced by the fixed, definite, and unrelenting demand of the collector. This alteration, in our judgment, never could be made without danger to public credit, and without prejudice to the public service: and in a country like this, where 50,000,000*l.* are to be raised annually, it could not fail to annihilate our industry, to create deep and far-spreading discontent, and to end in convulsion and bankruptcy. The extravagance of unwise retrenchment, the false economy of a rash repeal of taxes, alike tend to the same result. To point out, and assist to avert this evil,—to do justice to the measures and the intentions of Parliament and of our rulers,—to check the spirit of discontent, — have been our objects in writing the present article; as well as to expose the follies, the pretensions, and the ignorance of a political coterie, whose attempts at propagating bad principles deserve to be held up to the just scorn and reprobation of the public.

ART. X. — *Politische Briefe und Charakteristiken aus der Deutschen Gegenwart.* Berlin, 1849.

THERE is an end, for the present at least, of the annual production of an average of ten thousand new German books at the Leipsic fair. Works which might justly claim a world-wide reputation, and which literature and science are anxiously expecting, such, for example, as the correspondence between Newton and Leibnitz, lie dormant for want of a publisher. The truth is, that everybody is now too anxious to care about reading, and the great problem of present life presses too heavily to permit even the German mind to live in the investigations of the past or the visions of the future. It is not that external danger threatens life or property, or that, except during some momentary convulsions, the ordinary surface of society may not be well preserved; but the consciousness is every where visible that a new order of things has come, and that their world, at least, has made no preparation to receive it. No great men have been allowed to go before it and prepare for its advent; no political habits have been engendered to teach the value of moderation in action; and no political economy has been taught, to illustrate the necessary conditions of social life, and to define the limits of possible legislation. Revolution has come upon the most in-

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structed, the most literate, the most thoughtful people of the world, — and it is left to provide itself as it can, and to destroy more than it uses or requires.

The moral of these circumstances, however palpable, is by no means trite or superfluous. Men have been so accustomed to speak of nations being prepared for liberal institutions before they obtain them, of something which was to be the instruction and discipline of the political catechumen, of some moral and intellectual foundation to be laid, upon which the political edifice was to rise in proportionate and orderly beauty, that it is well that so clear an example has been exhibited of the incompetency of any but political culture to adapt mankind to the duties and capacities of political life. The old analogy, of learning to swim without going into the water, remains accurately correct: for the whole art and mystery of constitutional government is to teach men to govern themselves, — and this is to be learned by experience alone. Neither man nor nation can be taught self-control; and the processes and the conditions by which the result is obtained are as complicated and as mysterious, in the national, as in the individual mind. Every moment in the world's history is the result of all preceding time; and no science of cause and effect can trace out what a people may, or may not, become.

We would not, however, undervalue the indirect consequences of a high condition of the moral and intellectual faculties, in facilitating and perfecting liberal institutions. Although the enormous knowledge and unlimited speculation of the Germans appear to be of small service to them in resolving their political difficulties, yet it would be most superficial to disbelieve that the indirect influences which they exercise on the minds of politicians, must in the main be advantageous. We do not anticipate, with Heine*, that German philosophy will lead on to practical results even more terrible, and to dispositions even more implacable, than did the doctrine of Rousseau in France. If, indeed, a few desperate professors had it all their own way, the Kantian might work the same havoc in the region of facts that he had done in the region of ideas; and turn up the very ground of European life, to root out the traces of the past; — the transcendentalist might regard all the confusion and suffering which he caused, as phenomena absolutely unimportant when compared with the ideal to be worked out by his will; — and the Hegelian pantheist might identify himself with the work of destruction, and revive the madness of the Berserkers, in the belief that out

* In a remarkable passage of his 'De l'Allemagne,' which was not reproduced in the German version.

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of the fury of the popular instincts would rise up a purer truth and a higher humanity.

For, fortunately, men do not act up to their theories; and, though such mental habits may, and probably will, stand in the way of the practical political settlement of the North of Germany, yet there is every thing to hope for from such men as the authors of the book before us, who, though they look on political life under aspects that appear to us Englishmen somewhat theoretical and sentimental, nevertheless do really understand the practical conditions of the question, and see the difficulties they have to grapple with.

The chief writer in this correspondence is M. von Usedom, a Pomeranian nobleman, who employed his youth in travelling through England and France, was afterwards Secretary of Legation at Rome, then attached to the Foreign Office at Berlin, and is now Prussian minister to the Pope. His functions have made him acquainted with the most important personages in Germany and Italy; and his remarkable acuteness and justness of perception have enabled him to form a valuable estimate of their characters and designs. He writes with an almost undiplomatic frankness about men and things; and it is a good sign for Prussia that one of her public men can afford to express himself so openly, not only in matters affecting the general interests of Europe, but on subjects which especially regard both the people and the rulers of his own country. On some he writes as a Prussian; but generally his views are those of a true German, understanding the needs and the interests of the common fatherland.

Prussia, Germany, Italy, are the subjects of these letters, which passed during the last year between M. von Usedom and one or more diplomatic friends*; and we would earnestly recommend this correspondence to the English reader as illustrating those latent political forces, which statesmen with us are so apt to overlook, and which our insular prejudices make us so unwilling, and often so unable, to understand. Every page of this book admits that the old system has fallen,—not from want of able supporters, not from outward attacks, but because the vital force had left it, and because it was artificially sustained. Börne wrote

* Very interesting to us is the recognition by one of these correspondents, of the worth of the historical writings of Mr. Carlyle. They do not, he says, represent a mere map of the surface over which the writer moves, but reveal the secret wells and depths, the volcanic workings of nature, which the historical surface only conceals. 'I do not know whether to call him the great physiologist or 'physiognomist of History — he is both.' (P. 53.)

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long ago, 'we shall have a translation of the French revolution 'into every European language, and each man's business is to 'take care and make his own better than the original;' and this is true, — not from any mere imitation, but because the causes of the French revolution exist in one form or another in every continental state. When kings have lost the love and reverence of their people, and aristocracies their consideration and their wealth, the political prudence which maintains the one or the other can only be an efficient barrier against revolution in countries where political education has been widely diffused. The advantages of these institutions, as such, are incomprehensible to a people who have never thought of institutions at all, but have supported and endured these superiorities merely from reverential sentiment or physical fear. And this is exactly the difficulty in which Europe is now placed, by the blind indiscretion of those who let the old springs of action wear away and provided nothing for the coming shock.

In a previous article (Jan. 1846), especially directed to the case of Prussia, we foreshadowed the great dangers which beset that country in consequence of the retrograde policy of the late and the indecision of the present sovereign. The delay and circumspection, that appeared to many a high political prudence, seemed to us pregnant with danger, and every day that passed without a constitutional relation being established between the Prince and the people, an incalculable loss. Who can say, whether the ultimate success which, notwithstanding all flux and reflux, will, we believe, attend the cause of constitutional liberty in the North of Germany, will not be owing to the concessions, however tardy, which introduced parliamentary rights and responsibilities among the people of Prussia?

It is from these feelings, that we cannot agree with M. von Usedom's estimate of the late King. He admits that, in all questions of European policy, the King regarded himself and his ministers as hardly competent to come to a decision, and that Vienna was consulted as a matter of course; he allows that the belief of Prince Metternich that any development of political freedom and national independence would be fatal to the integrity of the Austrian monarchy, was the cause of the repression of all constitutional spirit in Prussia, and of the consequent growth of unmitigated democracy; and he excuses the author of these great evils to his country, by the suggestion that it was not in his nature or in the circumstances of his life to cast off the bonds of the old system, and to adopt a free and German policy.*

* How complete was the subjection of Prussia to Austria under

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His simplicity of life and character,—his administrative industry,—his profound reverence for established law,—well deserve the affectionate remembrance of his people:—assuredly, however, it can be no vindication of his memory, as a sovereign, to say that he subjected to a foreign dynastic policy not only the independent position of his nation, but the internal constitution to which, ever since 1810, his word was pledged. To the very last he adhered to the theory of the 'essentially limited understanding of a subject,' which has now become the proverbial formula of the former state of things.*

Of the present King M. von Usedom writes with the reserve due to his own position and to the great task in which that sovereign is now engaged, and yet without adulation. He describes him as having placed himself, in youth, in open opposition to the existing political system; but as having somewhat modified this disposition, rather out of reverential feeling (*Pietät*) towards his father than from any growing favour towards despotism. A tendency towards idealisation always inclined him to a large and liberal view; and he found compensation for what he may have made himself believe to be the necessary restrictions of Prussia, in a full and ardent sympathy with that idea of German nationality which had been baptized with the blood of Leipsic, and confirmed by the enthusiasm of the Burschenschaften. Suppressed by Austria and her influences at that period, this project has now assumed an important reality, which it may suit certain parties to assail by violence or ridicule; but which no demonstration of the difficulties that surround it,—no exposure of the inconsistencies or extravagances of some of its advocates,—nor, indeed, a failure for the present,—are likely to cast out of the future history of Europe.

It is surely strange that Englishmen, even of professedly liberal politics, have used—with respect to the struggle for independence and national rights now going on in several countries—language which, if followed by corresponding action, would not only erase patriotism from the list of virtues, but would hold

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the old system, is apparent by the words which Grumbkow, the minister of Frederic William the First, addressed to Seckendorff: 'Il nous faut toujours quelqu'un qui nous gouverne et en tout cas il 'vaut mieux que ce soit vous.' The last patent act of this fatal influence was the destruction of the independence of Cracow; which a statesman has designated 'the Jena of Prussian diplomacy.'

* From the reproof given in 1837 by the minister Rochow to the Burgomaster of the busy town of Elbing, (which seems to take an especial interest in the affairs of other countries,) who had spoken in public against the suppression of the Hanoverian constitution.

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passive resistance to the tyranny, even of a foreign power, to be the first of duties. Filmer has been outdone by modern English statesmen, speaking of Sicily and of Lombardy. Men to whom the people of this country have owed the most earnest appeals and the wisest reasonings in the cause of the purification and perfection of our long-won freedom, have risen as the insulters of nations struggling for the first elements of civil liberty. So that, with such singular perversion of judgment in high places, it is hardly to be wondered at that the efforts of independent nations to procure constitutional rights, and still less that the yearnings of the distracted members of a nominal nationality towards their formation as an integral reality, should be regarded with indifference, if not with contempt, by persons so careless to be well informed in foreign politics as the majority of our countrymen.

All that time has brought to light of the more confidential transactions of the Treaty of Vienna has gone far to vindicate Lord Londonderry from the imputation of taking a willing share in those repressions of national and constitutional liberties which weakened and damnified that great compact. He saw clearly that the best security for peace was to make war perilous and difficult: thus his chief object was to give to each independent state the best military frontier possible. In this sense, Lombardy was sacrificed—notwithstanding the solemn personal assurance of the Emperor Francis to Sir Robert Wilson that he would have nothing to do with it—for the purpose of giving Austria a bulwark against France; and thus too the attempt was made, though fruitlessly, to establish an independent Poland between Russia and Germany. England, indeed, great as was her moral influence, had no physical force to bring to bear against the united powers of Russia, Austria, and Prussia; and, as afterwards occurred, they became far too strong for us to control any injustice or violence they might choose to commit. When, in the words of the Holy Alliance, those three nations 'were to 'be governed as three branches of one family,' and the French government had every inclination to adopt the same policy, it was most difficult for any Foreign Minister to avoid placing this country in a position in which it might have received insults it could not avenge. Lord Londonderry protested against the abrogation of the Sicilian constitution in stronger words than any Lord Palmerston has used during the last year; yet, having declared that the Prince Regent would not permit the act, he found himself compelled to accept it. Mr. Canning's position was equally difficult; and it required a most careful policy to steer between the banded powers of Northern and Central Europe and the energetic demands of men like Lord Grey,

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Mr. Hobhouse, and others, who urged the armed intervention of England, and seemed supported by public opinion. What, then, is the reason and the meaning of the present identification of English interests with the attempts at reaction against national rights and constitutional principles throughout Europe? Why is the minister unscrupulously attacked, who has laboured—and, as yet, successfully, to avert a European war, and to permit to states in peril of anarchy at least some possible basis of organic reconstruction? Why is it forgotten that he has used the large means of knowledge he possessed, to warn governments of the dangers which he saw were inevitable, and to implore them, by timely concession, to mitigate the disasters which they could not avoid? If we had the trust in our national institutions we so glibly express, we should surely rejoice in having been selected by Providence as the model of free and orderly government to mankind: and if we comprehended them aright, we should see that it is the expansiveness of our constitution which has saved it, and that it is the unyielding systematic nature of the continental governments which have proved their ruin.

Germany is under the influence of two emotions, both long repressed,—and it is the simultaneous expression of both which produces so much confusion and embarrassment. The subjects of the separate states desire independent freedom through the means of representative institutions; and the German people are calling for a United Germany. Each of these organisations would surely give work enough in its own day,—and German statesmen have now to construct them both together, if at all. A tremendous task, almost beyond the power of man! For they have to do this with scanty means and poor materials, with habits of honest but servile administration, and without that spirit of political concession which the custom of freedom alone can give. Honour then to those that succeed, and no disgrace to those that fail! There are processes which Time reserves for his own work; and he jealously throws down, in his daily course, the best attempts to erect by sudden efforts what he himself intends to build up slowly and strongly, for the use of ages to come.

The Holy Roman Empire, in which enthusiastic men trace out a figure of German Unity not quite recognised by history, ceased, after the Reformation, even to act as an effective federal bond. That great division completely separated the north from the south: and the victories of Frederic the Great, establishing a kingdom of free opinion in religious matters, averted the German mind from the notion of a central power, which it could not as yet conceive to exist anywhere but at Vienna. The independence and autonomy of the lesser states thus be-

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came a necessity, which all the despotic liberalism of Joseph II. could not obviate. Austria, too, more than once increased her own dominions by the sacrifice of territories which it was not hers to dispose of, and thus entirely lost the character of a protector. The advantages also of a multiplicity of States could not be overlooked. Provincial towns were here cities; and all the appurtenances of social life were multiplied in a proportionate extent. Libraries, picture galleries, hospitals, theatres, academies, and, above all, universities, abounded as in no other country; and the upper classes found a compensation for the comparative insignificance of fractional states, in the large number of offices and dignities distributed among themselves. For one man whose ambition was thwarted by the limited area he could command, ten were satisfied with an importance which in a great kingdom they could hardly have acquired. It required the French invasion to expose the decay of national feeling and its consequences. The bravery and discipline of the Austrian army, and the devotion of princely and noble personages, could not save Vienna. The far-famed military spirit of Prussia, supported by the ardour which inspired Arndt and Körner, could not protect Berlin. It required years of foreign occupation, insult, and oppression to arouse the common German feeling, which on the field of Leipsic at length recovered the national independence. Terrible experience! The political *divisions* of Germany had laid her open to the invasion and rule of the stranger, though in the enjoyment of all the powers of which regular governments and established authorities can dispose; while the *unity* of France had preserved her independence even in the crisis of anarchy, and had enabled her at once to regain her social order and to dictate to Europe.

Yet no sooner was peace restored to Germany, than the Princes combined to destroy the very spirit which had saved the country and themselves. The titular Roman empire had been abolished—the Diet was reduced to a minimum of power and responsibility,—and not only indifference but persecution awaited those who could not abandon the hope for which they had risked life itself. As long as the Germans had fought for their dynasties they had been defeated; when they fought for Germany they were victorious. This, however, it suited the Powers to forget; and while the Holy Alliance attempted to bind the Princes in one bond of common interest, it utterly neglected the union of the people. Still the sentiment went on, in associations open and secret, in poetical and historical literature, in occasional storms of frantic violence, sometimes in flagrant crime.

The state of feeling generated in Germany by the conferences

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at Carlsbad and the subsequent proceedings of the Diet are admirably illustrated by the work of Professor Görres on 'Germany 'and the Revolution,'* which — proceeding, as it did, from a man of a pure, devotional, spirit — shows what must have been the political excitement of the time, which could make such a person speak of the assassination of Kotzebue as an act, not indeed Christian, but of a heathen virtue 'which God sometimes stirs up to 'punish Christian hypocrisy.' Examining, at that period, the prospects of a German revolution, he writes: — 'In addition to 'the ideas from whose agitation France underwent a complete 'change, we have one peculiar to ourselves, namely, that of 'Unity; and such an increase of the fermenting matter must 'necessarily give rise to a stronger fermentation:' and he implores the governing powers to do all they can to effect these purposes by a gradual transformation; for 'things are not so 'ordered that any party may first try any other course, and then, 'at last, when things come to an extremity, fall back on that 'which was the wiser and the better. When events have once 'reached the brink of the precipice, all appeal is vain, all discourse 'is fruitless. No one then stops to ask after consequences.' The author of a book containing such counsel was, of course, persecuted; but, even in his lifetime, the Providence that rules the world has vindicated his sagacity; and if the very worst of his predictions are not realised, it is because, in some partial instances, preparation has been made for the coming day.

The Austrian policy was avowedly one of repression, both of the national and constitutional feelings in Germany. Through the intricate net-work of its *employés*, and by the presence of its immense army, a temporary security — and, in many provinces, prosperity — was procured. A strict centralisation, though it delayed justice, checked the abuses of provincial caprice; and, by an adroit management of the different races who were mingled in several departments of the empire, what might have been, and will be, a chief source of confusion was converted into a system of neutralised forces. Where the nobility were a separate race from the peasantry, as in Gallicia, the local authorities could play off their mutual animosities, as they chose, for the Imperial service: where the upper classes consisted of a conquering race, as in Hungary, considerable freedom was allowed to them as long as they contributed liberally to the wants of the empire, and kept a strong hold over the mass of the people: while the purely German populations were treated with favour, and their Austrian sympathies carefully encouraged.

* Excellently translated into English in 1820 by Mr. Black.

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The representatives of this system were the Emperor Francis and Prince Metternich; the former by his very nature, the latter by his education and habits, and, above all, by his belief that this was the only thing to be done. He is said to have consulted some one for an affection of the 'plexus pectoris;' which, he added, 'he must attend to, for he was himself the 'plexus Europæ.' He did not, perhaps, believe that he could check the flight of time; but, at any rate, he would hang heavy on his wings. It is interesting, at this moment, to read M. von Usedom's estimate of this remarkable man, as a fair specimen of his treatment of his subject, and as conveying what we believe to be a very just impression. We are sorry that our space does not permit us to give the whole.

'As often happens to us in our inward life, he completely identified himself both consciously and unconsciously with his system; and at last even in those points which he himself must have known could not hold. For this system was no tree of natural growth, which could without danger lose a branch here and there, but a fast-cemented, dogmatic, mathematical edifice, of which no one stone could fall with impunity. You may be surprised when I tell you, that of all the statesmen of our time, Prince Metternich has the most the character and mode of thought of a man of letters (*Gelehrter*). I don't mean, as is the case with many others, that he has crammed himself with a mass of encyclopædic and material information, to use either in public transactions or in conversation. But the direction of Prince Metternich's mind is rather towards the investigation of things, rather towards their scientific knowledge, than their practical comprehension. He had indeed, it is said, in his youth devoted himself to a purely literary life, and was only diverted from it by outward influences. By means of this dogmatical disposition, every thing that he asserted had at once the weight of a precept, and eventually grew up into an axiom—at least it made that impression on superficial minds. But there have been many pedants among our statesmen, who have attempted this without attaining it; for the power of Metternich, as of Hegel, lay not in the system itself, but in the clear and clever and often profound thoughts with which he knew how to fill it. These thoughts were never petty; their expression was always brilliant and natural; and for the use of more simple hearers, they were dressed up with sharp turns and clap-traps, which by frequent repetition were meant to acquire, and did acquire, in the minds of the listeners, all the force of a confession of faith.' (Pp. 58, 59.)

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'Shall I say something of the method by which Prince Metternich managed to keep his system going so long? I must confess that I have known no political man of our time who has sustained a system, every day crumbling beneath him, by so complete an impersonation of the Statesman as he has done. There was in his personal demeanour an union of grandeur and goodness, of simplicity and power, which at once attracted and imposed. Every one knew how far extended

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the mistrust of his system, and to what a terrible extent it maintained the arm of suspicion throughout Europe; but in the Prince himself no trace of this could be found. He seemed to suppose nothing but good in every one that came near him, and placed him at once on a footing of equality, however far he knew him to be removed from himself in political opinion. It must have made a surprising and often an overpowering impression on a strange visitor, to find in Prince Metternich, the soul of the system, a humane and liberal man, friendly and easy, unmatched in intelligent unpretending conversation, and showing the most natural kindness in little things. Thus the clever, vain, literary opponents of the Prince almost always gave way before him; and I doubt whether among the many whom he saw and spoke with, there is a single one who has so far got over those impressions as to have spoken or written of him in otherwise than a respectful tone. . . . . The transaction of business was in his hands the simplest and most natural you could imagine. He never, indeed, placed himself in your point of view, but always placed you in his, and never seemed to suppose, but that at the bottom you were perfectly agreed with him, although you might be for obtaining the same just and good objects by different means. With the most spontaneous openness he would lead you to the very edge of confidential communication, and in that way kept still closer all he himself wished to conceal. The words and writings in which he has vindicated his system, and directed it to a particular object, all contain so much that is really true and excellent, that the reader or hearer swallows what is half-true and apparently-true, along with it. . . . . It is not Prince Metternich but Genz, and those like him, who acted parts in the system without believing in it. Of the Prince himself, I have never had the impression, however paradoxical it may sound, that he was one of those persons whose soul was really inaccessible to the ideas of political freedom. His political education, the impressions of which long influenced him, did not fall on a time when absolutism was taught as the political gospel. Do you remember the writings of Koch, who was, I believe, Metternich's teacher at the University of Strasbourg, how completely they are pervaded by an objective, impartial, political spirit? Koch wrote political physiology without always regarding society either as a judge or as a physician. It is in this historical and scientific way that I believe that the Prince accustomed himself to regard the relations of political life, until by later events he was led into the contest against Napoleon, and afterwards was exclusively employed in reconstructing the system of legitimacy. In later years, it is true, this physiological view more and more gave way, and the exclusiveness of the system got the upper hand: his attention became fixed on the requirements of the moment: and after a certain step in the ladder of life, a man changes no more. The maintenance of the empire of Austria, which was only glued together by the system, and the continuous sustentation of the system itself, became an ever-present necessity, which sufficiently explains his position towards Europe. That at once it all fell to pieces, he could not prevent; he submitted to the new destiny; with incessant labour he tried to rescue from the wreck all that could be

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saved; but the moral bankruptcy of the system worked its way into the public opinion of Austria herself, and all the material forces of government gave way. From my personal knowledge I can testify at least to this, that he foresaw with absolute certainty the great shipwreck of last spring. I was, as you know, at Vienna in the autumn of 1847, being employed in a transaction connected with the events in Italy. He had spoken to me at much length of the political ruin which threatened to fall on Europe soon, perhaps very soon, and of the ever deeper growth and ever wider range of radical and communistic ideas, against which all means of repression had proved ineffectual. I could not at that time believe that things had gone so far, but rather thought that the age would take counsel from these events, and learn prudence from the failure of such a policy. With respect to the future, the Prince would assert nothing:—"I am no "prophet," he said, "and I know not what will happen: but I am an "old practitioner, and I know how to discriminate between curable and "fatal diseases. This one is fatal; here we hold fast as long as we "can, but I despair of the issue." So spoke Prince Metternich walking up and down in the gay apartment of his villa at the Rennweg, on the evening of the 9th of October before he returned to Vienna. He never saw it again. But even then, knowing as I did with what continual anxiety and labour he occupied himself in the affairs of Italy and Switzerland, and how he frequently wrote and gave instructions for fifteen hours together without repose, — whenever the inscription over the entrance of that fine and spacious country-house, "Parva "domus, magna quies," presented itself to my eyes, I felt that falser words had never been engraven upon stone.' (Pp. 64—69.)

There is indeed something profoundly pathetic in this picture; and however well we know that Prince Metternich's fall was just in itself and good for humanity, yet this brave defence of the Impossible is not without a certain grandeur, — like the struggle of those Elder gods, to whose patriarchal tyranny distracted later generations looked regretfully back, — idealising the *Saturnia regna*.

The unwillingness of the nobility to take any part in political life — in some families, such as the Lichtensteins, it was a tradition that no member had been in the civil service, — was one of the causes of Prince Metternich's despair of the future of Austria; and we say with regret that the new constitution of Count Stadion does not authorise us to believe that he is the man to save the distracted and all but dismembered empire. If really worked out it would give the Slavonic element the preponderance, which the German population could not endure; and yet its special provisions are so unwelcome to that very race, that Bohemia and Croatia have received it with repugnance. It is altogether founded on the assumption of the existence of an uncontested, strong, and resolute government, — whereas there is nothing but a large army. The contempt for the representative

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system shown by the forcible dispersion, without official notice, of the unresisting Assembly at Kremsler, has neutralised all the good the proclamation of the Constitution might have effected. It contains no such clause as that in the present Prussian one: 'That it will be subject to the immediate revision of a new 'Assembly.'* It provides nothing for the federal development, which is alone possible, if Austria is to hold together; but it attempts to construct the edifice of future liberty, out of the very ruins which Prince Metternich left behind. The contest with Hungary is still a drawn battle: in Lombardy the war is renewed, even while we are writing, exacerbated by the victories and violences of Marshal Radetsky: in Vienna and Prague the murmurs of insurrections, fiercely suppressed, are yet audible; and behind all, lour the ambitious instincts of Slavonia, guided by the diplomacy of Russia. What paper Constitution could live here? Perhaps not the wisest.

M. von Usedom's 'Reflections on the Political State of Ger-'many' admit the total subversion, or rather suspension of authority throughout the country. The Princes, however personally amiable and well-intentioned, have produced no one man who can wield and guide the new elements of society. In a former article we drew the gloomiest anticipations from the inability of the constituted authorities in Prussia to execute the law; and since, (for the Germans make a theory of every thing), we have heard Held, then a leading Berlin democrat, enunciating 'that it has always been the Law by which freedom 'has been fettered, and against which the people have strug-'gled; only do away altogether with Law, and the tranquillity 'of the people follows as a natural consequence: pure Anarchy 'is our only hope.' Such language could never have been held or endured where the people retained any reverence for anything above them: but, to this condition a bad political system had reduced the best educated and most reasoning of continental nations, which has now, indeed, entered on a safer path, and may profit by recent experience. In the smaller States, the royal and noble classes still stand in hopeless fear of the unorganised masses, on whose spontaneous moderation hangs the daily safety of their lives and property. The word 'Republic' has come to mean whatever the people choose to do; *lass uns Republik machen,* imports, 'let us go and make a row.' Even the poor temporary remedy of military force is not here at hand, for the armed contingent of the smaller states is inefficient for any such purpose. The people, on their side, stand aloof in sullen discontent; they have the power, but not the right; they, too, have their little property,

* Art. 112. of the Prussian Constitution of Dec. 5. 1848.

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which they do not wish to endanger; they, too, have their families, for whom they wish to live; and thus they look anxiously for means to attain their ends without civil strife. The 'central power' at Frankfort thus attracts both high and low, — the necessities of the Princes and the desires of the people, — and it owes this distinction to its object and its origin. Its object, although, as we have stated, the long desire of Germany, was principally fostered in the liberal states of the south and west. The Upper Rhine was left defenceless by Austria, who had undertaken to protect it; and the ramparts of Germany in that quarter began at Ulm. The statesmen of Baden, Darmstadt, and Nassau, had not even the field, which the monarchies afforded, for their influence and fame, — and yet such men as Gagern were among them. These and other causes induced the more liberal portion of Germany earnestly to look to the establishment of a centre of rule, as the best security both for the material interests and political development of their common country. Again, the origin of the Assembly at Frankfort was thoroughly spontaneous: there was nothing *octroyé* about it. History affords no example of such an authority as that of the '*Vor-parlament*' growing up without any extraneous support, simply because it was wanted, — though M. von Usedom compares it to the rise of the Papacy. The Assembly which it summoned has rather ratified than enacted what the time demanded; but it is of inestimable importance that the fundamental rights (*Grund-rechte*) which are to close the feudal system in Germany, should have this solemn sanction, and not proceed from the mere strong popular will: it is of incalculable worth for the future, that the people should look on the abolition of the *corvée*, the game-laws, and other privileges, by which they suffered, as proceeding from a superior wisdom, and not from their own physical strength.

But it is, above all, necessary that the character of the central power should be rightly understood and carefully preserved. A mere confederation can do nothing in such a conjuncture as this; where what is wanted is not the expression of a harmonious will, but the exercise of a recognised and legitimate authority. De Tocqueville — in that work which is to our times what Aristotle's 'Politics' was to antiquity — clearly expounds the distinctions between the first and second American Unions, and shows how the one was transitory and powerless, the other the firmest government the world has yet seen. The whole turns, not so much upon the extent of the powers delegated to the central authority, — as upon the right of that authority itself to execute its own laws. Though every citizen remains a member of his own state, in the enjoyment of his state rights, he is a

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subject of the Union; and thus all the vitality of central power is combined with all the freedom of distinct legislation.

This is, in fact, the model which the Constituent Assembly of Frankfort has long kept in mind; and this, of itself, has been felt to be sufficient to render the incorporation of Austria with Germany impossible. To require of Austria, that she should have no separate diplomatic representation, and no military force distinct from the German federal army, — no line of custom-houses between herself and Germany, and yet one between her German and her non-German provinces, — would have been a demand tantamount to a dissolution of the Austrian empire. That, on the other hand, the diplomacy, the army, and the Zollverein of Germany should be absorbed into Austria, and that the high intellectual and political development of the North should merge itself in an inferior civilisation, was just as impossible. And, beyond all other considerations, it was evident that, if either of these schemes were realised, Europe would not quietly stand by and watch the construction of a monarchy of seventy-four millions of inhabitants — far more compact and homogeneous than ever Napoleon had realised. The embarrassments which the German subjects of Denmark and Holland have brought into the scheme are as nothing compared with the difficulties and dangers which would accrue to any arrangement that mixed up the rights and powers of Germany with the claims and possessions of Austria in countries not German. If Germany should guarantee to Austria the retention of her fifteen millions of non-German subjects, she would have to inaugurate her new national Constitution by two sanguinary wars with nations striving for their national rights, — an inconsistency too flagrant even for the Assembly that accused Arnold Rüge of treason when he compared Radetsky to Tilly, and wished no success to his arms. The present state of things in Austria, also, as confirmed by the new Constitution, gives no hope of any such separate provincial development, as might enable the German subjects of Austria to become connected with the German empire by some process, which should not implicate German interests with non-German.

All these difficulties presented themselves clearly to the statesmanlike intelligence of Baron Gagern, and received what seems to us their best solution in his speech of the 30th October of the last year. He proposed that Germany and Austria should constitute themselves into two distinct independent empires, — linked together by a perpetual defensive league, as far as regards the German possessions of Austria, on the basis of the Confederation of 1815. This would include Moravia, Bohemia, and Istria, as far as Trieste and its territory; and if any alteration was to be made in the terms of the alliance, it

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should be of a nature rather to strengthen than to weaken the Federal Act of 1815. By this arrangement Austria could lose nothing, whatever Germany gained. For all purposes of national defence she would have the assistance of the compact army of the German Empire, instead of a number of separate contingents,—the value of which change every military man will at once appreciate:—and she would remain perfectly independent in all her own international relations. The majority of the Frankfort Assembly would not listen to this proposal at the time; in the belief that Austria would be forced to waive all other considerations, and to allow her German provinces to be absorbed into Germany. Austria, on the other hand, instead of yielding the point, has attempted, by many covert plans, to gain for herself such a predominance in the German constitution as would really give her the empire of central Europe. She has tried to induce the Assembly to substitute a parliament composed of delegates of the Princes and deputies from the Assemblies of the different states, with an executive directory of seven Princes, for the two Houses already agreed upon by Prussia and thirty of the other German States. By this plan the popular elements, which can alone give a permanent vitality to the constitution, would be altogether suppressed; and the mixed thirty-eight millions with which Austria would join the Confederation might easily be made to give her a predominance over the German thirty-five. But it is very improbable that any such attempt can now succeed. The opinion of Gagern has been gradually gaining ground in the minds of the best men in the Assembly, in the rest of Germany, and even in England. It may be retarded by the late votes of the Assembly, where a small majority, dexterously summoned, has thrown their proceedings into disorder. But it combines so many advantages, otherwise unattainable, that, unless Austria is to keep aloof entirely, we incline to believe that it, or some scheme very similar, will at last prevail. In France revolutions little alter the internal fabric of society, and slightly affect its foreign relations: though the independence of Italy demands the sympathy of all men who, being freemen at heart, honour the desire of freedom in others, the political question will probably remain exclusively Italian; but the solid establishment of a German Empire on a constitutional and representative basis would soon make European despotism impossible and Europe really secure.

As long as Austria possessed Belgium, the Ecclesiastical States and the Brisgau, she, as it were, wrapped round the German territories, and was their natural protector; now she is a conterminous kingdom to Germany, and has another function to perform. She has to protect Europe from Eastern aggression; to extend

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an efficient protection to the menaced Principalities of Turkey; and to raise up a southern and more civilised Slavonia, as a balance to the power of the North. Disembarrassed of alien conquests, which exhaust her strength, and give her the character of an oppressor in Europe, and safe from Russian aggression in her alliance with Germany, there would still be a glorious and useful future for Austria, in which no power would more heartily rejoice than England, her old ally.

Supposing the erection of a German Empire, there is the further question — Who is to be Emperor? In this case, notwithstanding the facts of M. Welcker's motion, it still appears to us as the most probable issue out of the difficulties of Germany, that its imperial crown should finally rest on the House of Hohenzollern. Already all the states below the rank of kingdoms, with the exception of Lichtenstein, an Austrian dependency, have submitted their claims to its present Head. The northern monarchies are not in a condition to resist the popular demand; and Bavaria can scarcely stand alone. The King of Prussia may, then, soon have to undertake this solemn responsibility. Whatever have been his faults, he has suffered much, and he is a man to learn by suffering: he has a sound and generous heart. And we, who did not flatter him in his easier days, would bid him good cheer in this great and difficult work, on the success of which may depend the principle, not, perhaps, of national independence, which, we trust, is above the acts of individual men, — but that of constitutional monarchy, which kings can really emperil and destroy.

We would willingly follow M. von Usedom to Italy, where he recognises the identical difficulties he has signalised in Germany. But for the passion of Italian nationality, aggravated by the presence of the stranger in the North, the timely reforms of the Pope and the Grand Duke of Tuscany would have fully succeeded. Even now we deprecate foreign intervention, because such an interference is police, not government: it may put down a riot, but it can only embitter a revolution. The Pope, whose Christian feelings would not allow him to act on his Italian sympathies and to follow the banners he had blessed, cannot return to the Vatican over the dead bodies of his subjects, without shaming Christendom. If he and the Grand Duke bide their time, it may come; and they may regain a power which it must be allowed they did not abuse. Let them stand apart, if they will; but do not let them aggravate the calamities of the great contest on which Italy is again entering, and which, if anarchy does not succeed despotism, may give to Rome itself a fresh significance in the history of mankind.

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ART. XI. — 1. *Democracy in France.* January, 1849. By MONSIEUR GUIZOT. Fifth Edition. London.

2. *The Events of* 1848. A Letter to the Marquis of Lansdowne. By R. MONCKTON MILNES, M. P. London: 1849.

3. *The Life of Maximilien Robespierre, with Extracts from his unpublished Correspondence.* By G. H. LEWES. London: 1849.

TWELVE short months ago it became our duty to introduce to our readers a new political creation; of which few then knew the origin or elements, and of which fewer still ventured to predict the end. The very title of a French Republic was historically ominous; but though only one import was then attached to the term, and only one result anticipated from the catastrophe, it was felt difficult to account for so abrupt and startling a resuscitation of the dead. A year has now rolled by; and in this brief space the course of the regenerate monster has been run. The drama is finished; and the audience are now admitted behind the scenes — to scrutinise the machinery and detect the instruments of illusion. We do not, of course, mean to assert that the force of the recent convulsion is so far spent that coming events will derive no bias from its influence. So great a work of destruction cannot be at once undone; and the revolution of ideas effected by the catastrophes of 1848 will, in all likelihood, leave a permanent impress on the political history of France. But, as regards the veritable republic of last February, we are no longer left in any kind of doubt or bewilderment. The whole mystery is elucidated; and our attention is now bespoken for a treatise, in which one of the greatest of French statesmen has critically speculated upon the developed malady, and prescribed for the reviving patient.

It is said that Monsieur Guizot's essay was written some months back, and that its publication was deferred to the most promising opportunity which the course of events might present. If such was the fact, it will to a great extent explain the reserve with which certain portions of the subject are treated, as well as a peculiar assumption which seems to pervade the whole. 'Democracy in France' wore a very different aspect in June, 1848, from that which it exhibited in January, 1849. At the former period it was still uncertain how far the true popular opinion might not have been expressed in the proclamations from the steps of the Hotel de Ville: at the latter, no

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room for such indecision was left; and the unsubstantial phantom of French democracy must now appear to be treated with too much consideration in this philosophical disquisition upon its character and purport. 'Democracy in France,' as expressing the sentiments of the nation, appears to be a nonentity. The whole country, under the sharp question of its inquisitors, has proclaimed itself essentially conservative; and even in Paris itself, it is probable that the numerical majority of the population could be promptly arrayed against the supremacy of that democratic spirit which Monsieur Guizot has so elaborately exposed.

Seldom has so great and so fair an experiment issued in so decisive a result. Without the bias of any extraneous disturbance, or of any domestic discontent, without the failure of any element conducive to its growth, except the single requisite of popular adherence, the French Republic has become extinct in all but the name. It is but common justice to the nation to confess, at the outset of all commentary, that this most perilous and fantastic experiment has been conducted with a respect to the rights of humanity, which the recollection of ancient precedents renders conspicuously honourable. No capital punishment has been judicially exacted for any political offence; and the perpetrators of what, even by the rules of war, would be considered a cold-blooded murder, were studiously respited—in order that the circumstances of the case might be again ransacked for a single point bespeaking or permitting a merciful interposition. Something is here due, beyond a doubt, to that political indifference which left so easy and smooth a course to the rudimentary Government; but more, as we sincerely believe, to a fortunate change in the national disposition. Those who institute comparisons between the excesses of 1789 and the moderation of 1830, are too limited in their views. The history of old France shows that there was nothing new (but the guillotine) in the examples of '93; and the experience of the past year has proved that the forbearance which characterised the days of July, was not exclusively due to the peculiar incidents of that conjuncture. There appears to have been a gradual but distinct improvement in the popular temper — mainly due, it is but fair to presume, to the moral and political emancipation which partly compensated the miseries of the first revolution. It is altogether erroneous to conceive that Robespierre was the first of his kind. Making the requisite allowance for the different periods, there would be no difficulty in selecting from French history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, examples of that identical spirit which dictated the massacres of September, and erected the Revolutionary Tribunal. But the 'tiger-ape' of historical caricature

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has at length lost one of its characteristics; and if its levity and grimace are not wholly extinct, its ferocity at least no longer survives to scandalise and terrify the world.

So complete a solution has the whole political mystery received, that there is now not one question of all those originally propounded respecting its character, which cannot be satisfactorily answered. It is now clear that the Republicans of 1848 were in very deed the Republicans of 1832, and nothing more; that their tenets were the same, and neither better nor worse; that their party was the same, and neither weaker nor stronger; and that the inaptitude of their principles to the existing conditions of society and the wants of man, is as essential and incurable as ever. It is singular, however, that the completeness of this exposure should have been effected by one of their own darling inventions. Little, probably, was it surmised that universal suffrage would so infallibly be the ruin of its advocates — though it may be remembered that the Republicans of '93 had their misgivings of the experiment, and advocated such a limitation of the suffrage as would virtually have confined it to the particular class then struggling for freedom. But the late election of the President supplied an opportunity for a vote of confidence in the Republic; and its consequences to the position of the governing party were very analogous to those of the scrutiny bestowed upon the Chartist petition in our own House of Commons. The gigantic bubble burst at once. The prodigious scheme stood convicted of manifest imposture. Of the seven millions of voters, not one-fifth recorded themselves as Republicans — even when Republicanism was the constituted *régime*, and when to be a Republican was to support the ruling powers, and acknowledge the services of a meritorious chief. Of this fifth itself, too, only an insignificant fraction had any legitimate claims to the title they temporarily took; and the reports now before us give us good reason to doubt whether, throughout the length and breadth of France, there are as many as one hundred thousand persons who sincerely hold the principles for which a kingdom was revolutionised, a population pauperised, and a dynasty expelled. Such is 'Democracy in France,' according to the present evidence of events: what it appeared a short time previously, to the anxious gaze of M. Guizot, we shall now attempt to explain.

M. Guizot's chapters are distributed between the analysis of facts and the suggestions of experience. He commences with investigating the 'source of the prevalent evil,' examines the several pretensions of political empirics, defines the actual elements of society in France, and concludes by stating the conditions on which alone, in his belief, the one great need of

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France — social peace — is now recoverable. If, in these disquisitions, M. Guizot should appear to exhibit a less practical spirit than Englishmen are wont to expect from a great statesman, we must recollect that the treatise was composed for the especial benefit of his own countrymen, who are differently minded in this respect; and though its popularity and circulation among ourselves are sufficient indications of its acceptability even on this side the Channel, yet we are inclined to suspect that our admiration has been diverted to other points than those which are involved in the main argument of the essay. It is impossible to be blind to the philosophical merits of this remarkable work; but these perhaps are rather accidental than essential; and the expectations of the practical politician, on turning to the chapters before us, would certainly be liable to disappointment.

At the outset we meet with an obstacle which is not readily surmountable. We have no definition of the term Democracy, explanatory of the sense attached to it by the author. We are told, in the first chapter, that Democracy is the source of the 'prevalent evil,' but we are not informed what that 'prevalent evil' is. It is clear that by this phrase M. Guizot does not simply indicate the anarchy or the confusion resulting from the last revolution. His words are evidently pointed at a certain political spirit, which did indeed produce, among other results, the catastrophe of February, and which is conspicuously illustrated by the present state of France; but which, according to his own expressions, has been at work incessantly from 1789 to the present day. We have our own conceptions respecting the origin and character of this spirit; and we apprehend that, up to a certain point at least, they concur with those of M. Guizot. At the beginning of his sixth chapter he has more clearly defined 'the evil, which ever since 1789 has periodically agitated 'and convulsed France.' But this, according to that definition, is clearly not 'democracy.' It is, according to M. Guizot's own statement, the spirit 'in which each of the different classes, and 'the great political parties into which our society is divided, 'cherishes the hope of annihilating the others, and of reigning 'alone.' This spirit, therefore, is as characteristic of the aristocratic as of the democratic party; and, what is more, it can scarcely be referred to as having originated the particular revolution in which M. Guizot is most immediately concerned. For of this there can no longer be any doubt — that the convulsion of February, 1848, was not the work of any 'great political party' at all. It was the issue of such a combination of audacity and accident as never could have occurred in any country except France; and even in France, its creation has been found utterly

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unable to subsist. By adding two clauses to M. Guizot's proposition, it may perhaps be made more practically intelligible to our readers—and, as we venture to think, more directly expressive of the truth. The 'prevalent evil' of France is, no doubt, the reciprocal intolerance of parties; but this ordinary incident of political life is there immeasurably aggravated by the fact, that any association of citizens, however insignificant or obscure, conceives itself entitled to all the privileges of a great party; and, what is still worse, that all alike concur in an unhesitating resort to popular force for the promotion of their views. Stated more concisely, the 'prevalent evil' of France may perhaps be described as *the domestication of revolution.* The strife of French parties is conducted in the public streets. The accumulated precedents of sixty years can be now appealed to for proof that any faction of men may hope, by audacity and perseverance, to supersede the constituted authorities of the state in favour of its own members; and every additional example of the fact necessarily weakens still further the elements of conservatism, and renders more desperate the case of the afflicted nation.

Our conclusions on the point referred to are yet further perplexed, when we come to examine the political classification of society in France as stated in the essay before us. In one passage (p. 54.) M. Guizot observes that there is *no* 'democratic party' in France, as distinguished from an aristocratic party; and that the opinions commonly implied by these expressions, are not truly or accurately represented by those of any existing political class. We shall, fortunately, however, be enabled presently to discover what is the correct import of this statement; for this is a point on which M. Guizot's evidence deserves the greatest attention, and there is, indeed, no chapter of his treatise which should command more general interest than that in which he examines 'the real and 'essential elements of society in France.' In this sketch he begins by recognising the existence of two parties only; which correspond in some of their principles to the two old political parties of England,—though they differ in this respect, that progress is not peculiarly the law of one, nor conservatism of the other. As regards liberal maxims of government, there would probably now be no great difference between the supporters of Henry V. and the adherents of the House of Orleans. M. Guizot himself admits, that the Legitimists have, 'at each succeeding crisis, 'acquiesced more completely in the social order and political 'constitution which the country has adopted;' and reports have recently represented them as even outbidding their antagonists in concessions to the popular spirit. But, for all this, they are the true representatives of whatever was indestructible in the social

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constitution of France previous to 1789. They are the inheritors of an inextinguishable principle and spirit; and they combine in themselves, apart from all dynastic partialities, those eternal elements of society which no revolutions have ever been able to destroy. The other party dates its political existence from 1789. It is the party of the middle class, or *bourgeoisie*; which, although without the support of those traditions that are the strength of their antagonists, is yet confident in its own will and purpose, reasonably proud of its achievements, and elevated by the memory of seventeen years' supremacy. 'Around these two great parties,' says M. Guizot, 'floats the mass of the population; holding to 'the one or the other by its interests, its habits, or its virtuous 'and rational instincts—but without any strong or solid adhesion, 'and incessantly assailed and worked upon by Socialists and Com-'munists of every shade.' But what is the proportion of these two great parties to each other? or of both to the 'mass' around them? and above all, in which of the three divisions is the 'demo-'cracy' to be found which M. Guizot has been discussing? Is it among the 'monarchists who speak of a democratic monarchy' (p. 2.), or the Republicans who speak of a 'democratic republic,' or in each and all? Is democracy a subtle infection pervading all classes of political society, or is it a spirit peculiar to one class, and if so, to which? 'The democratic party,' says M. Guizot (p. 57.),—meaning here the middle classes of 1789, who became the constitutional monarchists of 1830,—'having divided itself 'into two conflicting sections, the workmen are now arrayed 'against their masters, or the people against the middle classes.' According therefore to this use of the phrase, 'Democracy in 'France' means the spirit of that particular party which, after being successful in 1830, retained the power thus acquired till 1848, when it suddenly found itself confronted with one of its own offshoots, before which it was then compelled to give way. Consequently this 'democratic' party was at one time M. Guizot's own; and cannot therefore be wholly identified with the present object of his censures. Neither is it the more advanced section of dissentients before alluded to, against whom the opening denunciations of the treatise are directed; for M. Guizot is willing (p. 57.) from this date to recognise in them an established party, characterised by opinions more popular than those of the conquering party of 1830; and so far are the 'conditions of 'peace' hereafter prescribed from including any extermination of this class of political thinkers by the junction of the other two, that freedom of competition is expressly reserved for all. Where, then, resides that idea of democracy 'which must be 'extirpated, for on its extirpation depends social peace'; and in

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'her train, liberty, security, prosperity, dignity, all the benefits, 'material or moral,' which social peace alone can ensure?

Unless our observation has seriously misled us, — and we cannot of course but be distrustful of a spectator's means of judgment, as contrasted with the opportunities and experience of so famous an actor in the scenes, — the true source of the evil which M. Guizot so resolutely probes, is in the general non-submission of the individual will to the will of the nation legally declared and established. The curse of France is an abnegation of the first condition of civil society — the recognition of a supreme authority. But this is no peculiar characteristic of Democracy in France: on the contrary, the doctrine is there professed and practised by all parties alike. Indeed, we are very much inclined to doubt whether 'democracy,' in the ordinary acceptation of the term, has been even one of the main sources of those political embarrassments which M. Guizot deplores. It is true that this last revolution was concerted and effected for the promotion of highly democratic principles; but this was simply the result of accident. The revolution might have been a Legitimist revolution or a Bonapartist revolution; and in fact, reckoning by the numerical strength and the relative positions of these several parties at the period of the catastrophe, either of such events was antecedently more probable, than the Republican revolution which really occurred. Hereafter, too, it is conjectured that an Orleanist revolution may be as possible as heretofore was any other. We do not pretend to institute any comparison between the ultimate effects of these contingencies; but it is clear that any one of them, if effected by violence or surprise, would be attended with almost the same amount of immediate suffering as the others, and would serve to perpetuate in the same degree the constitutional malady of France. Yet not one of such revolutions could with propriety be ascribed to the influence of 'democratic' ideas.

The movement for the extension of the suffrage, in which the late convulsions originated, was undoubtedly based upon certain principles of democracy; but it will hardly be alleged that in that instance they were carried too far. If the revolution had been the true and deliberate work of those who were clamouring for their franchise — if, in order to extend their electoral privileges, the great body of the French people had turned into the streets and wrought the work of February — there would then certainly be a serious charge to set against 'Democracy in 'France.' But this was not the case. The agitation of M. Odillon Barrot and his friends supplied nothing but an opportunity; which might just as easily have arisen, and would just as

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surely have been seized, from a Legitimist solemnity or a Bonapartist procession. The events of the last twelve months have confirmed us in doubts, which we have for some time entertained, respecting the prevalence of any real democratic spirit among the population of France. The French of the present day are unsettled, no doubt, in their political views, unpractical in their political ideas, utterly without respect for established institutions, and wholly without experience or conviction of the priceless worth of political stability: But they do not, as a nation, appear to us to be stimulated in their vagaries by any exclusive or engrossing passion for democratic theories. As far as the true democratic party can be called a party at all, it is confessedly the smallest party in the state. The Republicans have already dwindled down to 100 out of 750, in the estimates of the new Assembly. It is true that the other parties may be more or less influenced by a democratic spirit, but not, apparently, to any very prejudicial extent. M. Guizot, indeed, complains, at the outset of his work, of this general adoption of a dangerous doctrine; and laments that it should be thought necessary to qualify every project of government by such an element as this. But if a 'democratic 'monarchy' means no more than a monarchy limited by popular rights, in what respect is it censurable? The monarchy of 1831 was a democratic monarchy, compared with that of 1829; but was it a monarchy less calculated to promote the welfare of the nation? At any rate the existing Republic is certainly not a democratic republic; nor have the suffrages of the people or the votes of their representatives during the past year given any great reason to suspect the predominance of a democratic spirit in the body of the nation. We are, in short, very much inclined to believe that the disorders of France arise less from any one preponderating element of disturbance than from the total absence of all the ordinary elements of conservatism. It is not popular passion, but popular apathy, which generates the evil. The 'great political parties' are indeed bent, as M. Guizot describes them, on exterminating one another; and, as we have before remarked, revolution has been unfortunately naturalised as the ordinary instrument of political change. These circumstances undoubtedly contribute the motive power in the convulsions of France; but the work of destruction would be no worse there than in other countries, if there did but exist in 'the great mass of the population' any of the common checks to fanaticism or violence. The body of the people 'floats,' as M. Guizot observes, round each party in turn; but it entertains no durable attachment to either, and no solid respect for any institutions which either may establish. The

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French population is divided, like that of other countries, into an active and a passive class: but neither by its instincts nor from its interests does the passive class supply any check to the extravagance of the other. The profession of one party is to make revolutions; the practice of the other is not to suppress them, but only to look on; and though much must be set down to the madness of the former, yet it is to the indifference of the latter that most of the evil is due.

We may be accused of hypercriticism in remarking that in neither of these conditions can we trace any exclusive operation of that spirit of democracy which M. Guizot denounces; but it appears to us that the observations of this uncompromising statesman have been shorn of a considerable portion of their force by that apparent indistinctness of purpose which is thus produced. It was something far beyond democracy in the insurgents, which suggested the *émeute* of February; it was something far below it in the citizens, which enabled that *émeute* to be successful. M. Guizot's essay, however, contains ample evidence to explain its unexampled popularity among ourselves; and the service which it is admitted to have rendered to his own countrymen proves that he had not miscalculated the character of the expostulation which the crisis required. To three or four of the more practical points we will now briefly turn.

M. Guizot, after truly alleging, as an incontrovertible proposition, that the single great need of France was 'social 'peace,' examines with great impartiality and elaborateness the respective claims of the 'democratic' or 'social' republics on these grounds to the acceptance of his countrymen. The former of the two disquisitions had become almost superfluous at the time of its publication. The title of the democratic public to popular support had already been quietly ignored; and before M. Guizot's exposure of the project appeared in print, it had been contemptuously scouted by nineteen twentieths of the population of France. A republic, it is true, still exists at the moment we are writing, and will probably be surviving even when these lines meet the reader's eye; but it is a republic exemplifying fewer of the doctrines of democracy than the monarchies of some other states. That it does not, however, even as insensibly modified by the good sense of the nation, represent with any fidelity the sentiments popularly entertained, is evident from the transactions of every successive day. We cannot point to any conjuncture in the political history of a state, which exhibits such strange and contradictory features as those now displayed in France. An unlimited freedom of thought

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and action is combined with an unexampled acquiescence in a form of government either ridiculed or detested by nine tenths of the nation; and the only use made of universal suffrage has been to register an indirect but unmistakeable condemnation of the events by which the privilege was gained. It would not be very easy to specify the time at which the French Republic was really democratic,—unless indeed we select the period immediately preceding the elections for the National Assembly, when M. Louis Blanc was sitting in the Luxembourg, and M. Ledru Rollin was allowed the uncontrolled range of the provinces. It is now evident that the 'party' through whose immediate instrumentality the revolution was effected, was that whose most conspicuous constituents are now politically proscribed; viz. the mob of the Faubourgs: and that the party which so adroitly availed itself of their agency was that which, after purging itself of certain elements, retained possession of power until General Cavaignac, its purest representative, was superseded by Prince Louis Napoleon. It is apparently (pp. 22, 23.) against this government, as devised by the Assembly and administered by that General, that the observations of M. Guizot are directed.

The wise and judicious reserve which the author has imposed upon himself in speaking of accomplished facts, and which in some degree explains the unpractical character of the treatise, excludes such an expression of opinion on these points as Europe would have eagerly welcomed at the hands of M. Guizot; but a very candid acknowledgment is made that the extemporised administration of February did discharge its extraordinary duties with a singular degree of wisdom and even of success. The only question is, whether such a government as was then constituted could possibly be so administered, as permanently to satisfy the legitimate wants of the French community at large. M. Guizot thinks that it could not: and he enters upon a justification of his opinion, in some brief remarks which, coming from such a quarter, command extraordinary interest.

'A republican government,' says M. Guizot, 'has more 'need than any other, of the co-operation of every class of its 'citizens; if the mass of the population does not zealously adopt 'it, it has no root; if the higher classes are hostile or indifferent 'to it, it can enjoy no security.' True, even to triteness, as this remark may seem, the events of the past year supply ample evidence that the maxim was seldom borne in mind by the political reformers of that extraordinary time. They unanimously, and in all countries, either believed, or professed to believe, that republicanism was so obviously and essentially the natural and proper form of government for a civilised people, as to

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need no more than the *fiat* of a proclamation to establish it for ever. This, indeed, was the foundation of their political claims as opposed to those of their adversaries. The legitimists rested their case on an historical title. Their principle, as we have said, represented certain indestructible elements of French society; and they could plead, in behalf of their choice, those traditional rights of inheritance and descent which experience proves to be so slowly compensated, even by the settled convictions of political wisdom. The constitutional monarchists of 1830 might in truth have relied upon claims equally strong; had they but left themselves in a position to urge them with effect. They also represented principles in themselves indestructible,—the principles of temperate and enlightened progress, — but they had unfortunately foregone the privilege of appealing to their own deeds in justification of their own doctrines. They had obstructed that expansion of opinion in virtue of which, at an earlier stage of its existence, they had superseded others in power; and they had consequently deprived themselves of that popular co-operation, without which their tenure of place was quite as imperfect as that of their competitors. It has been now made abundantly clear, that the smallest demonstration of attachment or support on the part of the body of the citizens, would have been sufficient to avert the catastrophe prepared for them by the resolute audacity of a faction; but they had forfeited this support, and they fell. All those steady persuasions of true national interests which in our country preserved a new and unpopular dynasty through the stormy period of its growth, until it had struck its roots firmly into the affections as well as the convictions of the people, were utterly wanting in the parallel conjuncture before us; and the result was that the first rude shock of opposition levelled the whole fabric with the ground. The claims of the republicans, though of a less palpable or practical character than those of their antagonists, were, in theory, far more transcendently grand; and were even enforced with less scrupulous and more peremptory assumption. It was represented as an unimpeachable maxim that the *vox populi* necessarily spoke in a republic; and that it was therefore equivalent to the *vox Dei*,—that the establishment of such a form of government at once precluded opposition and extinguished intrigue,—that it differed from other forms in being the only true one, whereas all the rest were but obsolete modifications of imposture or oppression. In this way they substantially claimed for the institution of their own framing a 'right divine,' which was urged with more pertinacity, and exercised with greater activity, than the prerogatives of Philip Augustus or Louis le Grand.

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To dispute the will of a republican committee was either the most pitiable form of insanity, or the most atrocious form of treason. What they were doing was for everybody's good; and whoever thwarted them was the declared enemy of his country and his race.

Such were the respective claims of the three parties; but their positions became more embarrassed when these claims had been enforced by open violence and revolution. 'It is,' says M. Guizot, 'the melancholy condition of democratic governments, that while charged, as they must be, with the repression of disorder, they are required to be complaisant and indulgent to the causes of disorder. They are expected to arrest the evil when it breaks out, and yet they are asked to foster it whilst it is hatching.' Such, indeed, is often the condition of democratic governments; but not of these only, nor of these in every position. It is the original condition of all governments which are the offspring of revolution; and must necessarily continue to be so, until the circumstances of their creation have been forgotten, —except in cases, almost unexampled, of that true and cordial concert among all classes of citizens, which modern revolutionists so rarely experience, and yet so invariably assume. M. Guizot well exposes the extraordinary fallacy of the French republicans in pronouncing their success to be the pacific and conclusive victory of democracy over all antagonistic theories. 'Is this state of things peace? Is there, I will not say the reality, but the bare appearance of one of those energetic, wise, and conclusive victories, which put an end, for a time at least, to social conflicts, and secure a long truce to harassed nations? There are facts of such magnitude, clearness, and prominence, that no human force or fraud can succeed in hiding them.' There are indeed; and one of them, we admit, is the surpassing mockery of the 'French Republic.'

But when M. Guizot deplores the melancholy condition of rulers deprived of the ordinary powers for the preservation of peace, he does but point to one of the inevitable consequences of a resort to popular force as an instrument of political change. The first acts of a revolutionary government, if it is a government at all, must necessarily include the proscription of those very practices by which they themselves succeeded to power. Self-preservation makes such conduct imperative; but the consequent embarrassments are not the less serious. From this source was drawn the never-failing argument of the present republicans against the constitutional reformers of 1830: and by the strange accidents of February they have actually survived to see it retorted in identical terms upon themselves. M. Guizot was denounced by

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M. Marrast as a persecutor and a bigot; M. Marrast is impeached of similar enormities by MM. Raspail and Blanqui; and if these latter personages should be indulged with that turn of office, which, from the bottom of their dungeons, they are constantly predicting, a lower depth of democracy will doubtless be found, out of which accusers will rise even against them. This is the inevitable condition of a government erected by a revolution — whether that revolution, on its own intrinsic merits, was justifiable or otherwise. The very necessity of the case compels its ministers to uphold laws which they have just been transgressing; to proscribe sentiments which they have recently avowed, and to prosecute as offences deeds which cannot, on any general view, be distinguished from their own. They themselves stand a living and conspicuous example of what may be done, by a judicious admixture of audacity and perseverance, for the advancement of private opinions; and the title of any particular opinions to such promotion must of course be decided by the individuals who hold them. A revolutionary government must needs repress revolutionary practices. The only pertinent question in the present case is, whether the true and serious demands of the French nation as represented, before the days of February, in the policy of the dynastic opposition, were or were not of that character which called for the firm and resolute resistance of the ministers of the state? If they were so, then was the government of Louis Philippe justified in its course of conduct, notwithstanding the event; if they were not, then was the explosion but the infallible consequence of expansion unjustly and unwisely repressed. It is no part of our present duty to decide this point: but it is difficult to omit remarking that of all the 'privileges' gained by the revolution of February, the extension of the suffrage seems to be the only one which the nation cares to retain, — and equally difficult to avoid the deduction, that if this extension had been voluntarily granted, the revolution might never have come to pass.

There is little room for questioning M. Guizot's general conclusion, that the Constitution devised by the National Assembly would be found incompetent to the preservation of political order, even if sincerely and cordially accepted by the great body of the nation; but it has never been submitted to trial under any such conditions. The vaunted attractiveness of republican forms was found altogether wanting, from the first hour of the experiment; and thus a government, which could only subsist as representing the true wishes of the people, was discovered to have actually less foundation in such affections than the discarded forms of hereditary or constitutional mo-

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narchy. The Legitimists and the Orleanists had each their share of popular predilections; but the Republicans had comparatively none. M. Guizot wisely estimates more highly than is usual the power of personal and family attachments in political affairs; though recent events have given reason to doubt whether he has not excluded from the possessors of such title to support a family enjoying it in no inconsiderable degree. It really appears as if the Bonapartists retained a hold upon popular affections in France, but little inferior to that claimed by the Legitimists. We do not of course consider the enormous majority by which Prince Louis Napoleon has been elected to the Presidency of the Republic, as symbolising the proportion of true Imperialists in the national constituency. Many no doubt of the votes given to the Prince were only given against the Republic. But at the same time it must be remembered, that a vast number of suffrages were collected from the peasantry of the rural districts, whose general ignorance of politics left them with little guide but their personal affections; and that it was precisely in these quarters that the Prince's chief strength was found to lie. Our conclusions from these data, would, it is true, be considerably more trustworthy, had the competitors for office included representatives of the Bourbon dynasties; but the fact seems hardly disputable, that the name of Napoleon exercises as real an influence over the French people as that of Henry IV.

But the Republicans had extended their influence and their resources by a remarkable coalition. They had accepted the co-operation, promptly tendered, of all those individuals who were bent upon reconstructing the social system of the age. Every Republican certainly was not a Socialist; but every Socialist was a Republican. It was loudly proclaimed that the deficiencies of Republicanism, whatever they might prove, in satisfying the spirit of the times, would be amply supplied by the yet untried efficacy of Socialism; that it was to the absence of this indispensable element of regeneration that previous failures were due, and that nothing short of complete success was to be anticipated from its present introduction into the work of reform. The partnership of the two systems of polity was formally announced; and the 'Democratic and Social Republic' is the style and title taken for the new form of Government thus commended to notice. M. Guizot therefore extends his investigation of the claims of Democracy into a similar analysis of the claims of Socialism; and the chapter devoted to this object is far from the least interesting portion of the treatise.

In England we should content ourselves with observing that Socialism could never *work;* and without analysing very

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minutely the innate passions of man which preclude such a result, we should dismiss the idea as one utterly unpractical; and should scarcely condescend to quote the total failure which had hitherto attended every attempt at even its partial realisation. M. Guizot, however, proceeds differently; and doubtless with good reason:—for his countrymen, ever since their first rude emancipation from the restraints of absolutism, have evinced an inveterate propensity to decide practical questions by metaphysical discussions. They have never yet escaped from the discipline of Rousseau; and disquisitions, which to Englishmen would seem utterly void of pertinency, and almost past understanding, are found sufficient to sway the minds of Frenchmen at the most momentous periods of their destinies.

The first observation of M. Guizot on this subject is a denial of the claims to novelty put forward by the advocates of Socialism in behalf of their theories. 'The ideas propounded 'by the social republic are not new. They are as old as the 'world. They have risen up in the midst of all the great moral 'and social crises, whether in the East or the West, in the 'ancient or the modern world. The second and third centu-'ries in Africa, and especially in Egypt, during the agitations 'caused by the propagation of Christianity — the middle ages 'during their confused, stormy fermentation — the sixteenth 'century in Germany in the course of the Reformation — and 'the seventeenth in England during the political revolution, had 'their Socialists and Communists — thinking, speaking, and act-'ing precisely like those of our own day. It is a phase of 'human nature that reappears at epochs when society is like a 'boiling caldron, in which every ingredient is thrown to the 'surface and exposed to view.' These are remarks worthy of the great historian of civilisation; but it is not very clear, to what corresponding epoch of society M. Guizot would refer the recent reproduction of these doctrines. They did not arise out of the revolutionary chaos; they rather originated it. They were propounded, discussed, maintained, and exemplified, at a time when it might have been reasonably presumed that the political order of the Continent was definitely settled. There is this peculiarity about their present appearance, that they are not only enounced with unusual boldness and perspicuity, but that they have been matured in the deliberations of men exempted from those evils which at other periods have suggested and warranted extraordinary means of remedy. We cannot trace many points of resemblance between the social and political conditions which generated the asceticism of Christian Africa, and those which have produced the school of MM. Raspail and

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Proudhon. It is not a little curious too, though it has, till recently, been left unnoticed, that the fundamental doctrines of Socialism were not only promulgated in the first French Revolution, but that they actually preceded the ideas of democratic regeneration. Mr. Lewes, in his Life of Robespierre, has well remarked that, before any trace of the word 'Republic' appears in the writings even of Prudhomme or Marat, both these journalists had occupied themselves with projects of social reform, based on the redistribution of property.

M. Guizot's exposure of the fallacy which these doctrines involve, though confined to the theory of the subject, is complete and unanswerable. We need not here enlarge upon the steps of a refutation which would be almost superfluous in the eyes of English readers, but which was rendered imperative by the practical maintenance of these principles in France; and which is not ill calculated, in its terms, for the conviction of the metaphysical subtleties by which such doctrines are now recommended to an excitable and suffering population. We cannot, however, pass over the remarkable inconsistency which M. Guizot so acutely exposes, between two of the chief conclusions of the Socialist school. They exalt human nature beyond measure from one point of view, and depress it proportionately from another. Mankind, according as their purposes demand, is alternately brutalized and deified. 'There was no virtue,' says M. Guizot, 'which was not at the epoch of 1789 ascribed to 'man—no success that was not hoped and predicted of him. 'Faith and hope in man took the place of faith and hope in 'God.' The social reformers of the present crisis profess the selfsame idolatrous enthusiasm for human nature; and yet, at the very moment when these invocations are upon their tongues, they are urging the recognition of principles which, as M. Guizot shows, tend directly to the denial of God and the degradation of the human race; and which are based wholly on the assumption that man's highest wants are those of the brutes that perish.

Neither the 'democratic' nor the 'social' republic, then, can be reasonably expected to satisfy the cravings of the French nation;—a conclusion which twelve months' experience has amply proved. The substitution of some practical and efficient remedy for these empirical prescriptions must seem, at the present moment, an arduous and desperate undertaking: but M. Guizot, like a true statesman, has resolutely girt himself to the work. He has specified what, in his conception, are the conditions, both political and moral, of that permanent social peace, which France has been vainly seeking for the last sixty years; and

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even if the reader should be unable to persuade himself of their immediate efficacy, he will not, we think, withhold his admiration, from the wisdom and uprightness of purpose which has suggested so near an approximation to the necessary truth.

We have alluded to M. Guizot's division of French society, by its essential elements, into the two principal classes of Legitimists and Constitutionalists. He is now willing to recognise the title of a third class to equal rights and privileges with the other two; and this class he is content to take from the pure democratic element. In point of fact, as we have before shown, M. Guizot has acknowledged the descent even of his own party from some such source; and therefore the 'democracy' of France in its larger signification cannot be the object of his unmingled censure or apprehension. But at this point he more distinctly recognises it, as possessing its own proper claims and its appointed work. 'Democracy, to be guided and governed, must 'form a considerable ingredient in the state; but it must not be 'the sole one: it must be strong enough to climb itself, but 'never to put down others; it must find issues, and encounter 'barriers on every side. Democracy is a fertilising, but muddy 'stream, whose waters are never beneficent till the turbid 'and impetuous current has spread itself abroad, and subsided 'into calmness and purity.' Democracy, therefore, is now to be taken into the service of the state; and the parties essentially constituting French society are to be reckoned as three in number—an additional class being formed out of that seceding section of the original democratic party, which has lately, with no less exclusiveness of pretension than its predecessors, asserted its claims to power. There will thus be three political parties in France, corresponding to as many 'natural and deeply rooted 'elements of French society.' The principle on which these parties are henceforth to act, is to be that of reciprocal toleration and compromise. Their antagonism is to be no longer a struggle for life and death; and their conflicts are to fall short of the annihilation or extermination of each other. They are to 'vie with each other in influence, each to maintain its position 'and rights, or even endeavour to extend and improve them, for 'in such efforts consists the political life of a country. But 'there must be an end of all radical hostility; they must resign 'themselves to live together side by side, in the ranks of the 'government as well as in civil society. This is the first con-'dition of social peace.'

At this point M. Guizot very naturally conceives that he will be asked, how this condition is to be practically satisfied; and in anticipation of such inquiry, he answers—'By such an organi-

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'sation of the government as may assign to each its place and 'functions, may concede something to the wishes, while it im- 'poses limits to the ambition of all.' The great objection which M. Guizot foresees to such a compromise, is the assumed sacrifice of that national and political *unity* to which such paramount importance has lately been attached; and this objection he most successfully meets by a masterly refutation of the assumptions on which it proceeds. But an impediment, as we conceive, far more serious, and one which M. Guizot was obviously precluded from openly discussing, lies in the form which this organisation of government is practically to take. The scheme itself is, plainly enough, closely modelled upon our own political system. The Legitimists or aristocratic party with their ancient traditions; the middle classes or *bourgeoisie*, with their tempered liberalism; and lastly, the new *tiers état*, with its unmitigated democracy, will find very plausible parallels in the Tories, Whigs, and Radicals of our own country: And it hardly needed the experience of last year to prove that, with us, these three parties could sink all differences in a common defence of that constitution which secured freedom of action to each and all. But where is that constitution to be found, in which the three French parties will acknowledge a similar acquiescence? They have not, as we have, certain unimpeached and unshaken objects of faith. In England, notwithstanding the diversity of political creeds, there are certain common grounds on which all parties can amicably meet. No sane Englishman now dreams of any form of government but a constitutional and limited monarchy. No Englishman has dreamt, for the last ninety years, of any but a single recognised dynasty. Every Englishman adheres to his ancient government by King, Lords, and Commons; nor does any great political party wish materially to disturb the balance of power as at present established between them. They can therefore work together after a fashion, which, though it often assumes the character of discord, possesses, nevertheless the essential features of harmony. But where are such conditions to be found in France? French Tories and French Whigs demand not only different measures, but different institutions. They represent not only the principles, respectively, of conservatism and progress, but the claims of *two rival dynasties;* and even supposing these could be compromised, as under existing circumstances they possibly might be, yet the pretensions of the third party, which is now tardily to be admitted to an equality of rights, are so exorbitant and intolerant, as to allow of no practical modifications. 'The new aspirant,' says M. Guizot, 'is as arrogant and exclusive as the others can have ever been. 'The sovereignty, it is said, belongs of right to the people only;

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'and no rival, ancient or modern, noble or bourgeois, can be 'admitted to share it.' How then are these parties to effect the stipulated compromise, except by the surrender of what is the very essence of their being?

There was certainly a period, in the reign of the last French monarch, when all parties appeared, from some motive or other, to have foregone the ordinary appeals to violence in the promotion of their respective objects: but as these objects still remained incompatible with the existing institutions of their country, the end, however attained, must have been revolution still;—and such, it appears to us, must be the result of M. Guizot's reconciliation of parties, so long as their principles of thought and action remain what they are. What form of government for instance is ever to be devised, in which, consistently and concurrently with the doctrines of the other two parties, the Republicans can obtain their proper 'place and functions'? How is the action of three given parties in a legislative body to be pacifically and productively combined, so long as at least one of those parties projects nothing less than the total overthrow of existing institutions? Must not such parties cease to be what they now are, before any such compromise can be effected? England, it will perhaps be said, had once its Republicans and Legitimists, and yet English parties have arrived at this desirable consummation. This is true; but the result has only occurred after the extinction both of Republicans and Jacobites. If an Algernon Sydney now led one section of our House of Commons and a Lochiel the other, and the constitutional machine were still found to work with efficiency and order, we might then be appealed to as an example in point.

These remarks of course convey not the slightest imputation on the abstract wisdom of M. Guizot's advice to his countrymen; it is only to be wished that he had not felt himself debarred from giving more practical suggestions respecting the form of government which might be expected to realise the stipulated conditions. As the differences of the two older parties are chiefly dynastic, it might certainly be possible to effect such a compromise between *them*, as should enable them to combine in representing the great principles of reasonable conservatism — of that conservatism which permits no change till cause has been shown for it, and then not by violence. Some such combination M. Guizot appears to have been contemplating when he reiterates his suggestion, that 'all the elements of stability, all the conserv-'ative forces in the country, must unite closely and act constantly 'together.' To the combined force of this body must then be entrusted the repression or guidance of democracy; that is to say,

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if we understand the author's words aright,—democracy in its most objectionable form must be utterly extirpated; and in its cognisable form must be regulated and controlled by the superior power which will thus be brought to act against it. This, however, is to stipulate that Republicans must cease to be Republicans before their political existence can be recognised. For there can be no middle course found for such a party. Their pretensions, as we have observed, soar far above those of the most ardent supporters of divine right in monarchy. They take in politics the ground which the Romish Church takes in religion. There is but one road to political salvation. What is not Republicanism is imposture or error; and any means are justifiable by which a country can be redeemed out of such error and directed to truth. Moreover it may surely now be feared that even the more reconcileable differences of rival dynasties may have been complicated, by the formal addition of a third family to the honours of competition. The Imperialists can hardly be passed over in silence, after the 10th of last December. These are among the worst evils which revolution, however pacific, infallibly generates. It turns hopes into certainties, and dreams into realities. Every Republican aspirant will henceforth remember that in February, 1848, the Republic, in twenty-four hours, was established on the ruin of a powerful government, and actually existed for a twelvemonth. Every Imperialist will recollect, in his moments of oppression or despondency, that within his own days a Bonaparte, surrounded by the relics of the empire, has held his court in the Elysée Bourbon, and received the homage of France, and the recognition of all civilised governments.

Such extraordinary vicissitudes of fortune would leave but an indifferent prospect of future stability, even if they had occurred in the natural course of events; but the evil is doubled by the fact, that these sudden advancements have been the reward of audacity and violence. It is this fact which, in our judgment, constitutes the fundamental distinction between the political life of England and the political life of France. With us, the very idea of revolution, as an instrument of change, is scouted by all parties alike; and the mere suspicion of a tendency to such courses would bring discredit and ruin on the justest cause. Mr. Monckton Milnes, in his Letter to Lord Lansdowne, (which, by the bye, bating some few questionable propositions, is one of the most apt and intelligent productions of this eventful season,) appropriately refers to the storm of indignation which but the other day was excited on all sides at the bare insinuation that the government of the time could have sanctioned an appeal to popular force

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in the case of the Reform Bill,—'even though two branches of the 'constitution were then agreed, and the resistance arose from a 'portion of the third.' In France they have managed these things otherwise. The Empire, the Restoration, the throne of July, and the Republic, were all successively founded, by the violence of foreign arms or popular insurrection; and the present generation of Frenchmen has thus been reared in ideas of naturalised revolution. It appears to us that the repudiation of these ideas is a condition of social peace, even more imperative than the reasonable pliancy of political opinion. Indeed, the very establishment of the principle, that no change is to be sought by any but constitutional means, would of itself preclude the formation of those extravagant plans which, but by illegal agency, could never be realised. The first step, however, to such a consummation must be the settlement of some institutions in which all parties may be brought to acquiesce; and within the limits prescribed by which they may for the future confine their agitation and strife. And how are such institutions to be determined? Will the body of the French people put up with the name of a Republic, or will the Republican phalanx accept a modified monarchy? Where are the three resolute and well-developed parties which now divide France to find their common ground? Their essences, we fear, are too repulsive to mix; and yet social peace appears impossible so long as they exist asunder.

We are much inclined to believe that the 'moral' conditions of peace specified by M. Guizot would, if once realised, bring the required political conditions in their train. They comprehend nothing less than the promotion of private integrity in the encouragement of the spirit of Family; a reformation of political ideas in the cultivation of the true spirit of Politics; and the establishment of another and a higher influence in a revival of the spirit of Religion. M. Guizot's conception of the true political spirit is too practically important to be passed over; especially as it contains an allusion to that principle of political conduct which we have ventured to put in the very highest place among the requirements of Frenchmen. 'The political spirit 'shows itself in the will and the power to take a regular and 'active part in public affairs, *without employment of violence or 'risk of disturbance.* The greater the spread and cultivation of 'the political spirit, the more does it teach men the necessity and 'the habit of seeing things as they are, in their exact and naked 'truth. To see not what exists but what they wish, to indulge 'complacently in illusions about facts as if facts would with 'equal complacency take the form that they desire—is the 'radical and characteristic weakness of men still new to political

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'life, and the source of their most fatal errors. To see things as 'they are, is the first and very excellent fruit of the political 'spirit, and gives birth to another not less excellent, viz. — that 'by learning to see only what is, we learn to desire only what is 'possible; the exact appreciation of facts begetting moderation 'in design and pretensions. The political spirit, true and sincere 'to itself, becomes prudent and reasonable towards others. 'Nothing inclines men more to moderation than a full know-'ledge of the truth; for it is rarely that she throws all her 'weight into one scale. The political spirit is thus led by pru-'dence, if by no higher morality, to that respect for rights which 'is not only its fundamental law and essential merit, but *the sole 'basis of social stability; since where law ceases nothing remains 'but force, which is essentially variable and precarious.* The 'respect for rights supposes or produces the respect for law, the 'habitual source of rights. The real and the possible, rights and 'law, such are the subjects upon which the political spirit is 'constantly exercised, and which become the habitual objects of 'its inquiry and its veneration. It thus maintains or re-esta-'blishes a moral principle of fixity in the relations of individuals, 'and a moral principle of authority in those of the state.' (P. 79.)

When, in addition to the establishment of such a spirit as this, M. Guizot has stipulated for a strong influence of family ties, and a general encouragement of the spirit of religion, no one will doubt that he has proposed sound conditions for the restoration and maintenance of social peace. As soon as such moral conditions as these shall have been realised, we may, without much fear of disappointment, anticipate that Legitimists, Constitutionalists, and Republicans will have discovered some means of blending their particular aspirations in a common effort for the universal good. There will then be little necessity for inculcating, either by example or precept, the submission of individual will to public expedience. But how is such a regeneration of the popular temper to be brought about? What antidote is instantaneously to neutralise the deadly poison of sixty years of revolution? and to dispense with that period of suffering which is the ordinary source of wisdom? We are in the habit in this country of observing that when landlords become careful, tenants thrifty, and peasants saving and industrious, Ireland will cease to be a scandal among nations, and England be rescued from embarrassments not its own. But who is thus to unteach a people its innate habits? Admitting that Ireland must be socially remodelled, how is one generation of men to perform the work? Were it not for one or two favourable symptoms, and an unusually instructive experiment,

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we should be tempted to class the political destinies of France with the social destinies of Ireland; and to consider M. Guizot's conditions as hopeless as they are undoubtedly true.

The experiment to which we allude is no other than that great drama which has lasted throughout the past year. Had it been less freely conducted, it would have been far less conclusive, and infinitely less beneficial. But so unlimited was the indulgence of Europe and France, and, as M. Guizot himself admits, so honest and sincere were the views of most of the operators, that it is now impossible to attribute its notorious failure to any cause but the inherent impracticability and unfitness of the scheme. Nothing short, perhaps, of such a year's trial as the world never before witnessed, would have been sufficient to teach France her own interests, as well as her own mind. Revolution has, on this occasion, been allowed an unbounded range; and has been checked by nothing but the successive convictions forced tardily on the people by its own natural results. It would have been impossible at this period last year to assert that a Republic was a form of government altogether miscalculated for the habits and sentiments of Frenchmen; but it is now impossible to conceal or disguise so palpable a fact. It has been fairly proved impracticable so to mollify, blanch, or emasculate a republic as to fit it to the taste of France. No foreign intervention, or counter revolution at home, could ever have done for republican doctrines what has been done by one year's undisturbed supremacy. M. Louis Blanc and his disciples now appear as the advocates of a polity more thoroughly and naturally exploded than he absolutism of the old *régime.*

Doubtingly as we have expressed ourselves respecting the political prospects of France, we are yet willing to admit that this very readiness to acquiesce for the time in any form of government, however abruptly proposed, and to own allegiance to it till repelled by the positive suffering which it causes, is a characteristic of French citizens which ought to facilitate such a perpetual settlement as M. Guizot describes. It would be hard if so plastic a nation should repudiate that form of government alone, which promised a true solution of the great political problem — the restoration of peace. It is true enough, as M. Guizot observes, that 'the first and most imperious want 'of France in the present day is peace in the bosom of society 'itself;' and it is moreover true, not only that this want is now universally felt and acknowledged, but that abundant evidence has been given of the willingness of the great body of the French nation to accept any form of government whatever, by which such want could be permanently supplied. There is good

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reason for believing that the great majority of Frenchmen of all classes would now hold the claims of this or that dynasty or form of government, to be entirely subordinate to the prospects offered by each of the permanent maintenance of order. Rich and poor have felt alike that revolutions, even in the best of causes, bring little short of ruin in their train; and that a republican government, as M. Guizot expresses it, derives no claim to dispensation or privilege from its name,—but must satisfy the general permanent wants of human society, as well as the particular wants of the particular community which it is called to govern.

Though the reader of M. Guizot's treatise may remark the occasional incompleteness to which we have pointed, yet he will be at no loss to discover those of its features which have proved so attractive, or to detect that train of thought which has redounded so universally to the honour and popularity of the writer. The total suppression of all personal feelings, the not obscure avowal of past misjudgment, the sad and earnest tone of the expostulation, and the high principles of morality and religion upon which the whole argument is based, are characteristics which could never fail of commanding deep respect, sympathy, and admiration at the hands of Englishmen. The forbearance and reserve imposed by the circumstances of the author and his country, necessarily detract both from the practical tendency of the treatise, and from that vivacity of character which might have been anticipated from the peculiar relations of the writer and his subject. But, after all deductions on this score, it will still remain a distinguished monument of the year of revolutions; and will be hereafter appealed to as a remarkable production of a most famous author.

Indeed, we hardly know whether the reputation of this treatise may not be even greater with posterity than in the present day; for the form of the work is essentially scholastic, and it deals rather with the unchanging passions of humanity and the cyclical events of political history, than with the incidental symptoms of an existing crisis. No better declamation on the παρέκβασις of democracy could ever have been written; and it is in this view that its lessons are best calculated to convey instruction and warning. Democracy is undoubtedly capable of producing, and may be shown to have actually produced, precisely such evils as M. Guizot has exposed; nor is it easy to conceive an expostulation better devised than his to correct such national error and recall its victims to sobriety. But the tract is rather *ad scholas* than *ad populum.* We cannot trace the features of this ideal democracy in the visible doings of 'Democracy in France.' We cannot reconcile

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the real and nominal subjects of the treatise. The democracy of one page is not the democracy of the next; nor do we always ascertain to which of the two the remarks of the author are applied.

'We have,' says M. Guizot of his countrymen, in his sorrowful conclusion, '*tried every thing.*' They have indeed; and we cannot but think that they suffer because they neglected the other clause of the precept, and were incapable of holding fast that which was good. They had secured good institutions — institutions which, if not administered liberally enough for the fair needs of the age, were readily expansible, without the destructive instrumentality of revolution. A change of ministry might have done all that a change of dynasty has been called in to effect. But has democracy been the true and veritable delinquent in all the revolutions of this mortal catalogue? 'We have tried every thing — Republic — Empire '— Constitutional Monarchy. *We are beginning our experiments* '*anew.*' There can be no doubt about the correctness of this review of the political deeds of France; and it would be difficult to say at what point of the second cycle events may have arrived when these sheets are laid before the reader. But is M. Guizot wholly just in apportioning the responsibility of the agents in the several catastrophes? Did democracy overthrow the Republic of 1792? Did it overthrow the empire of 1804? Can it be even said to have overthrown the constitutional monarchy of 1830? 'So long,' argues M. Guizot, 'as we remain in the 'chaos in which we are plunged, in the name, and by the slavish 'idolatry of democracy, so long as we can see nothing in society 'but democracy, as if that were its sole ingredient; so long as 'we seek in Government nothing but the domination of demo-'cracy, as if that alone had the right and power to govern, 'the Republic is equally impossible as the Constitutional Mo-'narchy, and the Empire as the Republic — for all regular and 'stable government is impossible.' All regular and stable government is indeed impossible in France so long as its conditions of political activity remain what they are; but, once more, and for the last time we must ask, are these conditions created by the agency of democracy alone? Let the reader look at the actual scene before him. Did democracy appoint Prince Louis Napoleon to the presidency of the 'Republic?' Did it consign Blanqui and Raspail to Bourges? Did it appoint or did it eject General Cavaignac? Is it probable that at the next conversion of the dynastic stock of France (for there can be no offence in speculating on such contingencies) it will dictate the selection of the substitute? It is true that each political

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committee or union, whether in the interests of a Bourbon, a Valois, or a Bonaparte, does concedingly qualify its proper style and title by the prefix of 'democratic;' but does the homage or fealty thus acknowledged imply any very serious national conviction?

If we were not approximating so closely to our limits, we should gladly take the opportunity of referring to some of those questions which but a twelvemonth since were in the mouths of all, and which are now so intelligibly answered. We must content ourselves, however, with a single specimen. One of the conjectures most curiously debated concerned the amount of latent political talent, which the strange catastrophe of February might quicken into active life. It was thought that the great electoral drag-net must needs gather in some precious treasures, along with its stones and sand; and that the National Assembly would produce some notabilities who must otherwise have perished unknown. People looked anxiously for the Mirabeaus or the Dantons of the new Convention; but they have never appeared. Though the whole nation was stirred from its uttermost depths, and every thing in turn was thrown to the surface, yet no hidden relics of value were brought to light. No such prodigies as those whose deeds Mr. Lewes has chronicled have sprung into being. Even the old celebrities of Republicanism have increased their renown by nothing except a practical proof of their sincere intentions. Neither M. de Lamartine, nor M. Arago, nor M. Marrast, will stand much higher in the eyes of Europe than they stood before the 24th of February. They carried out their principles with great honesty, but with no success: and the utmost that can be said for them is that they did their best to arrest the machine they had set in motion. But the total absence of any new talent is so striking as almost to suggest an incidental proof of the utter needlessness of the revolution. There were clearly no vigorous abilities pining in unnatural obscurity under the oppression of a tyrannical government. M. Guizot, in one of his chapters, offers some very interesting observations bearing generally upon this point. 'One 'fact,' says he, 'deserves notice. From the time when all pro-'fessions have been accessible to all, — from the time when 'labour has been free, subject only to the same laws for all, — 'the number of men who have raised themselves to the first ranks 'in the liberal professions has not sensibly increased. It does 'not appear that there are now more great lawyers or physicians, 'more men of science or letters of the first order, than there 'were formerly. It is the men of the second order, and the 'obscure and idle multitude, that are multiplied. It is as if

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'Providence did not permit human laws to have any influence 'over the intellectual rank of its creatures, or the extent and 'magnificence of its gifts.' Coming from so competent an observer, these are most remarkable statements; and they suggest many more ideas than we have now space to follow: but M. Guizot does not of course mean to imply that the conditions of the first revolution did not disengage a very large amount of civil and military talent. We may surely assert, too, that the fainter shocks of 1830 produced their characteristic births. But on the present occasion there has been found no man competent to supersede, even in the altered circumstances of the state, the talents which were recognised before. The ministers of the new Constitution are sought among the notabilities of the old chamber, or the chiefs of the old army; and sincerely do we hope that France may soon again include among her ancient counsellors all those upon whose disciplined wisdom she has now found herself unable to improve.

If Europe should lose any of the profit to be derived from this last example of France, it will be through her own wilfulness. So open and visible has been the course of the revolution, that its every step has been tracked and tested with all the care and impartiality of a curious philosophy. It appears to us that France may now be said to have completed her work. She has given the nations of Europe an opportunity of unlearning the lessons which she was the first to teach them. She has furnished the antidote to her own poison. Her supply of precedents has been most serviceably enlarged; and the citizens of Paris may be now appealed to, in testimony of the superiority of public order to democratic licence. But the most important lesson of all to be drawn from the occurrences of this miraculous year, is the necessity of knowing our own minds and ascertaining the true foundations of a popular clamour. Nine-tenths of the evils of revolutions have been inflicted on a passive country by the audacity of an insignificant minority; but if the few ever rule the many again, it must be when the lessons of 1848 have gone clean out of mind. We have been taught both by example and experience *to count heads.* There is not a state on the Continent in which half the number of designing or deluded men who assembled this time last year on Kennington Common, would not have raised ferment enough to destroy the whole fabric of the Constitution, and have plunged the entire nation in political degradation and commercial ruin. We counted heads, without riot or bloodshed; and it was found upon the clearest evidence that the threatened movement would have been directly counter to the principles and convictions of nineteen-twentieths of the inhabitants of

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these islands. Yet we really believe that the afflictions under which so many States of Europe are now labouring, however their political condition may have differed from our own, were immediately caused by a section of the population, not greatly exceeding in number or consideration, that handful of desperadoes who planned the sack of Liverpool and the conflagration of London. If such contrasts as are now presented between the respective positions of England and her neighbours be insufficient to teach the wisdom of political courage, the tardy repentance of France may be cited to complete the lesson. What a year of ruin and revolution has not *yet* done, might have been done, on the 24th of February, by two hours' exertion of the common duties of citizens. Half the energy which suppressed the insurrection of May, half the resolution which won the battles of June, or half the unanimity of expression which recalled a Napoleon to the Tuileries, would have obviated all necessity for elections or combats, and would have left the nation in a better position to secure its proper rights. Such is the difference — not between democracy and aristocracy — but between stability and instability, between political energy and political apathy, between sound convictions of duty and irregular paroxysms of action.

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